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THE NEW YORKER

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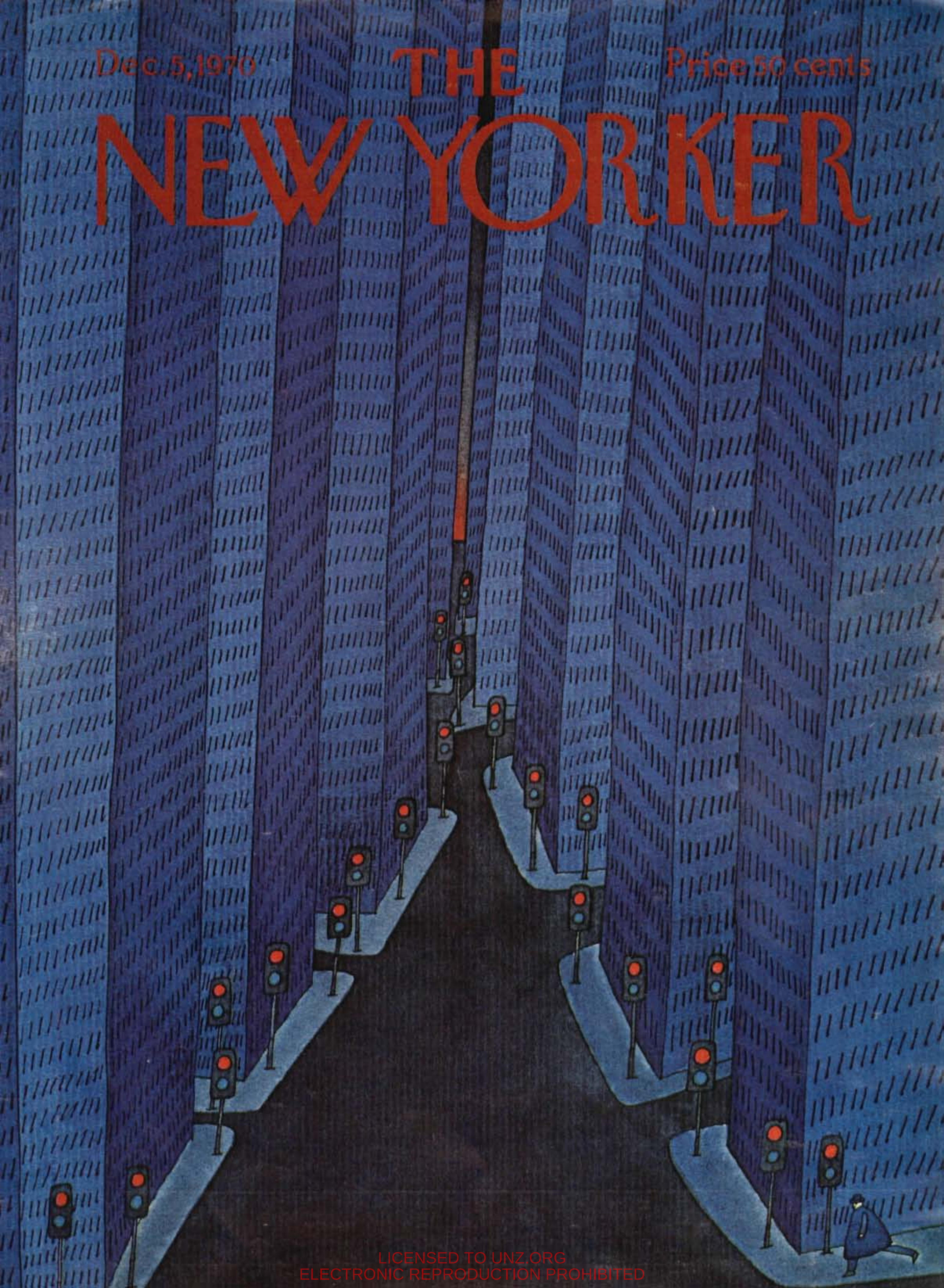

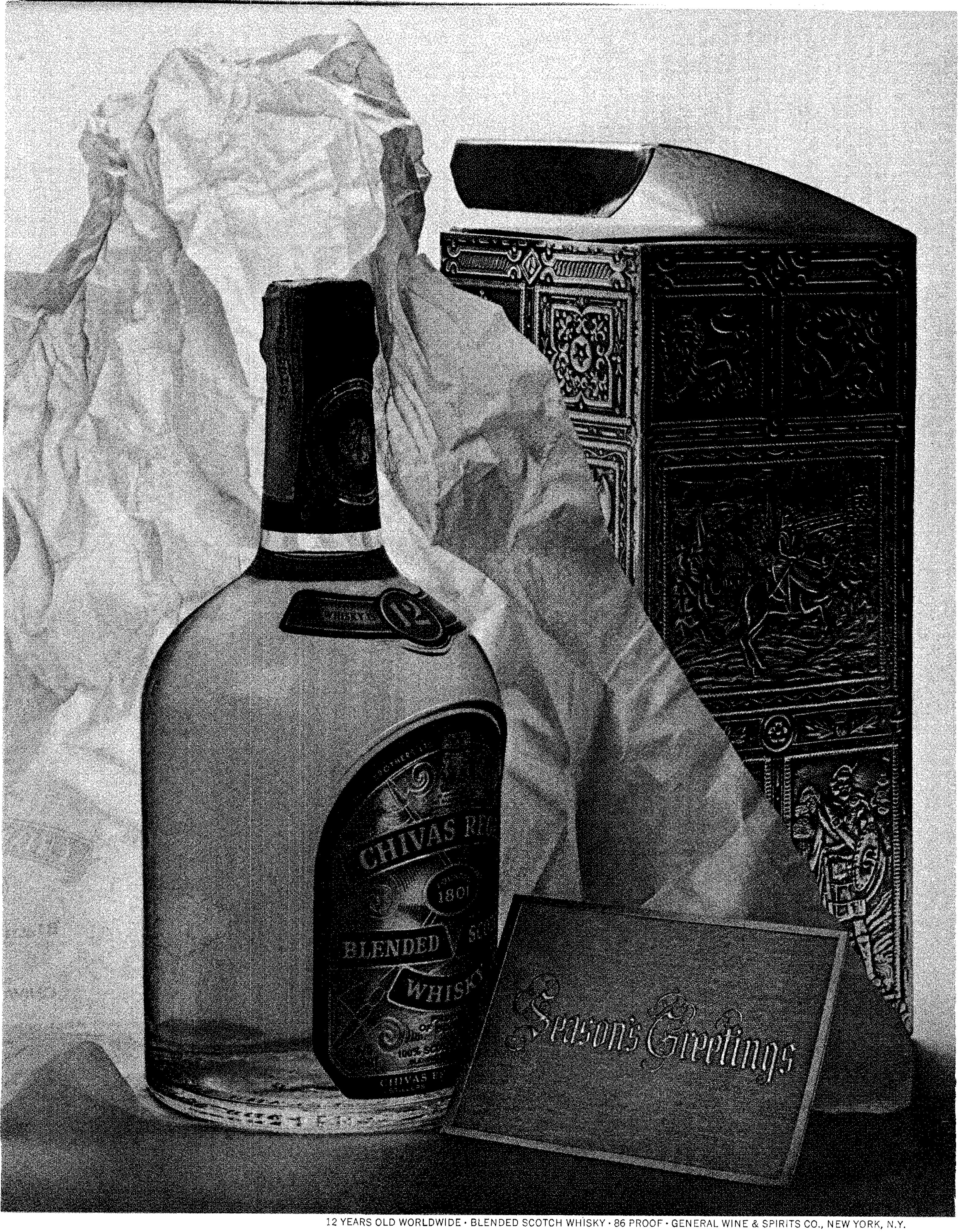
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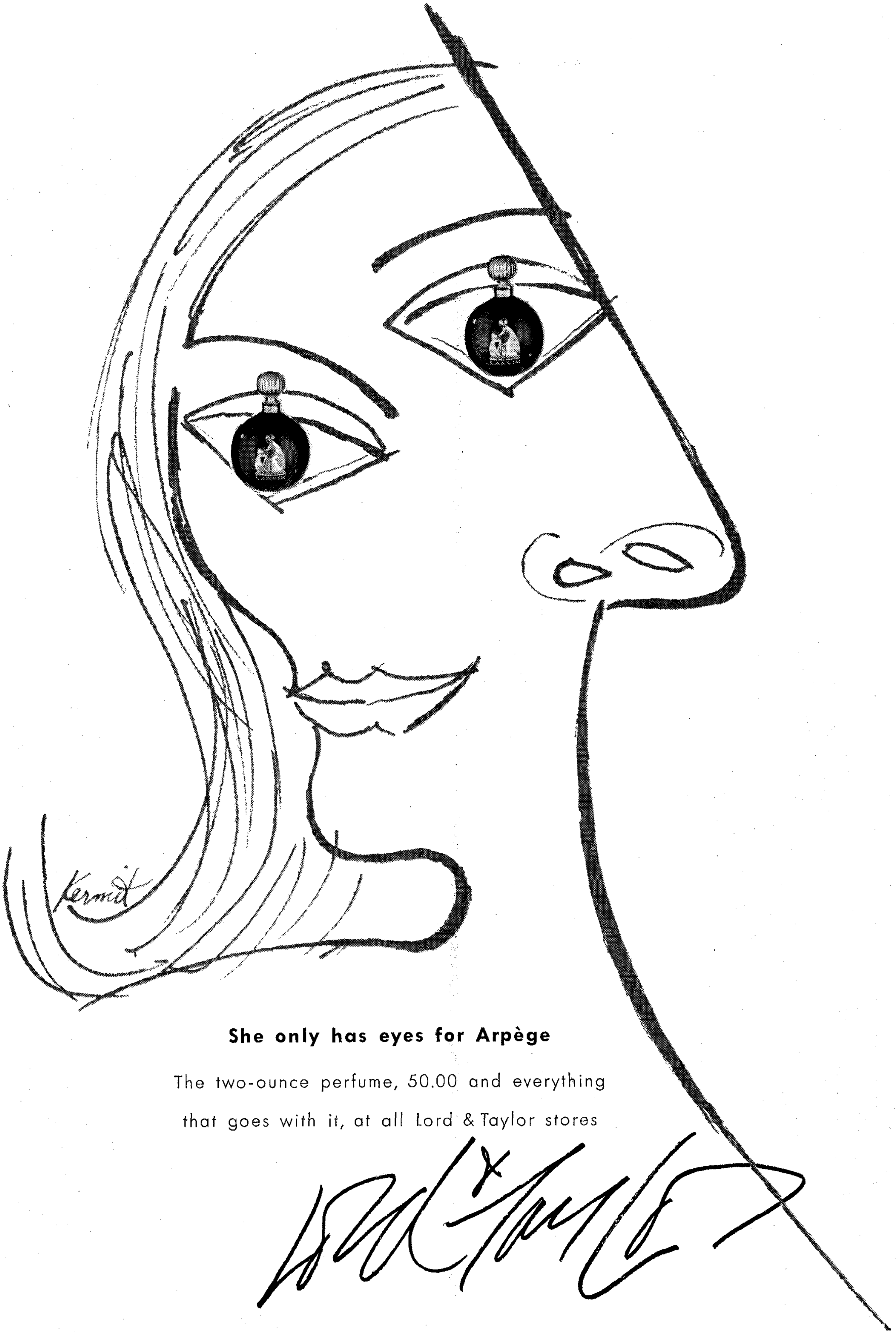
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(At the time of going to press, members of Off Broadway Actors Equity are on strike, which, needless to say, will alter theatrical schedules and openings drastically. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Alice in Wonderland—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

Les Blancs—A play about African life, begun by the late Lorraine Hansberry in 1961 and finished by other hands. James Earl Jones is superb in the leading role. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Bob and Ray–The Two and Only—A modest, homely, and beguiling evening in the company of two very bright men. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Boesman and Lena—Ruby Dee and Zakes Mokae are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Conduct Unbecoming—Dastardly crimes are being committed by unknown parties in a crack regiment of the Indian Army sometime in the late nineteenth century. A delightful melodrama by Barry England, very well acted by a large company under the direction of Val May. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Dec. 6.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Dream Out of Time—An overwrought and tiresome drama about a Jewish family in this city. With Sam Levene. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Swoosie Kurtz, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June—The return of Odysseus brought up to date, with the hero as a murderous braggart. The play is usually comical when it tries to be comical and is always tedious when it tries to be anything else. It often tries to be anything else. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is the dramatist. The acting, by and large, is quite good. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Home—A beautiful play by David Storey, acted to perfection by a cast that includes Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Life and Times of J. Walter Smintheus—Earle Hyman in a play by Edgar White, presented by the American National Theatre and Academy as the third in this season's Matinée Series. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, Dec. 7, at 7:30, and Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 2.)

Macbeth—Rip Torn and Geraldine Page in Shakespeare's tragedy. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jack MacGowran in the Works of Samuel Beckett—This arrangement of excerpts from Beckett's novels and poems and plays, beautifully acted by Mr. MacGowran, makes a most extraordinary evening in the theatre. (Newman, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

One Night Stands of a Noisy Passenger—A play by Shelley Winters. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Bertolt Brecht's **the good woman of setzuan**, made leaden where it ought to have been light. Starring Colleen Dewhurst. (Vivian

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COVER: *Jean-Michel Folon*

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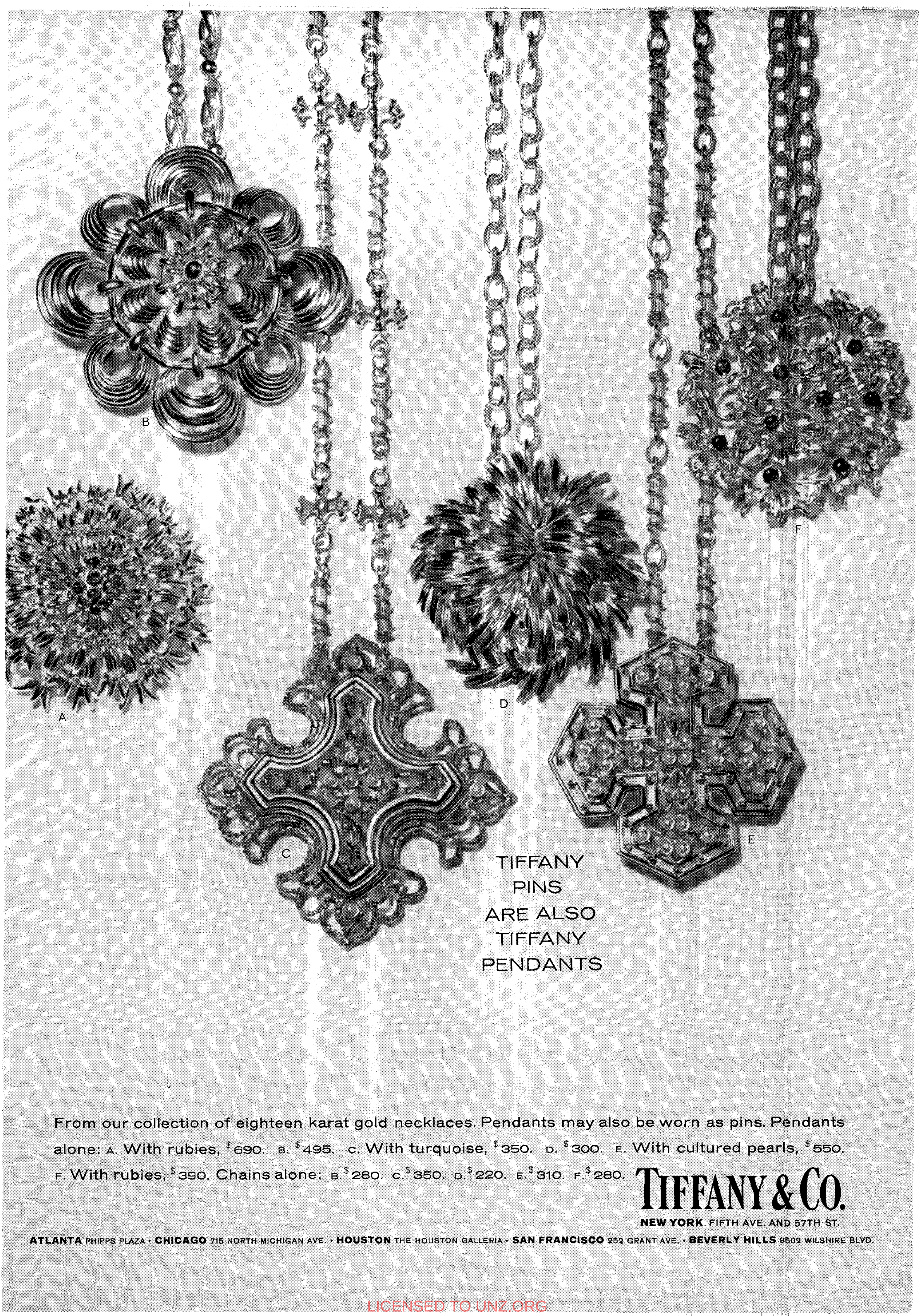
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 13.)

Saved—Edward Bond's searing, witty, and horrifying comedy of English working-class life, which was briefly banned in London five years ago, is here given the good production it deserves. The actors do very well, but the play's the thing. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Shrinking Bride—A comedy by Jonathan Levy, with Phil Foster and Jack Somack, and songs by William Bolcom. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 254-7720. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sleuth—Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Story Theatre—Paul Sills' happy animation of some fairly Grimm material. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Trelawny of the "Wells"—This revival of Pinero's delightful play about an English theatrical troupe back in the eighteen-sixties is disappointing, but it is not a total miss. Sasha von Scherler's fine performance in a supporting part almost saves the day. (Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **CHILD'S PLAY:** Robert Marasco's spooky play about how pedagogy corrupts and absolute pedagogy corrupts absolutely. With Pat Hingle, Fritz Weaver, and Patrick Shea. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by James Coco, Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Applause—A rousing, tireless, immensely skillful retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Company—A marvellous cast, headed by Larry Kert, Susan Browning, and Elaine Stritch, in a fresh and funny show. George Furth did the excellent book, and Stephen Sondheim did the equally attractive music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Golden Bat—The humor and good humor, the delightful score and dancing, and the intermingling of ritual with openness of feeling combine to make this musical from Japan one of the most original, charming shows in town. The troupe, which calls itself the Tokyo Kid Brothers, fortunately includes quite a number of Kid Sisters. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Wednesday through Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 6.)

Light, Lively and Yiddish—Ben Bonus in a musical with a book by J. Nemirover, lyrics by A. Shulman, and music by Eli Rubinstein. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 2-4, at 8:30; thereafter, Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Ododo—A fierce, though ultimately ineffective, attempt to record the history of the American Negro in words by Joseph A. Walker and music by Dorothy A. Dinroe. The brand-new Negro Ensemble Company seems very promising indeed. "Ododo" is the Yoruba word for "truth." (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 27.)

The President's Daughter—Another Yiddish musical, with music by Murray Rumshinsky, a book by H. Kalmanov, lyrics by Jacob Jacobs, and a cast headed by Chayele Rosenthal and Mr. Jacobs. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947 5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Purlie—An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious," grown too big for its hand-me-down breeches. With Cleavon Little and Melba Moore, who are very good. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Rothschilds—Luckily for real Rothschilds, this schmalzy account of their ancestors never rings true. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Touch—A folk-rock musical about communal living, performed by a group called the Plowright Players, from Warren County, Pennsylvania. The book is by Kenn Long and Amy Saltz, the music by Mr. Long and Jim Crozier, and the lyrics by Mr. Long alone. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Danny Kaye in a dreary reënactment of the story of Noah. God promised Noah that the Flood would never happen again, and it would be wise to exact the same promise from Broadway. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Stephen listened in scornful silence. She bows her old head to a voice that speaks to her loudly, her bonesetter, her medicineman: me she slights. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** To the voice that will shrive and oil for the grave all there is of her but her woman's unclean loins, of man's flesh made not in God's likeness, the serpent's prey. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** And to the loud voice that now bids her be silent with wondering unsteady eyes. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Gideon Singer plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. Singer at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Tony Roberts and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil

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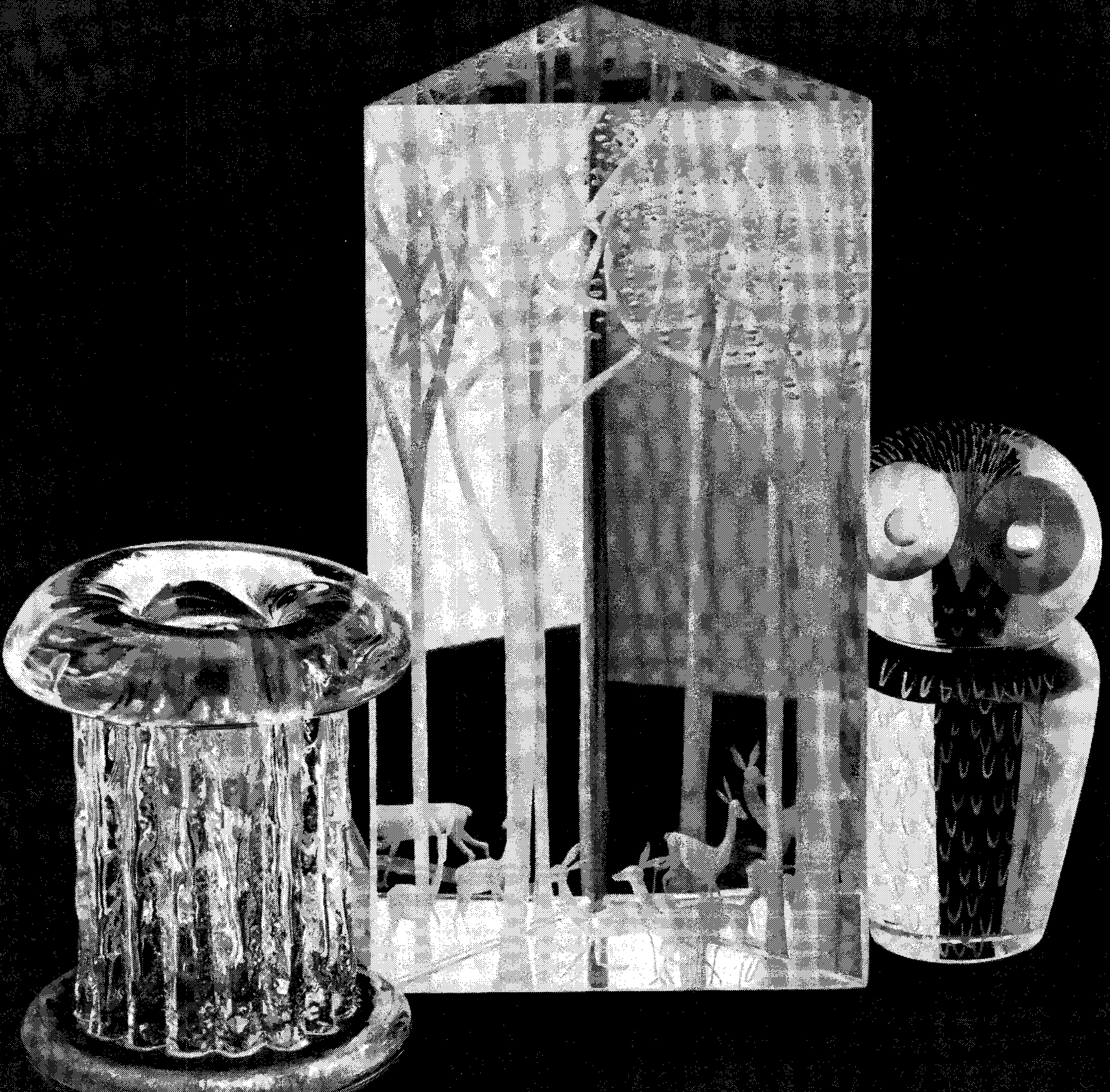

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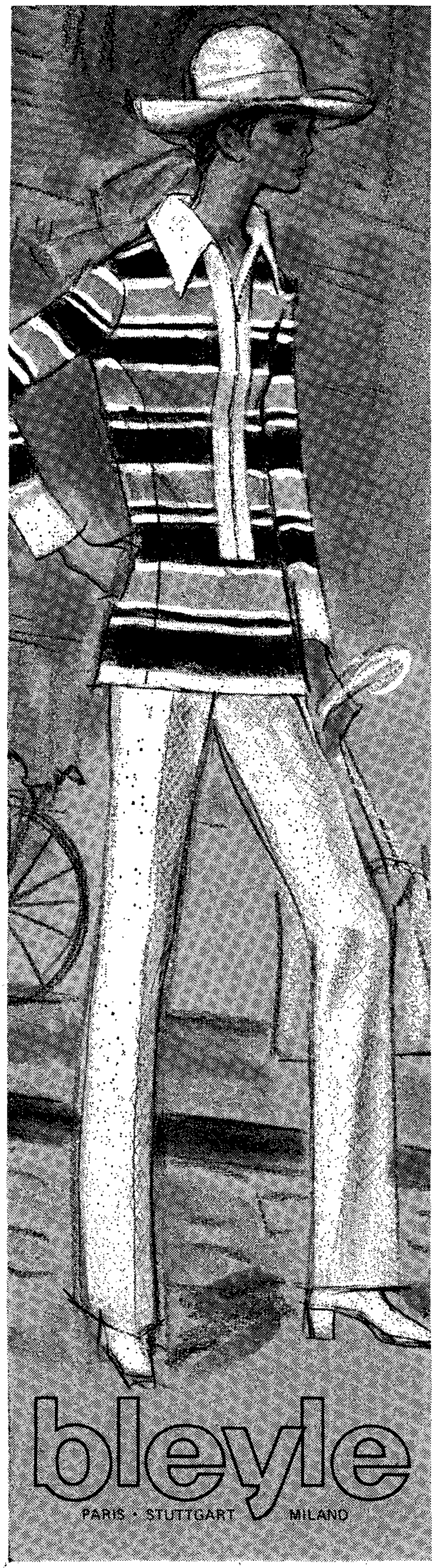

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Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. Starting Monday, Dec. 7, Jenny O'Hara will succeed her sister. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776**: A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN**: Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Suite No. 3" (première), and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 4, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Illuminations," and "Episodes."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2:15: "Suite No. 3," "In the Night," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Allegro Brillante," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 6, at 1:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 6, at 7:15: "Bugaku," "The Cage," "Valse Romantique," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... **THE NUTCRACKER**: Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8:15; Friday, Dec. 11, at 6:15; and Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2:15 and 8:15. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 14.)

Batsheva Dance Company of Israel—Opening performances of a two-week engagement by this company, appearing here for the first time. Through Sunday, Dec. 20. Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 7:30, and Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8: "Baroque Concerto No. 5," "Errand into the Maze," "The Mythical Hunters," "Sin Lieth at the Door," and "Rehearsal!"... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Diversion of Angels," "The Exiles," "Ein Dor," and "Percussion Concerto."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 11, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2:30 and 8: "Cave of the Heart," "The Exiles," "Ein Dor," and "Percussion Concerto." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

MISCELLANY

Moscow Circus on Ice—This one-ring refrigerated circus has fifty-seven performers, including a troupe of monocyclists and a dozen skating bears who play musical instruments and even hockey. Opens Tuesday, Dec. 8, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 3. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Barney Google's, 225 E. 86th St. (722-9819)—Some trim and heartfelt Dixieland can be heard here Wednesday, Dec. 2, and Wednesday, Dec. 9, from nine until four, played by a band led by comic-writer-actor-clarinettist Woody Allen. Mr. A's outfit—a sextet or a septet—alternates with a rock group that is more typical of the entertainment in this darkling barn, where bibulous armies surge by night. Dinners. Dancing.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—The folk team of Brewer and Shipley will be on stage through Sunday, Dec. 6. On Wednesday, Dec. 9, singers Baldwin and Lets will arrive. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. The room is not for comfort-seekers, only for those who dig entertainment of a contemporary sort. Coffee and tea are staples. Closed Monday, Dec. 7.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Gregariousness is evident in this wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from eleven to three. The Larry Coryell duo performs until Tuesday, Dec. 8, when other musicians will come in. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bassist substitute for the regulars. Dinner is served until one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The return of a native, Mary Lou Williams, to her rightful world of the pianoforte is celebrated, with both meat and drink, from eight to one every night but Sunday. Michael Fleming is her bassist.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Way West, but near a crosstown bus, this spot offers music from the instrument it is named for, along with cooking from the Old Kentucky (or Georgia or Mississippi) Home. Jim Hall is on guitar, working with Ron Carter, bass player. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Zoot Sims, whose melodious tenor sax has been upholding a vigorously inventive jazz tradition for years, leads a quartet that includes Ross Tompkins, Mousey Alexander, and Victor Sproles. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 4-6, singer Jimmy Rushing will join in. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

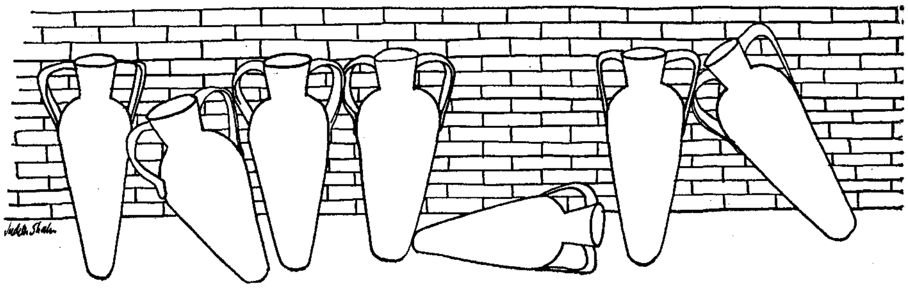
Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Britisher Eddie Thompson knows where jazz piano began and how it grew, and this knowledge is implicit in his competent and often very dynamic keyboard work. He plays alone Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Fridays through Sundays, a good bassist from Australia, Dr. Lyn Christie, joins him. On Tuesdays, another skilled piano man, Lance Hayward, fills in. The bar is dark and the popcorn fresh.

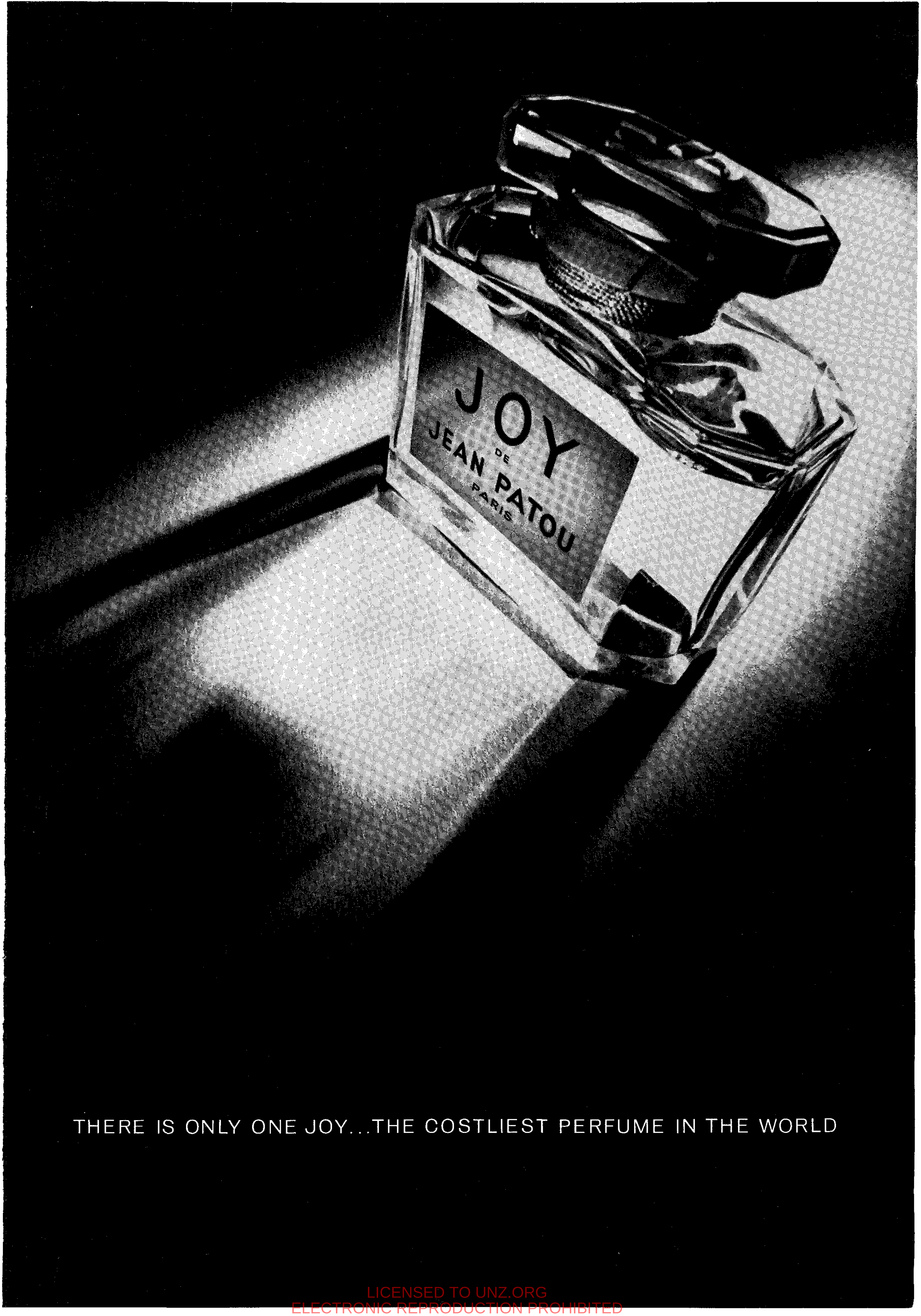
Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old hangout, a dependable haven for traditional jazz. The musicians, most of the time, are Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi, and they carry on from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Nostalgia efflorescent. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully played. Sundays, from six to nine, a Dixieland band tootles away. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ersatz museum piece, where banjos vibrate bravely and everybody is supposed to feel peachy. Garters are available, as are straw hats and peanuts. The three-man band plays from nine to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Jazz most nights from nine until closing by the Chico Hamilton quartet. On Tuesday, Dec. 8, Elvin Jones and his group will move in. The atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, and so are

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DE
JEAN PATOU
PARIS
THERE IS ONLY ONE JOY...THE COSTLIEST PERFUME IN THE WORLD

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the environs, but if the music beckons, you might as well enjoy it. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, the Bill Evans trio plays some intricate, if unstartling jazz. On Mondays, the regulars are off and new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs, rock is the shape of things. Swinging sounds—and dancing—from ten Sundays through Thursdays and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. The schedule: Through Saturday, Dec. 5, NRBQ and Travis Shook & Club Wow; Sunday, Dec. 6, Carolyn Hester, Milkwood Tapestry, and Jerry Segal; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 8-10, Fantasy and Boffalongo; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, Fantasy and Utopia Parkway. A different spirit on Mondays, when Symphony Sid brings in Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—On Wednesday, Dec. 2, the stage will be occupied by the Joe Farrell quartet. Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 3-6, Herbie Hancock's sextet will play, and, on Tuesday, Dec. 8, the Roy Ayers Ubiquity will take over. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers what is known as soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The period commemorated was not a very successful one, but this place has done well. The décor can pass for elegant. The crowd, a svelte one, dances to 45s on a little floor from nine-thirty to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Assiduously scoring points in the Fairest-of-Them-All stakes, as is usual in the world of the discothèque. Frills and furbelows have an Anglo-Indian look. Dinners are elaborate, and crowds dance to records over a good sound system. Reservations are required for dining. No food Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Small, intimate enough for the collegiate crowd that comes here, and musically subdued (records only). Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—This ornate room would have been a wow some forty-five years ago, during all the Tutankhamen bother. As it is, the place is loud, active, and sphinx-filled. Three times a night, a bunch called the Glass Bottle performs. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted, gleaming new playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Wheels on the doors, wheels on the walls, and movement all over the place. Hang-loose clothing, youthful patrons, heavy music. Until Sunday, Dec. 6, records will alternate with a group known as Emmis; then Emmis will give way to different strummers. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—A discothèque that changes little over the years except for a few cosmetic touches. It remains one of the most comfortable places around, with very danceable records and a sleek appearance. Action from nine-thirty to three-thirty nightly. Reservations—for what they're worth—are a good idea on weekends.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Cellar is Bavarian, and so are the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the surroundings are beer-hall; the character is *volksspiel*, loud and clear, from seven until one. Dance music for all hands. No such activities on Sundays and Mondays.

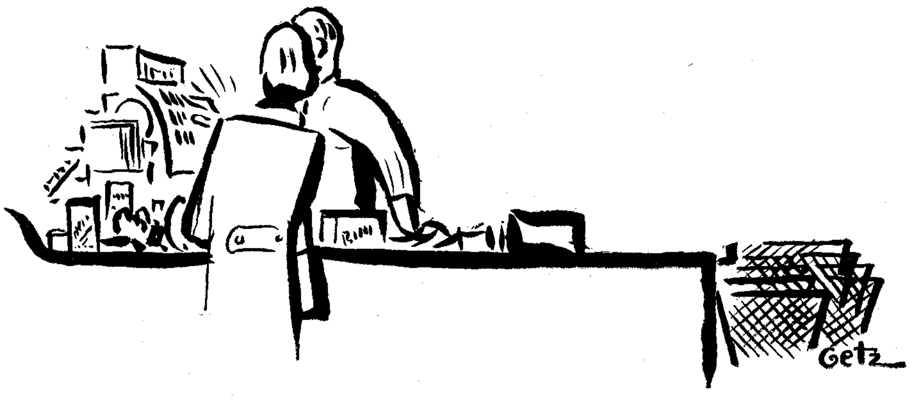
Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—Whatever else goes on in the Royal Box, that glittery green bay tree, there is always the orchestra of Lee Evans, doing dance tunes over and above the call of duty. Whatever else right now is Tony Sandler, a European boulevardier whose words, with and without music, would make him a good extra man to fill in at a dinner or supper party. As a matter of fact, dinner and supper is precisely when he shows up. Closed Sundays.

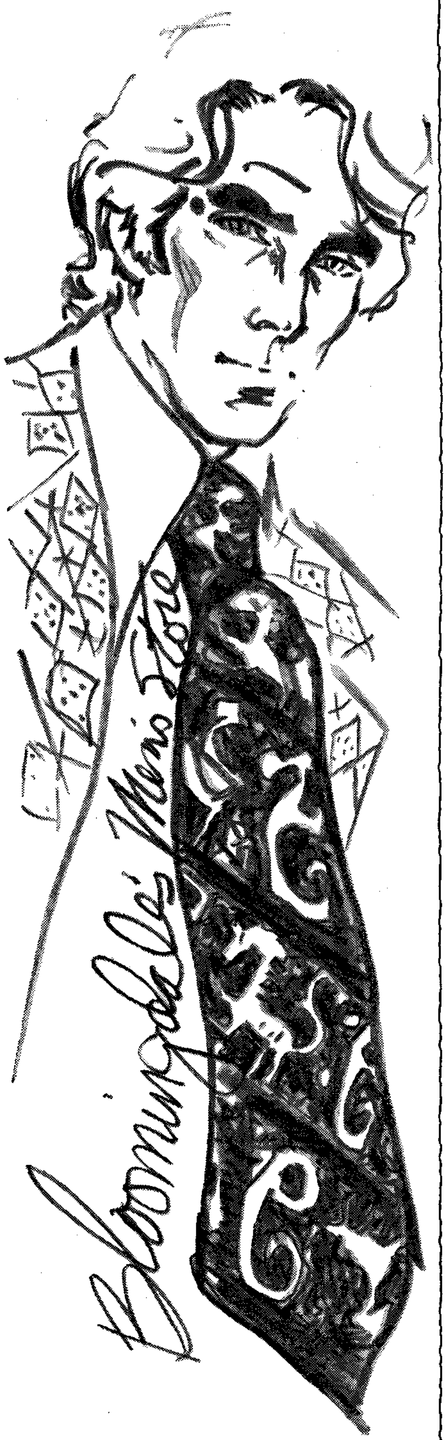
Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—As so often before, Los Chavales de España. And what fools these immortals be, bouncing their gentle jokes, themselves, and their crescendo brass instruments about in jolly good fellowship! Twice a night, and every night. . . . ¶ Down the hall is **CHÂTEAU DISCO** (371-5155), from whose Pierian spring issues a never insistent stereophonic sound that is all languishing Latin lyricism and the Mod music that goes with it. For either sitting or prancing, nine to four, and a fine idea.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Jack Jones, that midnight-matinée idol, does his final sets of arias on Wednesday, Dec. 2. Next evening, Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, an itinerant glee club, moves in. The show here goes on (zap!) twice a night, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which has that open-all-night Las Vegas feeling, there is Las Vegas lounge music for homesick travellers by the Dunhills.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The Third Rail (at last the perfect name for an applied-electronics crew) blows its rock top, but never its fuse, from dinner until early morning except on Sundays. Dancing, and not very memorable dining.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Patti Page does her final dinner and supper sets of songs in the Persian Room on Tuesday, Dec. 8. Next evening, at ten-fifteen, Karen Wyman, a sweet seventeen, arrives from the Nevada Strip to sing for the first time in Manhattan. Thereafter, twice a night for her, too. Burt Farber's exuberant orchestra and Mark Monte's crew, the old family





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retainers, will be staying on. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLAZA 9 MUSIC HALL** (PL 9-3933)—"Dames at Sea," the young musical onstage here, is not the greatest show on earth, but it's nearly the greatest show *under* earth, nestled in this admirable cellar. The parody of those song-and-dance Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler movies is without fault. Jim Wise, George Haimsohn, and Robin Miller wrote it to the hilt, and a cast led by Carol Morley, Janie Sell, and Kurt Peterson play it to the hilt. The entr'acte music is the piano of Baldwin Bergersen, a composer in his own right. At eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays; at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; and at four and seven-thirty Sundays. Bar service, and edibles, too. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to ten-thirty (except Sundays), in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At nine the Palm Court becomes the right spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday and Tuesday nights belong to another fiddler.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—From this gilded birdcage one may take a dim view of nighttime New York; within it there sits, beside the dance floor, a piano addressed during dinner and supper by Peter Nero, who never starts anything he can't finish with flourishes. Closed Sundays.

RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444)—Sy Oliver, player-coach of a fine body of men (Leonard Gaskin and Benny Morton among them), has taught them a bunch of old, old tricks that sound good indeed on a bandstand, and his easy singing (this in the company of Buddy Smith and Candy Ross) further improves the shining hours between six and two, Mondays through Saturdays. The other musicians, and the dining, are of no particular importance.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette will sound more like its old self when, on Tuesday, Dec. 8, Quintero's Latinos will be added to the assemblage on the bandstand, thus restoring ballroom dancing to its proper position as an art form. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ La Boite, across the way, has just reverted to its sentimental gentlemen—Jules Kuti, pianist, and Ernest Schoen, violinist, who are on hand from dinnertime until after the theatre. No dancing, just relaxing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A small world, but a good one of its kind, especially when Bobby Short, fitted out with two sidemen, gets to his piano and his lyrics, which mostly deal with the small world so well exemplified by his locale. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The cheery musicians under the command of Ernie Warren run a generous course—seven or eight to one or two is their schedule—in the restaurant every evening but Sunday and Monday. Dancing. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—takes the stand. The speechmaking begins at ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, at eleven the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way Down East on the Mediterranean, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzim, the leader of whom is Avram Grobard. The music is sort of Israeli bop, the song is sort of Israeli pop. The best of that pop is done by Ron Eliran, who skips Tuesdays, though. Real home cooking, often Israeli, and dancing, sometimes real home, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160):

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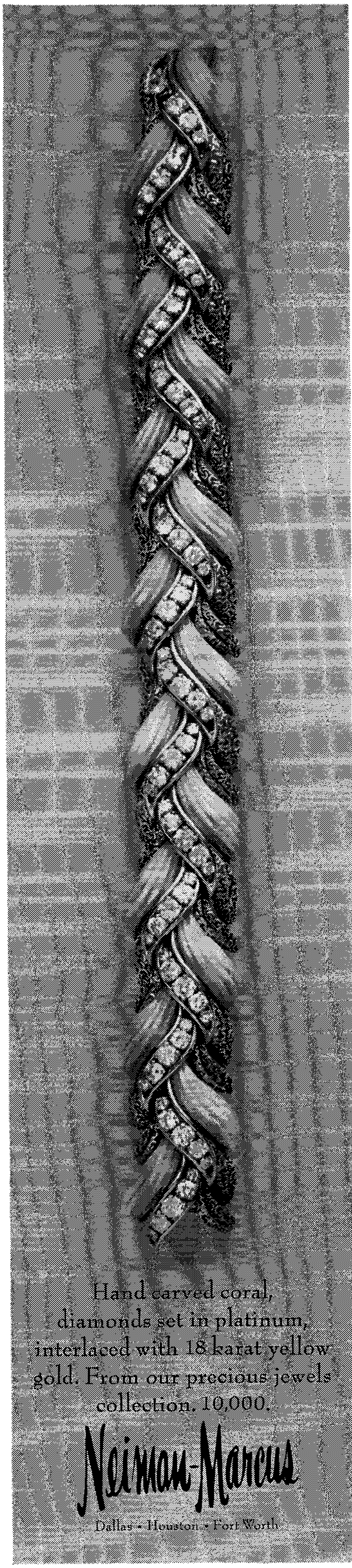
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Sunlit Grecian isle, afloat in a sea of assiduous Greek musicians and Greek singers, and surrounded by a *bordure* of unquestionable Greek cuisine. Architectural triumph, and a lively one. Never a dull, or a dark, night. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Hark, what are the wild sound waves saying? Well, it's "Hello, Young Lovers" and such from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her troupe, and it's anything between the Seine and the Bosporus from her fiddlers three. Dinner until two, but no Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Strong measures are taken by the young men, equipped with guitar, clapping hands, and voice, who live in the plaza of a country town known to a fair number of off-the-beat Americans. The chef has never been out of the town in his life. Sound from seven-thirty until two, but not on Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and of the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one. No nights off. . . . **HOTEL PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): A moveable feast has been instituted belowstairs, now that the **CAFÉ** opens into the new **LA FORÊT.** Dining in both halls, and music, too—in the first place, for dancing Sundays and Mondays and for listening (two Viennese musicians) the rest of the time; in the second place, for dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays to Phil Wayne's men until eleven, then to a rocking crew until far along in the night. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, romantic pianist, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a town house can possibly be, and as formal, too. George Feyer, a celebrated Ringmaster (from the Viennese Ring, naturally), does hierarchical piano (and occasionally non-hierarchical words) from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No sound on Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to midnight, for him, every evening but Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Lotus is not on the menu of this duplex chalet, but eaters of it will be at ease in this world unto itself. Perambulating song and guitar every night on the lower deck, and a menu full of other things. Piano on the deck above the cellar, every night but Sunday. . . . **BLUE WHALE,** 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): A part of the seacoast known only to the natives, never to tourists. The life is quiet, the music is the piano of Buddy Barnes, whose phrasing can pass any literacy test. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ALICE ADAMS—Three sculptures of wood and sheets of material; starting Saturday, Dec. 5. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays, Fridays, and Sundays, 3 to 6; Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

ABE AJAY—Constructions of geometrical shapes in complex arrangements; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

DARREL AUSTIN—Animals and landscapes with symbolic overtones; through Saturday, Dec. 12. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

RUDOLF BAUER (1889-1953)—Geometrical abstractions by a German artist who was featured at the Guggenheim in the thirties; through Dec. 19. (Hutton-Hutschnecker, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARNOLD BELKIN—Paintings of figures in series; through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALAN BERMOWITZ, SHARON BRANT, AND JOHN SALT—Programmed colored lights by Mr. Bermowitz, Abstract paintings by Miss Brant, and paintings of automobile interiors by Mr. Salt; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.)

LOUIS BOUCHÉ (1896-1969)—Thirty-six landscapes, still-lifes, portraits, and figures in interiors by a prominent realist; through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ANTOINE BOURDELLE (1861-1929)—Bronzes, many of them portrait busts, by a French sculptor; through Dec. 24. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

BENNETT BRADBURY—Marine paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

CLAUDIO BRAVO—"Hyper-realistic" paintings of packages and still-life drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

ROBERT BREER—Plastic objects in various shapes and sizes that move imperceptibly; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

LARRY CALCAGNO—Sectional abstractions based on nature; through Dec. 31. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Recent gouaches, ranging in subject from flower pieces to abstractions, and mobiles, including some early ones; through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ENRIQUE CASTRO-CID—Figure and still-life studies on canvas and paper; through Wednesday, Dec. 9. (Feigen, 141 Greene St., at Houston St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 6.)

ALAN COTE—Large geometrical paintings with illusory effects; starting Saturday, Dec. 5. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT CRONBACH—Abstract sculptures in copper; starting Saturday, Dec. 5. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT DASH—Landscapes of eastern Long Island; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MAX ERNST—Paintings, drawings, collages, sculptures, and graphics done between 1917 and 1963 by this Surrealist; through Dec. 19. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRED EVERSLEY—His first one-man show in New

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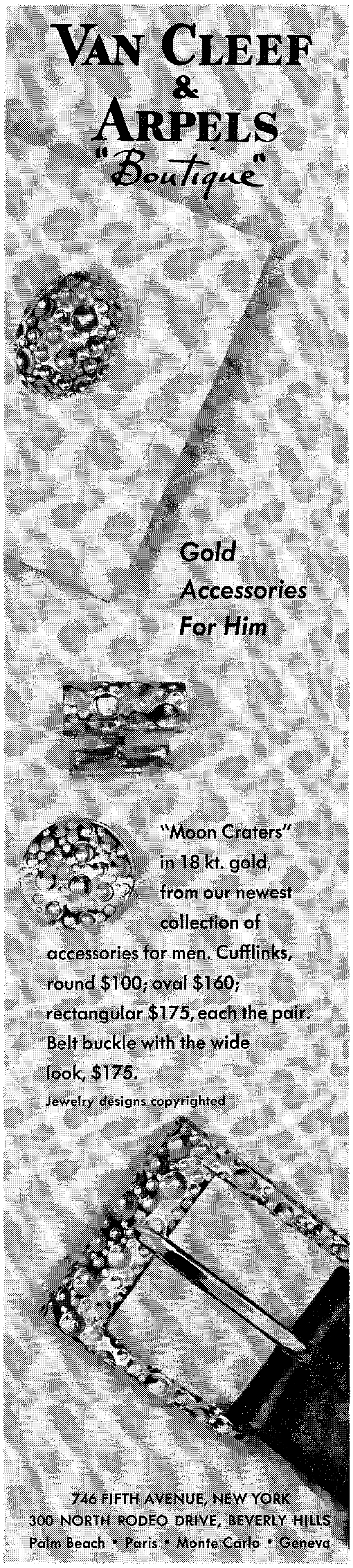

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York of Lucite sculptures in simple forms; through Dec. 19. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Dan Flavin—Several new compositions in neon dedicated to Barnett Newman; through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Gee—Experiments in color by a Briton; through Dec. 19. (ApoGEE, 504 LaGuardia Pl.)

Sidney Goodman—Figurative oils, watercolors, and drawings suggesting emotional situations; through Dec. 19. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Balcomb Greene—Semi-abstract figure paintings by a New Yorker; through Friday, Dec. 11. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Grillo—Geometrical paintings; through Thursday, Dec. 10. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred Kubin (1877-1959)—Drawings and watercolors by a member of the "Blue Riders" group; through Jan. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lawrence Kupferman—Abstract landscapes with psychological overtones, also prints; through Dec. 31. (Greenfield, 336 E. 71st St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Wifredo Lam—Twenty recent paintings by a Cuban Surrealist who has long worked in Paris; starting Tuesday, Dec. 8. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Loren MacIver—Landscapes by a veteran New York painter; through Dec. 19. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sacha Moldovan—More than forty oils, from 1929 to the present, by an Expressionist who studied with Matisse; through Monday, Dec. 7. (Rich, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Jack Nelson—Sculptural constructions made of canvas, wood, and plastic; through Dec. 19. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Doug Ohlson—Three huge Abstract paintings; through Dec. 17. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

V. V. Rankine and Dorothy Sturm—Boxlike constructions in clear, bronze, and smoky Plexiglas by the first, and drawings and square-shaped enamels with Abstract designs by the second; through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Twenty new drawings in color, and collages; through Dec. 16. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Man Ray—A retrospective of photographs and "Rayographs" commemorating the artist's eightieth birthday; through Dec. 19. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Jay Rosenblum—Color paintings; through Dec. 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mark Rothko (1903-70)—A major exhibit of twenty-one paintings, dated from 1947 to his death; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St.)

Georges Schreiber—Recent watercolors; through Dec. 31. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Segalman—Figures and still-lifes; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Alan Shields—Paintings by an artist who experiments in various mediums; through Dec. 16. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Leon Polk Smith—Paintings from 1945 to 1953 by an American pioneer of "hard edge;" through Dec. 31. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hyde Solomon—Abstract seascapes; through Thursday, Dec. 10. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Margot Stewart—Paintings of oversized flowers; through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Storrs (1885-1956)—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the twenties and thirties; through Dec. 24. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Turku Trajan (1887-1959)—Painted sculptures of the figure, also paintings and drawings; through Dec. 19. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Dianne Nelson Tullis—Collages representing still-lifes and Western highway landscapes by an Arizona artist having her first one-man show in New York; starting Tuesday, Dec. 8. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Rogers Turner—Paintings by an artist who aspires to the realism of eighteenth-century still-lifes; through Dec. 12. (Wickersham, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Roger Van Damme—Oil paintings of arrangements of enamelled cups; through Dec. 19. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

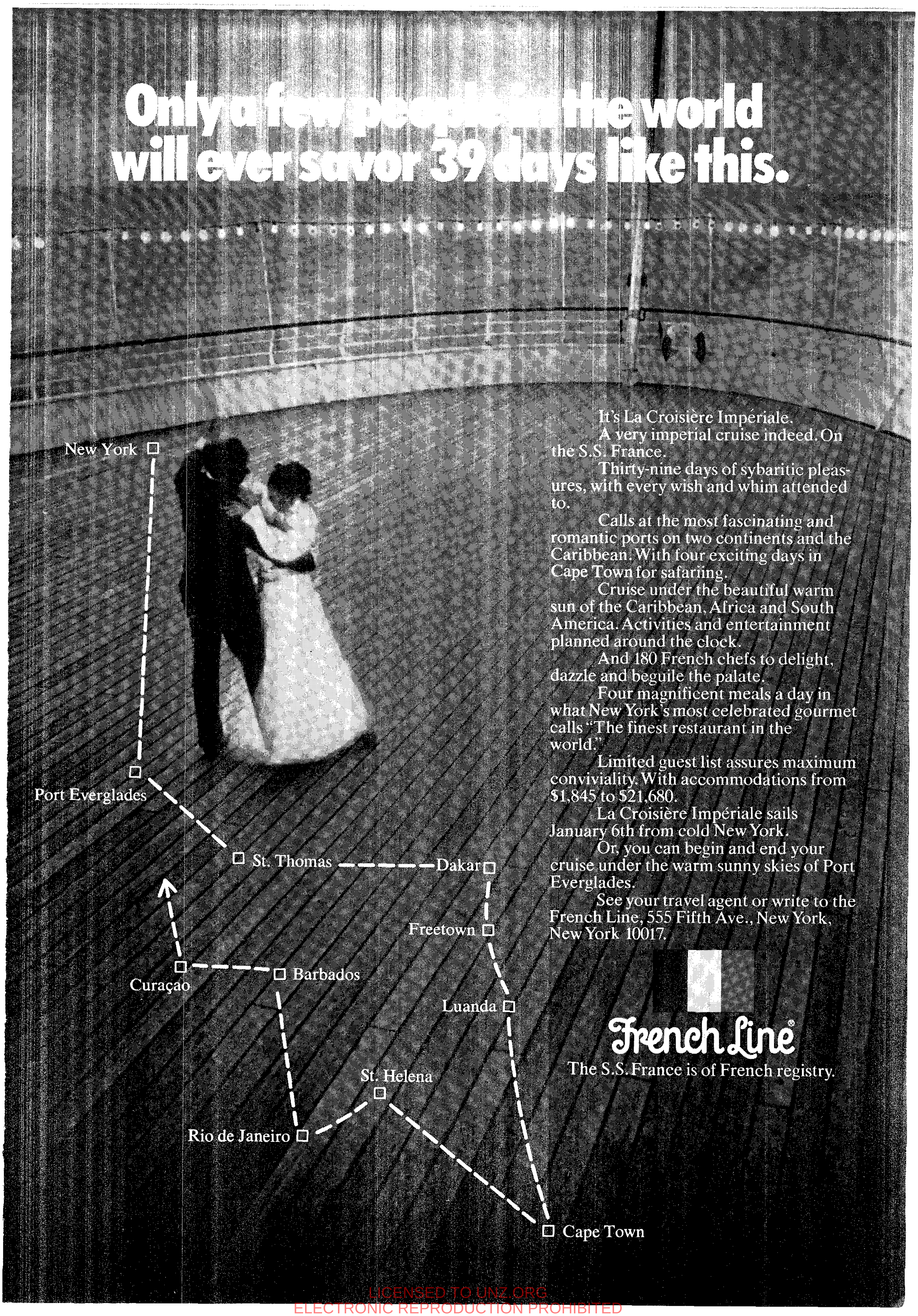
Robert Vickrey—Realistic figure paintings, also landscapes; through Dec. 19. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Zorach (1887-1966)—Figures in bronze and marble by one of America's leading twentieth-century sculptors; through Dec. 19. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Paintings by well-known twentieth-century Americans; through Saturday, Dec. 12. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Thirty-five paintings by five young Mexican artists; through Jan. 3. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures done over the past forty-five hundred years on the theme of the female; starting Thursday, Dec. 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DWAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists—they include Andre, Arakawa, De Maria, Flavin, Heizer, LeWitt, Smithson, and Snelson; through Dec. 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works on paper—acrylics, drawings, watercolors—by, among others, Avedesian, Agnes Martin, Norris Embry, and Robyn Denny; starting Saturday, Dec. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **EMMERICH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Pre-Columbian Mexican and Peruvian objects in gold, silver, wood, ceramic, and textiles; starting Saturday, Dec. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Monet, Rousseau, Beckmann, Matisse, and Dubuffet; through Dec. 31. . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Selected works by gallery artists; starting Friday, Dec. 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists; starting Thursday, Dec. 3. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by ten of the gallery artists, among them Alechinsky, Horst Antes, Pol Bury, and Jorn; through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, Degas, and many others; through Jan. 29. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SAMUELS**, 18 E. 76th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by artists of the late nineteenth century inclined toward symbolism—Moreau, Redon, Puvis de Chavannes, Burne-Jones, Ryder, LaFarge, and a number of others; through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **SONNABEND**, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.: Works in black and/or white by twelve artists (Arman, Lichtenstein, Reinhardt, Stella, Warhol, and Wesselman, for example); through Saturday, Dec. 5.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than three hundred sculptures in stone, ceramic, wood, mosaic, gold, jade, and other materials, produced in the region from central Mexico to Panama and the West Indies during nearly three thousand years before the arrival of Cortes; through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration, entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries"—it consists of nearly five hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Prints and drawings of fireworks and royal, religious, and popular festivals, ranging from Medici Court scenes to contemporary fireworks displays; through Jan. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and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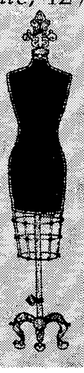

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5. A contribution, optional in amount, is required for admission.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings done by Paul Burlin (1886-1969), prominent New York Abstract Expressionist, during the weeks before he died; starting Monday, Dec. 7. (Mondays, 1 to 8; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ Every Monday at 3:30 and Tuesday at noon, the Museum is showing documentary films that comment on various topics of the day.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective consisting of a hundred and forty works by Francis Picabia, a major early-twentieth-century modernist who worked in several modes; through Sunday, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Fifty-five works by thirty-three Japanese artists, chosen to represent the most avant-garde developments in Japan today; starting Thursday, Dec. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Sculptures, paintings, drawings, and prints by Louise Nevelson, including large walls, bronze reliefs, movable terra-cotta figures, Plexiglas sculptures, boxes, and early paintings; through Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Eleven panel paintings based on patterns of sound waves by Lee Lozano, a young New York artist; through Jan. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-five Japanese prints from the Edo period (seventeenth century through the nineteenth) by, among others, Hokusai and Hiroshige; through Jan. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Sixty-six paintings by such artists as Lee Krasner, Benny Andrews, and Ben Cunningham, eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Dec. 13. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Seventy works of Asian art representing a cross-section of the collection of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III. About one-third are metal and stone, another large group consists of porcelains, and there are some paintings. Through Sunday, Dec. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Seventy objects illustrating the broad scope of Ming porcelains produced from the late fourteenth century to the mid-seventeenth; through Jan. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The first exhibit in New York of sculptures in stone, wood, and cement by Gonzalo Fonseca, an Uruguayan who works here; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Works by Julia Pearl—paintings, constructions, and drawings based on Hebrew letters and prayers; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Photographs, accompanied by sound, of Hassidic communities; through Jan. 17. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A collection of musical manuscripts, autograph letters of composers, printed music, and portraits; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—About a hundred objects, including sculptures and fetishes from Africa, ritual figures from New Guinea, pre-Columbian ornaments, and Eskimo and American-Indian artifacts; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—This year's special Christmas exhibit, "Visions of Sugar Plums," presents toys and decorations from private collections, including costumed dolls and a doll's Christmas tree with ornaments dating back to 1870; through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred works in a variety of mediums, commissioned by the Container Corporation of America over the past thirty years from such artists as Magritte, Shahn, Guston, Man Ray, Rosenquist, Trova, and Bayer, and published as advertisements in national magazines; through Jan. 3. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Over four hundred photographs of New York City, from 1840 to 1900, which offer a study of its architecture, business and industry, waterfront and street activities, and its citizens; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Prints in which artists (ranging from Rembrandt to Picasso) portray themselves, their colleagues, and their milieu; through March 31. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, and graphics by members of a black artists' coöperative; through Jan. 31. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8: "La Traviata," with Joan Sutherland, Alfredo Kraus, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Montserrat Caballé, Roberta Peters, Lili Chookasian, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 4, at 8: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Ursula Schröder, Regina Resnik, Helge Brilioth, and Thomas Stewart. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2: "Don Pasquale," with Reri Grist, Fernando Corena, Alfredo Kraus, and Tom Krause. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8: "La Traviata," with Joan Sutherland, Placido Domingo, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Elinor Ross, Roberta Peters, Jean Kraft, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Aida," with Lucine Amara, Christa Ludwig, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, Ezio Flagello, and Edmond Karlsrud. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 7: "Parsifal," with Régine Crespin, Helge Brilioth, Cesare Siepi, Thomas Stewart, Ezio Flagello, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, John Alexander, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 11, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Placido Domingo, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2: "Tosca," with Elinor Ross, Carlo Bergonzi, Anselmo Colzani, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Reri Grist, Fernando Corena, Alfredo Kraus, and Tom Krause.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting on Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 4, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:30; and Monday, Dec. 7, at 7:30 (all with Rudolf Firkusny, piano); and on Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 11, at 2; and Monday, Dec. 14, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8:30 (with Leonard Pennario, piano).

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—Georg Solti conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 7, at 8:30, with Earl Wild, piano; and Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 8:30, a performance of Mahler's Seventh Symphony, no soloists.)

American Symphony—Yehudi Menuhin conducting, with Jeremy Menuhin, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 2:30, and Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

St. Paul Chamber Orchestra—Leopold Sipe con-

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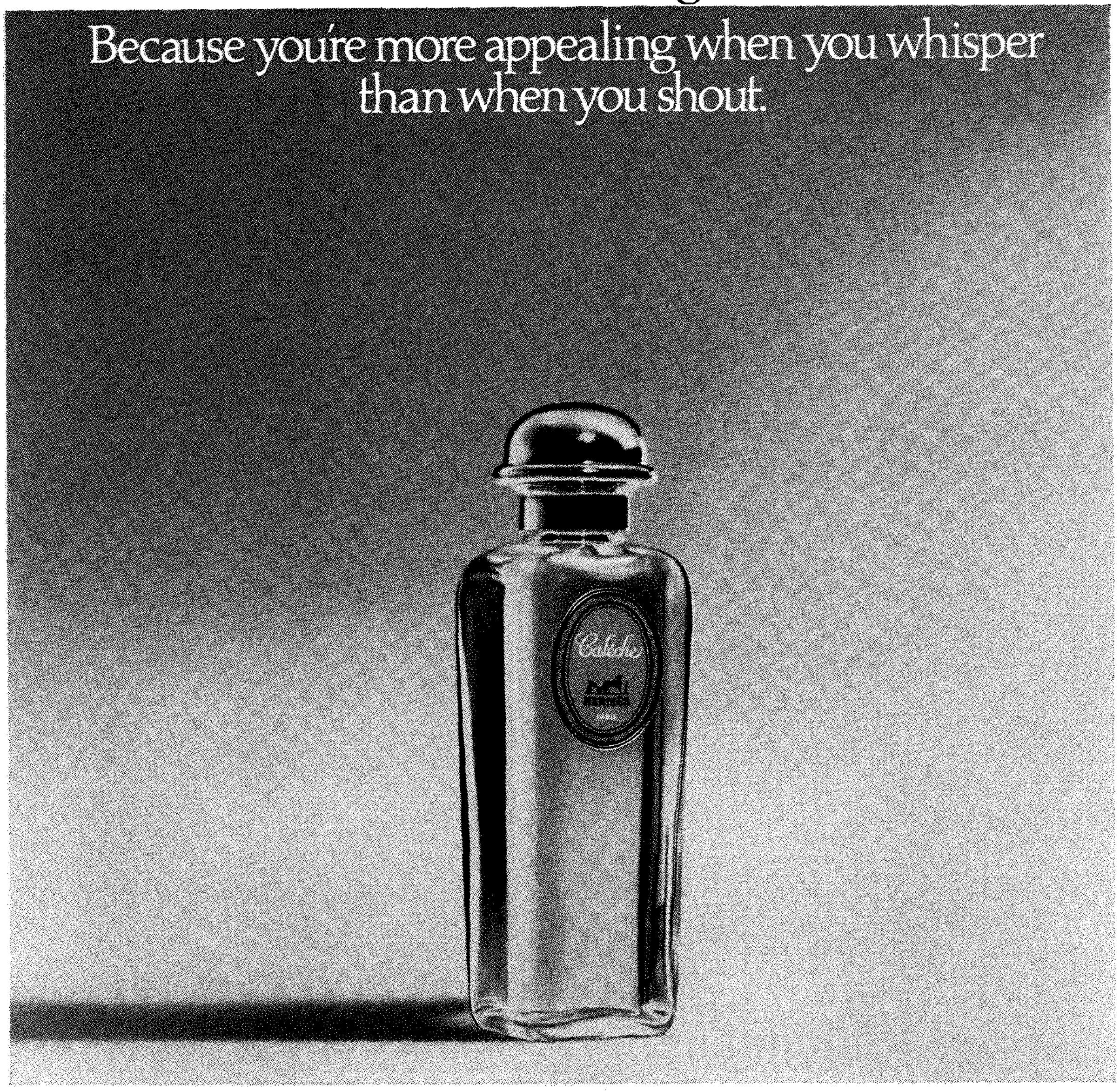
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BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 3.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler conducting a performance of Giordano's "Fedora" in concert form, with Judith DePaul, soprano; James McCray, tenor; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting, with Frederick Marvin, fortepiano; Gerald Tarack, violin; Henry Schuman, oboe; and Robert Gardner, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Mannes Chamber Orchestra and Chorus—Carl Bamberger directing an all-Bach program, with vocal and instrumental soloists. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.... ¶ Same program; Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 6:30. A limited number of free tickets are available at the Amsterdam Avenue entrance, but only to those applying for them in person after 4 on the day of the performance.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus—Daniel Paget directing a program of Renaissance and contemporary music, with the Morningside Consort and the Mannes College of Music Brass Ensemble. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Columbia University Glee Club and Connecticut College Chorus—A joint concert, with Bruce McInnes directing. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 3. For information about tickets, call 280-3611.)

Manhattan Chorale—Richard L. Zorn directing, with an orchestra and soloists. (St. James' Episcopal Church, Madison Ave. at 71st St. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 4. For information about tickets, call 972-1880.)

Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra—Abraham Kaplan directing Handel's "Messiah," with Roberta Peters, soprano; Anne Fritz, alto; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing the first in a series of four performances of Handel's "Messiah." (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

New York University Chorale Arts Society—E. Jon de Revere directing, with an orchestra. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call JU 2-2424.)

RECITALS

Eugene Istomin, Isaac Stern, and Leonard Rose—Piano, violin, and cello, in the last three in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano chamber music. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 2, with Alexander Schneider, viola; Saturday, Dec. 5; and Saturday, Dec. 12, all at 8:30.)

Daniel Barenboim—The last two in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 2, and Monday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord, with Ronald Roseman, oboe and English horn, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

Daniel Barenboim and Jacqueline du Pré—The second of two concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of works for piano and cello. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8:30, an all-Beethoven program. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.... ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

Guy Lumia—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

Ruben Varga—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

Vermeer String Quartet—Chamber music. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700, Ext. 315. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 2 and 8.)

Claude Frank—The fourth in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 2:15.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 2:30.)

Jan DeGaetani—Mezzo-soprano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Miklos Schwalb—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 5:30.)

Christa Ludwig—Mezzo-soprano, in a lieder recital. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 7:30.)

Nerine Barrett—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

Marsha Heller—Oboe, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Richard Bock, cello; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Hugo Weisgall—Conducting a performance of his chamber opera "The Stronger" by a soprano and eight instrumentalists, as well as a chamber piece performed by a baritone and five instrumentalists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano, in the third in a series of four concerts of Beethoven sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

Evenings for New Music—The first in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

Los Indios Tabajáras—Guitar duo. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

Elly Ameling—Soprano, in an all-Bach program, with Samuel Baron, flute; Ronald Roseman, oboe; and a chamber ensemble. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

Marisa Galvany and Giuseppe Campora—Soprano and tenor. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The Guarneri Quartet; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Richard Goode, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8:30, and Saturday, Dec. 12, at 9.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

Note—The Guarneri Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 13, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Dec. 7, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Johnny Cash and the Tennessee Three—With June Carter, and others. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Kinks, Love, and Quartermass—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5, at 8 and 11:30.

Neil Young—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 5, at midnight.

Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians—Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8.

Grand Funk Railroad—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8.

Canned Heat, Allman Brothers, and Dreams—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, at 8 and 11:30.

Pete Seeger—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8: Knicks vs.

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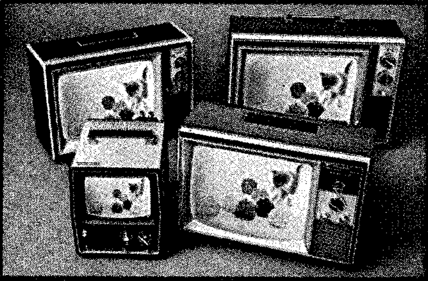

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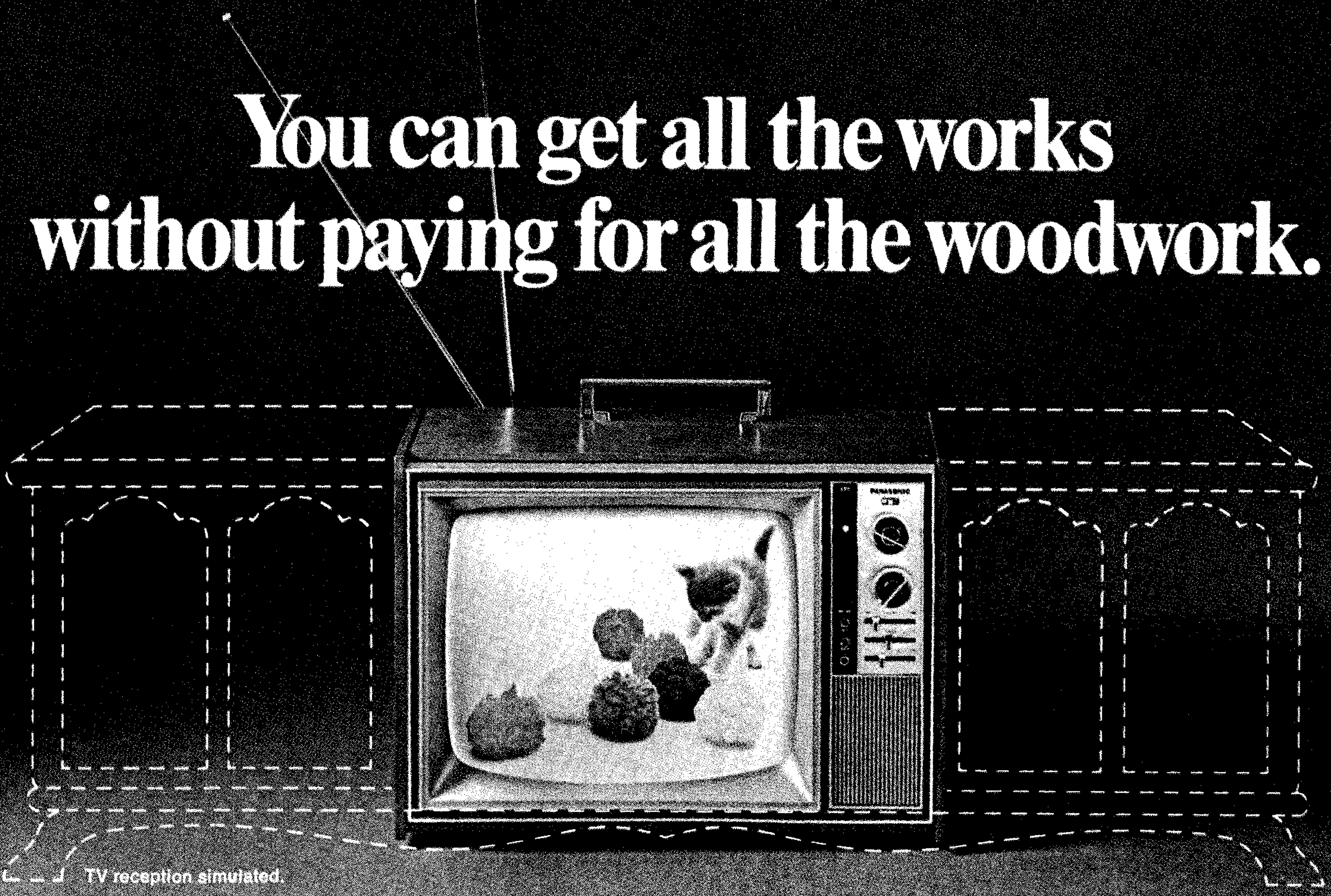

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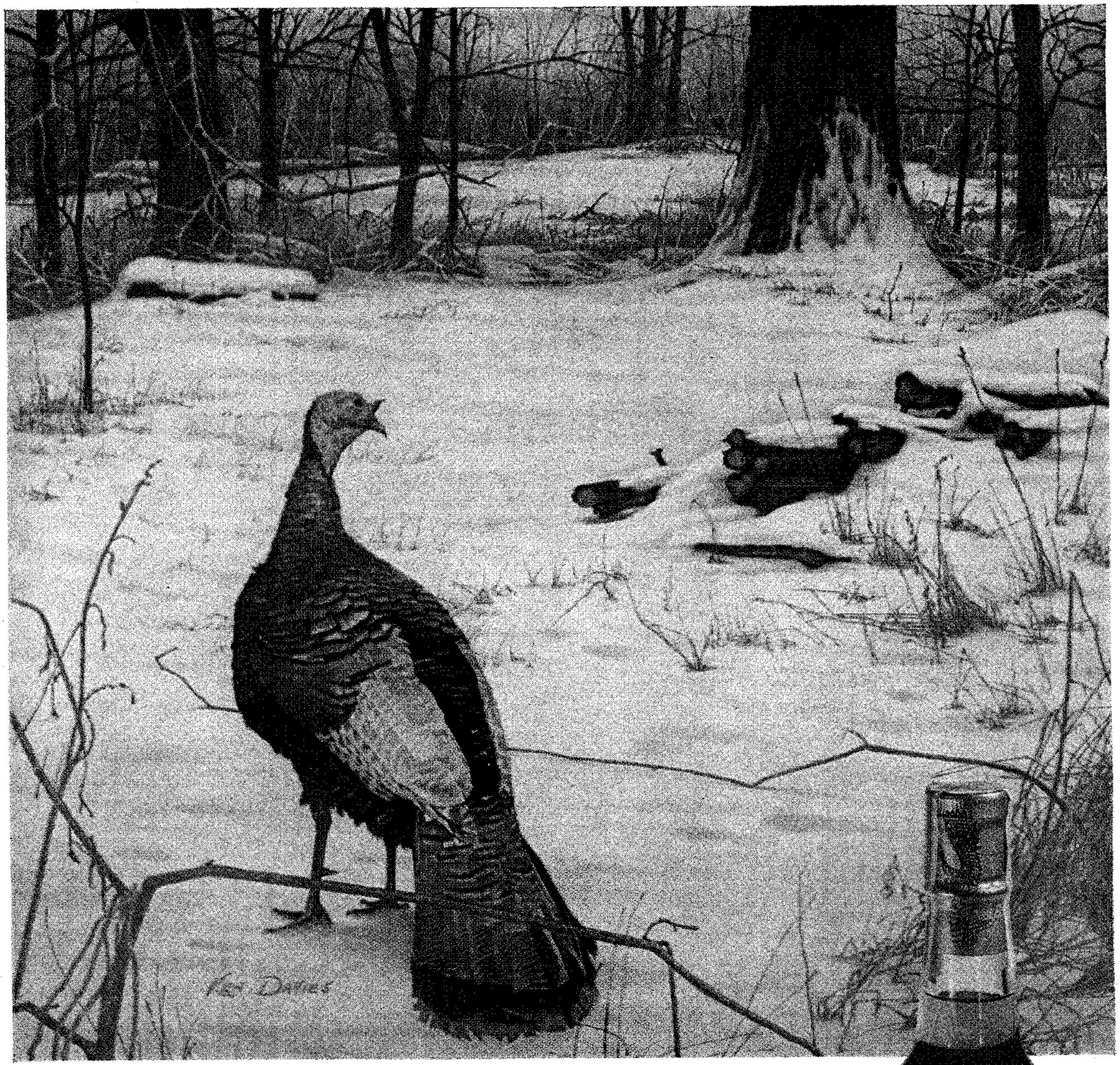

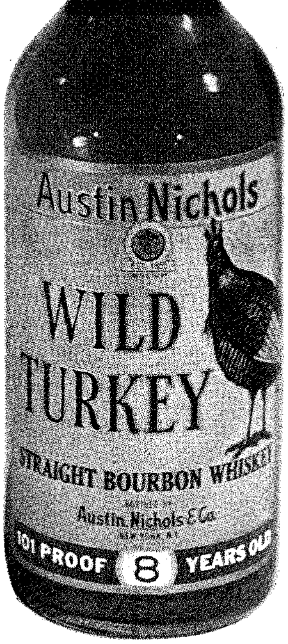
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Buffalo. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Portland. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.

Boxing—Bobby O'Brien vs. Danny McAloon, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Dec. 2. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.). . . ¶ Muhammad Ali vs. Oscar Bonavena, heavyweights, 15 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Dec. 7. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. Buffalo Bills. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 1.). . . ¶ Jets vs. Oakland Raiders. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 1.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 7:35: Rangers vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 6, at 8:35: Rangers vs. Vancouver.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 7. The Display Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 5. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Thursday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 15. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:12.)

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Hansel and Gretel," with an English narration. (Town Hall, JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2:30.)

Celebration of the Arts for Children—The final programs in a series of weekend shows. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 12:30 and 3:30: "Moon Walk," a rock musical. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 6, at 12:30 and 3:30: "Moonrock #10," a British animated short film; "Baron Munchausen," a Czechoslovakian film; and Tom Glazer, ballad singer. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Dance Program—The Afro-American Dance Company presenting a program of dances from Africa, Haiti, Cuba, and America. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 3.)

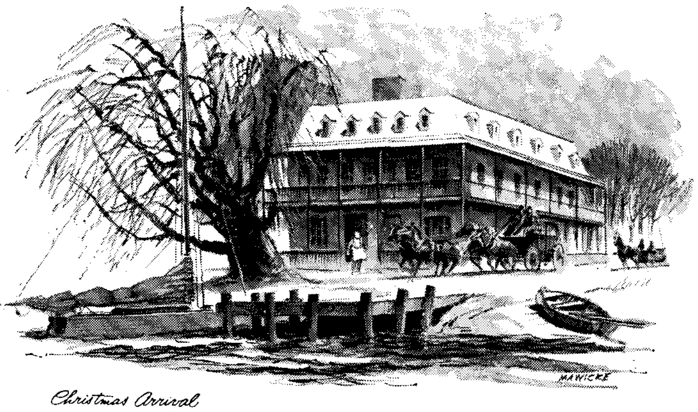
Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionettes:** "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . **salvatore guida:** "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "A Very Special Clown," Sunday, Dec. 6, and Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.). . . **rose lynch productions:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . **meri mini players:** "Peter Pan." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2:30.). . . **performing arts repertory theatre:** "Sleeping Beauty," Wednesday, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ "Gabriel Ghost," Thursday, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Friday, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 11: "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates." (Town Hall, JU 2-2424. Mornings at 10:30.). . . **pixie judy troupe:** "The Littlest Clown," Saturday, Dec. 5, at 11 and 1, and Sunday, Dec. 6, at 1. . . . ¶ "The Thief of Bagdad," Saturday, Dec. 12, at 11 and 1. (Stairway Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. 489-9380.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Christmas Sky." (*Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.*)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them



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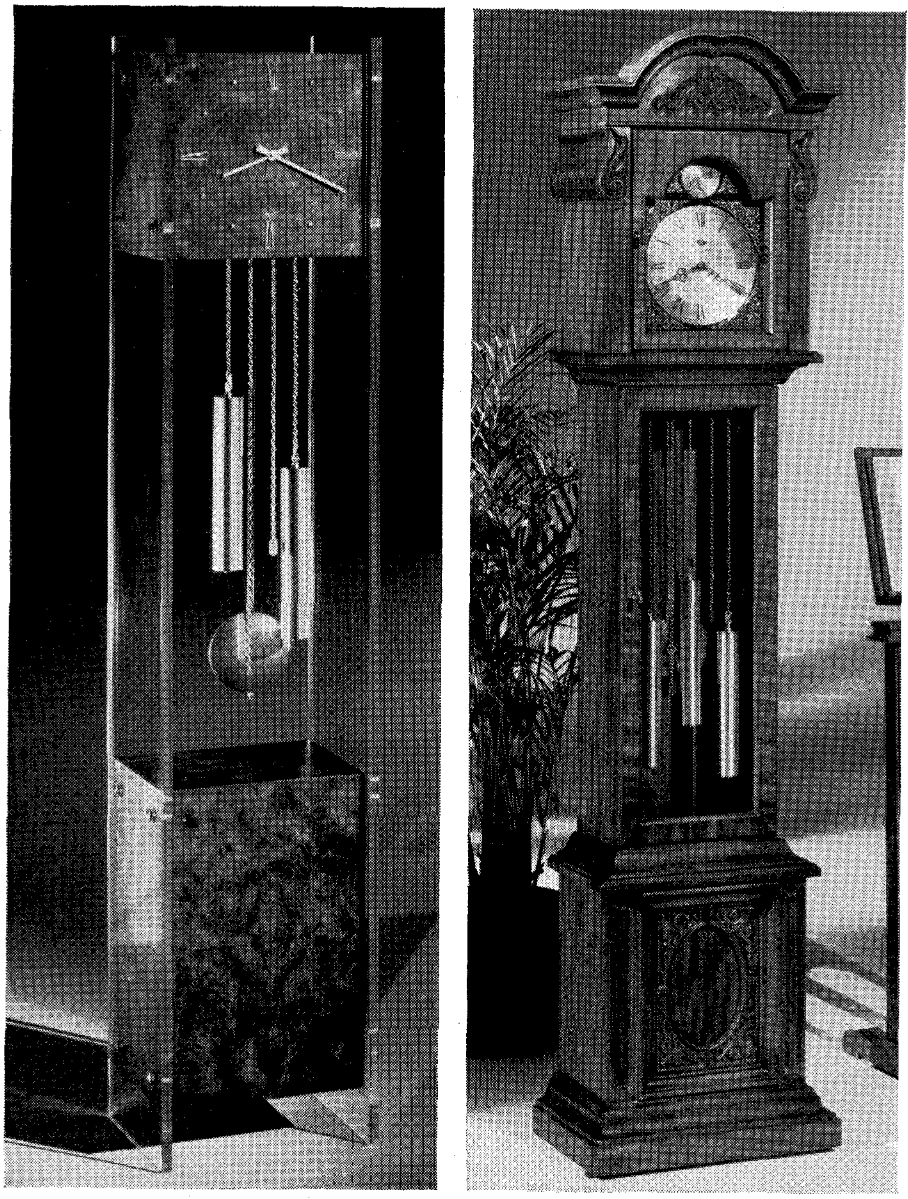

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Allen Ginsberg and Louis Ginsberg reading from their own poetry. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)...¶ Kathleen Fraser and Nathan Whiting reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 8. Admission is free.)

DISCUSSIONS—"Misconceptions About the Grotowski Method," the first of three question-and-answer discussions by Jerzy Grotowski of the Polish Laboratory Theatre. Mr. Grotowski will speak in Polish or French, with an English interpreter. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 12, at midnight.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 2: Contemporary paintings and sculptures by such artists as Calder, de Kooning, and Warhol, from various owners....¶ Thursday, Dec. 3, at 10:15 and 2: Modern prints by Chagall, Matisse, Picasso, and others; from a number of sources....¶ Friday, Dec. 4, at 10:15 and 2: English and Continental glass and European porcelain; *from the estate of Eugenia* Cary Stoller and from other sources.... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 2: First editions and other books, from several owners.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8: American paintings, among them works by Thomas Eakins and William Harnett; from many collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 5.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 2 at 2 and 5:30: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1935), with James Cagney and Dick Powell. ...¶ Dec. 3 at 2 and 5:30: "The Dawn Patrol" (1938), with Errol Flynn and Basil Rathbone....¶ Dec. 3 at 8: "Bus Stop" (1956), with Marilyn Monroe and Don Murray....¶ Dec. 4 at 2 and 5:30: "Slim" (1937), with Pat O'Brien and Henry Fonda. ...¶ Dec. 5 at 11:30: "The Sound of Trumpets" (1961), in Italian, directed by Ermanno Olmi....¶ Dec. 5 at 3 and 5:30: "The Letter" (1940), with Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall....¶ *Dec. 6 at 2 and 5:30:* "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (1938), with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland.... ¶ Dec. 7 at 1:30: "The Letter" (1940).... ¶ Dec. 7 at 6 and Dec. 8 at 2: "Nosferatu" (1922), directed by F. W. Murnau....¶ Dec. 8 at 5:30: "The Revolutionary" (1970), directed by Paul Williams, with Jon Voight. ...¶ Dec. 9 at 2 and 5:30: "Jezebel" (1938), with Bette Davis and Henry Fonda.... ¶ Dec. 10 at 2 and 5:30: "A Slight Case of Murder" (1938), with Edward G. Robinson. ...¶ Dec. 10 at 8: "The Roaring Twenties" (1939), with James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) ...NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through Dec. 6: "The Titan: Story of Michelangelo" (1950), directed by Robert Flaherty, narrated by Fredric March....¶ Starting Dec. 9: "Michelangelo: The Last Giant" (1965), with Peter Ustinov, narrated by José Ferrer. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

CHRISTMAS TREES AND HEALTHFUL OUTDOOR LIVING—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its ten thousand green, red, blue, and amber crystal lights, and ready to be turned on at 5:30 on Thursday, Dec. 10....¶ On Tuesday evenings, from seven to ten, Madison Avenue between 51st and 79th Streets is closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian

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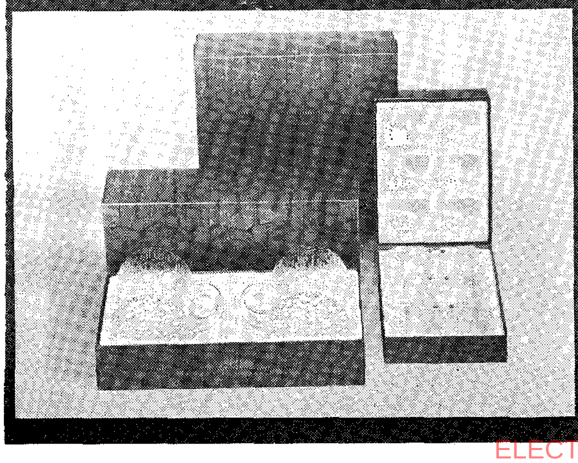

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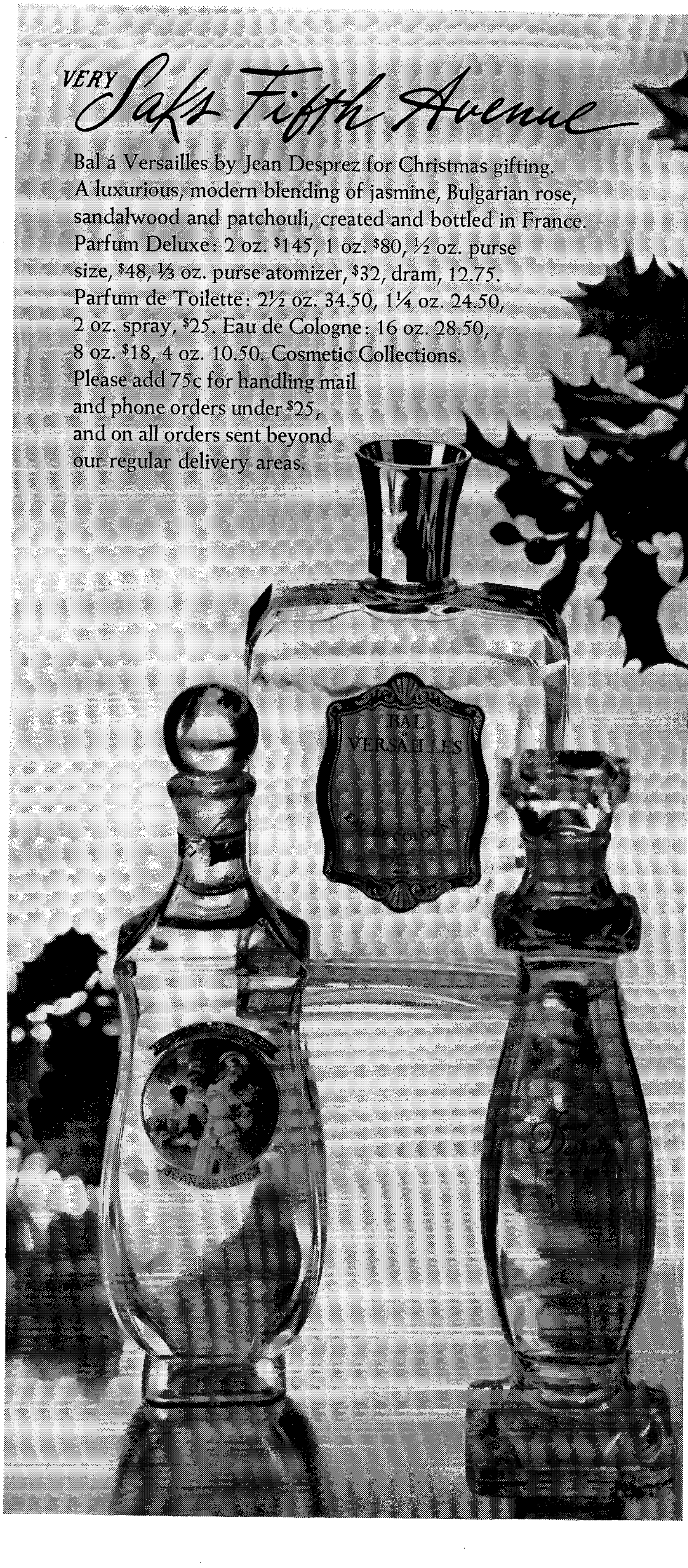

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

mall. Most shops and art galleries remain open during this period.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Dec. 15, 19, 25, 27, and 30, and Jan. 2.

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Dec. 19.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams. (Yankee Stadium. Dec. 20.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 13, 16, 20, 23, 27, and 29, and Jan. 3.

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship. (New York Athletic Club. Dec. 19-20.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Jan. 4-March 2.

Music—**Metropolitan Opera** (799-4420): The season continues through April 17.... **Philharmonic Hall** (TR 4-2424): The Philharmonic season continues through May 15.... ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 13. ... ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 13 and 20.... ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Dec. 16.... ¶ New York Choral Society, Dec. 18.... ¶ Symphony of the New World, Dec. 20.... ¶ Vienna Choir Boys, Dec. 27-28 and Dec. 30-Jan. 3.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Jan. 5.... ¶ Artur Rubinstein, piano, Jan. 6.... ¶ American Symphony, Jan. 10 and 12.... **Carnegie Hall** (CI 7-7459): American Symphony, Dec. 13 and 15 and Jan. 3 and 5. ... ¶ Obernkirchen Children's Choir, Dec. 13. ... ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, Dec. 16.... ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 17. ... ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 20.... ¶ New York String Orchestra, Dec. 24 and 26-27.... **Alice Tully Hall** (362-1911): Garrick Ohlsson, piano, Dec. 13.... ¶ Bach Aria Group, Dec. 16.... ¶ Columbus Boychoir, Dec. 18.... ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Jan. 8-9.... **Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium**, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Rosalyn Tureck, piano and harpsichord, Dec. 18.... ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Dec. 19-20 and Jan. 9-10.... **Hunter College** (535-5350): Festival Winds and Albert Fuller, harpsichord, Dec. 16.... ¶ Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, Dec. 17.... ¶ New York Chamber Soloists, Dec. 23.... ¶ Nelson Freire, piano, Jan. 9.... ¶ Zino Francescatti, violin, and Robert Casadesus, piano, Jan. 10.

Ballet and Dance Programs—Bayanihan Philippine Dance Company, at Alice Tully Hall, Dec. 21-Jan. 3.... ¶ American Ballet Theatre, at the City Center, Dec. 22-Jan. 10.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "The Gingerbread Lady," a new play by Neil Simon, with Maureen Stapleton and Betsy von Furstenberg.... ¶ Carol Channing in "Four on a Garden," a comedy adapted by Abe Burrows from a French original.... ¶ A musical, "Lovely Ladies, Kind Gentlemen," with a book by John Patrick, based on his play "The Teahouse of the August Moon." Stan Freeman and Franklin Underwood wrote the music and lyrics, and the cast includes Kenneth Nelson, Ron Husmann, David Burns, and Eleanor Calbes.... ¶ The second revival of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center will be John Millington Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World."... ¶ A limited engagement of the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," from Stratford-Upon-Avon.... ¶ "No, No, Nanette," the 1925 musical with a book by Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel, music by Vincent Youmans, and lyrics by Irving Caesar and Mr. Harbach. Ruby Keeler, Frank McHugh, Bobby Van, Helen Gallagher, Susan Watson, and Patsy Kelly head the cast.

Other Dates—Christmas Flower Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., Dec. 16.... ¶ The first day of winter is Dec. 22.... ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Fridays.... ¶ Ice Capades, at Madison Square Garden, Jan. 5-17. ... ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Friday, Jan. 15.

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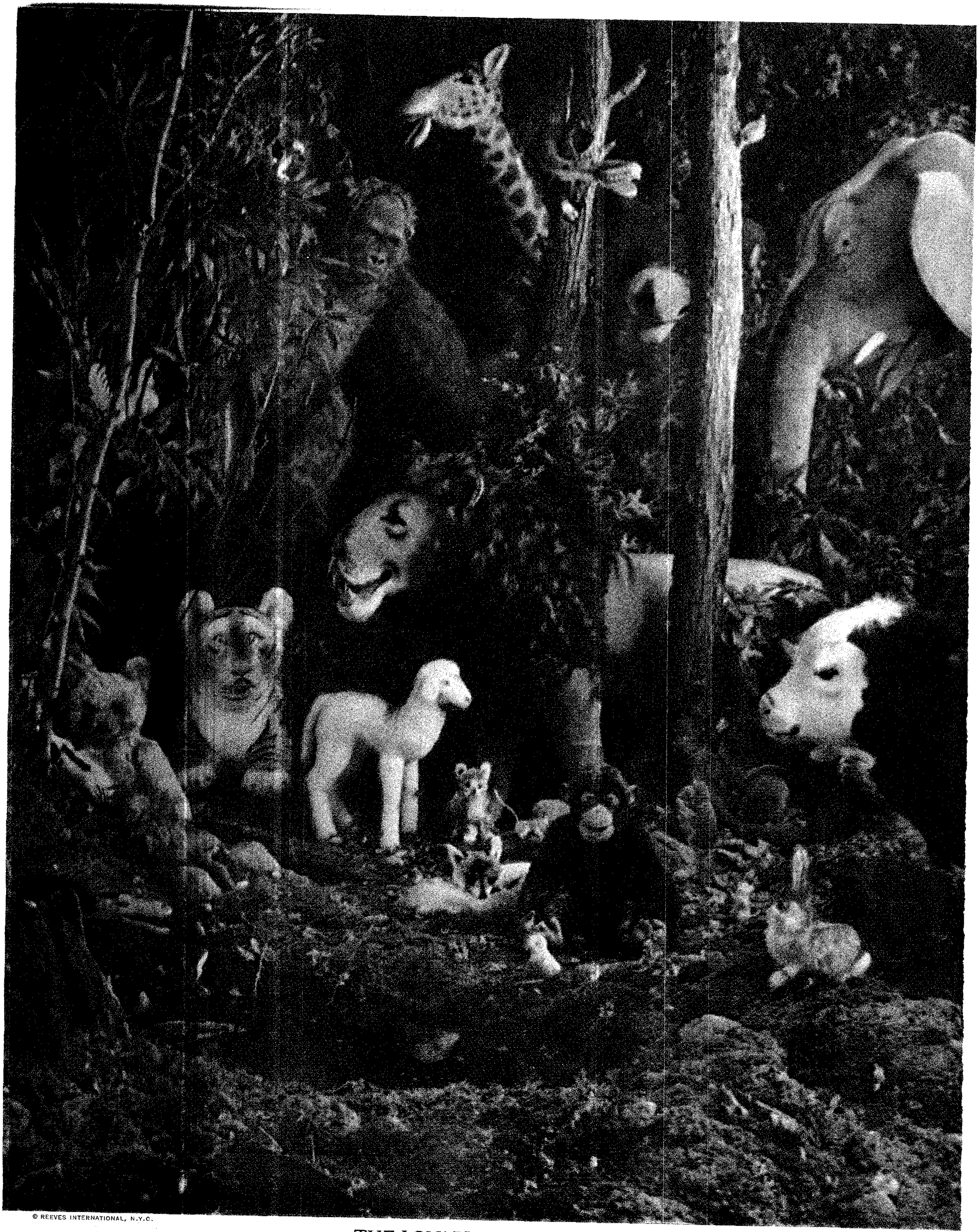

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
“Fantasia.”

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
“Woodstock.”

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Dec. 8: “The Sterile Cuckoo” and “Goodbye, Columbus.”
From Dec. 9: “Zabriskie Point” and “The Strawberry Statement.”

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
“Lovers and Other Strangers.”

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
“Gone with the Wind.”

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
“The Act of the Heart.”

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
“Five Easy Pieces.”

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
“Catch-22.”

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
“The Pizza Triangle.”

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
“Cromwell.”

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Dec. 5: “Singin’ in the Rain.”
From Dec. 6: “Gimme Shelter.”

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
“The Great White Hope.”

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
“Where’s Poppa?”

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
“Adam at 6 A.M.”

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
“Joe.”

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
“Little Fauss and Big Halsy.”

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
“Trash.”

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Dec. 8: “Diary of a Mad Housewife.”
From Dec. 9: “The Confession.”

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
“This Man Must Die.”

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
“The Twelve Chairs.”

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
“Perfect Friday.”

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 10 (tentative): “Lovers and Other Strangers.”

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
“Five Easy Pieces.”

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
“The Student Nurses” and “The Love Doctors.”

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
“The Owl and the Pussycat.”

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 8: “Dirty Dingus Magee.”
From Dec. 9: “Hornet’s Nest.”

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Through Dec. 9: “Chappaqua.”
From Dec. 10: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 8: “Rider on the Rain” and “The Sicilian Clan.”
From Dec. 9: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 8: “2001: A Space Odyssey.”
From Dec. 9: “The Passion of Anna” and “Mississippi Mermaid.”

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
“Groupies.”

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 8: “Start the Revolution Without Me” and “I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!”
From Dec. 9: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Dec. 3: “The Silence” and “Dreams.”
From Dec. 4: “The Ritual” and “All These Women.”

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Dec. 8: “Lovers and Other Strangers.”
From Dec. 9: “Beast of Blood” and “Curse of the Vampires.”

Criterion, B’way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
“Tora! Tora! Tora!”

Cinerama, B’way at 47th. (265-5711)
“Song of Norway.”

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
“Lovers and Other Strangers.”

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
“Scrooge.”

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
“Ryan’s Daughter.”

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
“I Never Sang for My Father.”

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
“Five Easy Pieces.”

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
“Bombay Talkie.”

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
“Goin’ Down the Road.”

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
“Tristana.”

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
“Homer.”

Paramount, B’way at 61st. (247-5070)
“Catch-22.”

Cinema Studio, B’way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Dec. 8: “No Blade of Grass” and “The Traveling Executioner.”
From Dec. 9: “Ned Kelly” and “Underground.”

Regency, B’way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 8: “He and She” and “The Sweet Body of Deborah.”
From Dec. 9: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B’way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Dec. 8: “Something for Everyone” and “The Boys in the Band.”
From Dec. 9: “They Call Me Mister Tibbs!” and “The Thomas Crown Affair.”

New Yorker, B’way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Dec. 2: “October” and “The End of Summer.”
Dec. 3-9: “Companeras and Companeros” and “Simon of the Desert.”
From Dec. 10: To be announced.

Symphony, B’way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 8: “Fellini Satyricon” and “Life, Love, Death.”
From Dec. 9: “The Sterile Cuckoo” and “Goodbye, Columbus.”

Thalia, B’way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Dec. 3: “Meet Me in St. Louis” and “Babes in Arms.”
From Dec. 4: “Anna Christie” and “Strange Interlude.”

Midtown, B’way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 8: “Start the Revolution Without Me” and “I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!”
From Dec. 9: “Fanny Hill” and “Inga.”

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The Act of the Heart—With Genevieve Bujold and Donald Sutherland. Directed by Paul Almond. (Murray Hill.)

Adam at 6 A.M.—Michael Douglas, youth, and alienation. Directed by Robert Sheerer. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

All These Women (1964)—Ingmar Bergman’s first color film, a so-so comedy, set in the twenties, about a master cellist, his biographer, and his many women. With Jarl Kulle and the usual Bergman harem. In Swedish. (Elgin; starting Dec. 4.)

Anna Christie (1930)—One waits for an eternity for Garbo to show up and utter her first talking-picture line—“Give me a whiskey, ginger ale on the side. And don’t be stingy, baby.” This is not one of Eugene O’Neill’s best plays, and dat-ole-davil-sea stuff is pretty hard to take in this version, directed by Clarence Brown. The cast includes Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion. (Thalia; starting Dec. 4.)

Babes in Arms (1939)—This version of the Rodgers and Hart Broadway musical didn’t retain much of their material, but it starred Judy Garland (it was her big year, the year of “The Wizard of Oz”) and Mickey Rooney. Busby Berkeley directed and choreographed; the direction is naïve and wobbly, the choreography is primitive-surreal. The songs (from an assortment of sources) include “Where or When,” “The Lady Is a Tramp,” “I Cried for You,” and “You Are My Lucky Star.” (Thalia; through Dec. 3.)

Beast of Blood—About a human-head transplant. An English-dialogue film made in Manila by Philippine filmmakers. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Dec. 9.)

Bombay Talkie—James Ivory’s new film is about a bored English woman novelist (Jennifer Kendal) who destroys the life of a young Indian film star (Shashi Kapoor). Ivory’s attempt to use the clichés of early Hollywood melodramas for an ironic effect doesn’t work out, but the film is full of fine marginal details—a guru showing his followers color slides of his conquest of Los Angeles, the preparations for a musical film, with plump-bottomed Indian girls dancing on giant typewriter keys. (Little Carnegie.)

The Boys in the Band—A movie of Mart Crowley’s play—written in faggot vernacular—about a gathering of homosexuals at a birthday party. The text has been preserved as if the quips were ageless; the movie disproves this supposition. Directed by William Friedkin, who emphasizes the suffering and heartbreak. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 8.)

Catch-22—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller’s novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Sutton and Paramount.)

Chappaqua (1967)—Conrad Rooks stars himself in this hokey account of a spoiled rich boy’s drug cure. Robert Frank shot the footage, which has been stunningly edited, but Rooks’ acting consists mainly of shuffling around in his nightie. A psychedelic turn-on, mostly about the fun and glamour of addiction. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Dec. 9.)

Companeras and Companeros—Young Cubans rap in this American-made political documentary, and are seen at work, school, and play. Didactic. (New Yorker; Dec. 3-9.)

The Confession—With Yves Montand and Simone Signoret. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Beekman; starting Dec. 9.)

Cromwell—A dry spectacle with a glum performance by Richard Harris, who delivers his lines in a cracked, rasping voice. The movie is like one of those high-school history texts that load you down with facts but omit the crucial data, so you come out understanding nothing. Ken Hughes wrote and directed. (Fine Arts.)

Curse of the Vampires—A brother breaks the bad news to his sister that “our mother is a vampire” in this English-language film by Philippine filmmakers. So inept that even

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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small children laugh. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Dec. 9.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife—Well-heeled Manhattan in a very local sort of married trouble. A pretty masochist, played by Carrie Snodgress, is the wife of a good-looking sadist, played by Richard Benjamin. He is on the way up as a lawyer, and keeps her on the move about entertaining. She takes a lover, but her husband's teeth perfectly match the teeth marks on her shoulder, so all's well in the end. Frank Perry directed. (Beekman; through Dec. 8.)

Dirty Dingus Magee—A comedy Western directed by Burt Kennedy. With Frank Sinatra and George Kennedy. (86th St. East; through Dec. 8.)

Dreams (1954)—Bergman on the battles of the sexes, with Eva Dahlbeck as a fashion editor and Harriet Andersson as a young model. The editor visits a former lover (Ulf Palme); the model gives an old goat (Gunnar Björnstrand) a run for his money. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Dec. 3.)

The End of Summer (1961)—This is one of Yasujiro Ozu's quiet studies of the drama in middle-class family life, and it centers on the character of an Osaka rice-wine manufacturer. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Dec. 2.)

Fanny Hill (1968)—Sometimes called the Swedish Fanny Hill. In Swedish. (Midtown; starting Dec. 9.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Art.)

Fellini Satyricon—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a theatrically staged panorama, set on a treadmill. In Italian. (Symphony; through Dec. 8.)

Five Easy Pieces—An account of the American black sheep. Bob Rafelson directs Jack Nicholson as the rancorous, witty, aging dropout of a musical family who can get no grip on his peculiar ethic of wasting himself. (34th St. East, U. A. East, and Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones at Madison Square Garden and in the disaster at Altamont. (Plaza; starting Dec. 6.)

Goin' Down the Road—Don Shebib is so good at blending actors into locations that one has to remind oneself that this is an acted film and not a documentary. The story is about the lives of two totally unhip boys from Nova Scotia who come to Toronto for the legendary opportunities of the big city. Perceptively acted, though the story is too familiar and the film turns out to be a somewhat hollow triumph of craft. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Kips Bay.)

Goodbye, Columbus (1969)—Richard Benjamin as the sensitive young librarian and Ali MacGraw as the spoiled *nouveau-riche* college girl in Larry Peerce's updated version of Philip Roth's Jewish summer romance. (Charles; through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Symphony; starting Dec. 9.)

The Great White Hope—The movie, directed by Martin Ritt, clunks along like a disjointed play, and James Earl Jones is not able to hypnotize the audience into accepting Howard Sackler's hit-them-with-everything dramaturgy. (Baronet.)

Groupies—A documentary about the young girls who attach themselves to rock stars. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

He and She—Pseudo sex education. (Regency; through Dec. 8.)

Homer—A farm boy turns pacifist when his best friend is killed in Vietnam. With Don Scardino and Tisa Farrow. Directed by John Trent. (Paris.)

Hornet's Nest—A Second World War adventure story, with Rock Hudson as an American soldier who organizes a group of Italian children to blow up a Nazi-held dam. With Sylva Koscina. Phil Karlson directed. (86th St. East; starting Dec. 9.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas! (1968)—A giddy, slapdash, entertainingly inconsequential comedy, written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, and starring Peter Sellers as a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie. With Joyce Van Patten as his anxious fiancée. Directed by Hy Averback. (Greenwich and Midtown; through Dec. 8.)

I Never Sang for My Father—Robert Anderson's drama about the hell of trying to get along with one's parents. Banal as a TV problem play, yet by its surprisingly austere tough-mindedness the movie transcends that genre. Gene Hackman is the son, Melvyn Douglas the self-righteous father. Gil Gates directed. (Festival.)

Inga (1968)—Sex-exploitation film, amateurishly made, but with the young attractive Marie Liljedahl in the lead. In Swedish. (Midtown; starting Dec. 9.)

Joe—A blue-collar worker (Peter Boyle), who trots out every imaginable hardhat prejudice, links up in an alliance with a sixty-thousand-dollar-a-year adman. John Avildsen directed from Norman Wexler's script. (Ciné Malibu.)

Life, Love, Death (1969)—A killer of prostitutes is turned in to the police by his mother-in-law and, finally, executed. Directed by Claude Lelouch, whose serious intentions are undermined by his penchant for photographing through windshields and rear-view mirrors. In French. (Symphony; through Dec. 8.)

Little Fauss and Big Halsy—Michael J. Pollard acts like Harpo Marx but makes the mistake of talking; Robert Redford makes the mistake of acting cute and raunchy. The film, directed by Sidney J. Furie, is about motorcycle racers, and it's insufferably smirky. (Cinema I.)

The Love Doctors—A porny picture set in a sex-experiences laboratory. (Orpheum.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—The title of Cy Howard's comedy with Gig Young, Anne Jackson, and Bob Dishy is a fresh-minted way of putting the untrue cliché that we never know a thing about our intimates. The picture looks as if it were assembled from the installments of some sophisticated soap opera. (Gramercy and Guild. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Dec. 10, tentative.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Thalia; through Dec. 3.)

Mississippi Mermaid—Working from a fairly arthritic thriller, François Truffaut directs a small film that makes it rather sweetly as a romantic love story, with keynotes that are very typical of him. Belmondo plays a rich colonialist, Catherine Deneuve a ravishing girl who has been ordered as a bride by post. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 9.)

Ned Kelly—Mick Jagger as the nineteenth-century Australian outlaw. Directed by Tony Richardson. (Cinema Studio; starting Dec. 9.)

No Blade of Grass—With Nigel Davenport and Jean Wallace. Directed by Cornel Wilde. (Cinema Studio; through Dec. 8.)

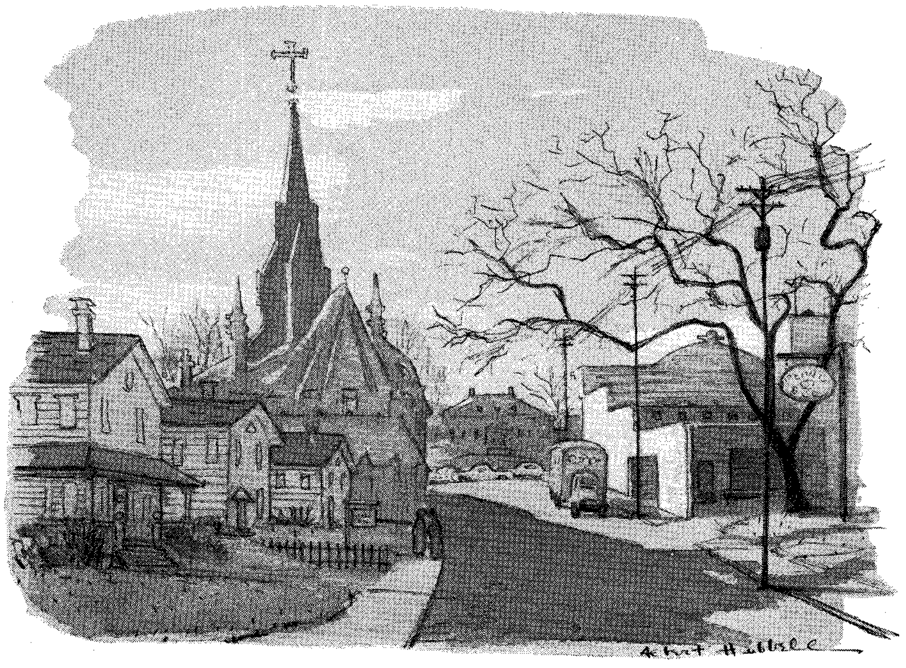
October (1927)—Eisenstein's classic on the October Revolution, and, for good or ill, a chief example of his "dialectic" montage. Also called "Ten Days That Shook the World." (New Yorker; Dec. 2.)

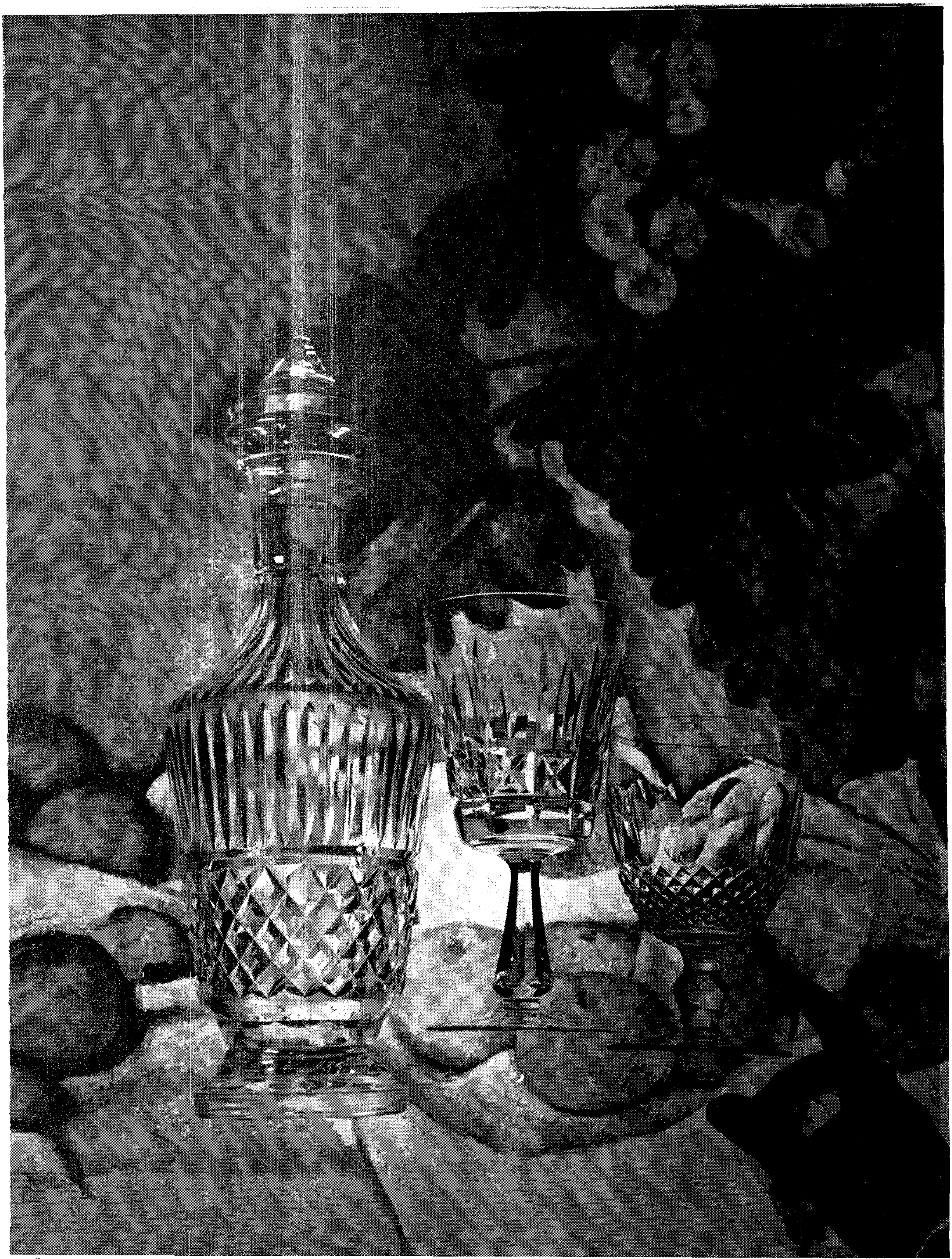
The Owl and the Pussycat—A raucous romance, with Barbra Streisand and George Segal as sparring partners. They both win. Streisand can ring more changes on a line than anybody since W. C. Fields, and Segal has the steadying grace that Tracy used to supply for Hepburn. The picture is just a doodle, but it's probably the most enjoyable comedy since "M*A*S*H." Herbert Ross directed. (Loew's Ciné.)

The Passion of Anna—A wonderful piece of work by Ingmar Bergman that does without his familiar apparatus of symbols and occultism. Its powerful theology is conveyed simply through the intensity of its watch on behavior. Its clear sight of characters in predicaments irremediably their own—in the uttering of lies for anxious reasons, in reenactments of past crises that make them unable to move and to renew their lives—is expressive about Bergman's wish that people should extend charity to themselves. Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, and Bibi Andersson are all at the top of their powers, seen in continual closeups that are like the stare of conscience. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 9.)

Perfect Friday—An amoral trio (Ursula Andress, David Warner, and Stanley Baker) robs a bank. The film is a trifle, but the dazzling Ursula Andress has turned into a very funny deadpan comedienne. Peter Hall directed. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

The Pizza Triangle—A genial mutt of a movie—a





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romantic satire with sight gags, jokes about the pollution in Rome, and comic-strip devices. Monica Vitti plays a soulfully silly waif, Marcello Mastroianni a crank Communist. The director, Ettore Scola, doesn't force things, so one can relax even when the ideas misfire. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East.)

Rider on the Rain—René Clément's thriller has a beautiful heroine called Mélancolie. The picture is as much about that state of mind as about the plot, in which she murders a rapist and dares not tell her husband. Some of the details are gentle and ironic, but there are too many mechanical thriller ploys. In French. (Waverly; through Dec. 8.)

The Ritual—Ingrid Thulin, Anders Ek, and Gunnar Björnstrand in a film Ingmar Bergman made for Swedish television. In Swedish. (Elgin; starting Dec. 4.)

Ryan's Daughter—Gush made respectable by millions of dollars tastefully wasted. Sarah Miles marries Robert Mitchum but experiences rapture with Christopher Jones. David Lean directed, on a cosmic scale, from Robert Bolt's script. (Ziegfeld.)

Scrooge—Tastefully dull; the score is so disposable it might have been composed on Kleenex. (Music Hall.)

The Sicilian Clan—Henri Verneuil's efficient thriller, which has flashes of humorous bile that are a little like Hitchcock's. There is a fine piece of hijacking in the plot, with a jet making a landing on a New York highway under construction. Jean Gabin, Alain Delon. In French. (Waverly; through Dec. 8.)

The Silence (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters travelling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Dec. 3.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal); he falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short, witty divertissement on the foolishness of saintliness. In Spanish. (New Yorker; Dec. 3-9.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Plaza; through Dec. 5.)

Something for Everyone—Angela Lansbury practices high-comedy techniques in a sort of broken Hans Andersen fairy tale mixed up with "Midnight Cowboy" and a lot of *Lederhosen*. Michael York plays a bisexual footman. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 8.)

Song of Norway—Dirndls, pasty faces, and roguish smiles. (Cinerama. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Start the Revolution Without Me—A parody of swashbucklers that begins bouncingly with the birth of Donald Sutherland and Gene Wilder as two sets of identical twins, mismatched by a harried obstetrician—one mismatched pair to be raised as peasants, the other pair as aristocrats. Some funny ideas but it gets too silly. Hugh Griffith is a poignantly befuddled Louis XVI. Bud Yorkin directed. (Greenwich and Midtown; through Dec. 8.)

The Sterile Cuckoo (1969)—Bad title but good little movie. Liza Minnelli plays a smart, funny, disordered college girl who fastens onto an ordinary, decent boy (Wendell Burton). Alan J. Pakula directed, from a fine script by Alvin Sargent. (Charles; through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Symphony; starting Dec. 9.)

Strange Interlude (1932)—Whoever decided to revive this forgot that sound bit of advice: let sleeping dogs lie. Norma Shearer and Clark Gable star in this version of the Eugene O'Neill play, directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Thalia; starting Dec. 4.)

The Strawberry Statement—A luscious idyll on the subject of student unrest, strong on fancy camerawork, scenery, and pop music, weak on the issues, topped off with a beautifully staged and bloody police raid. Based on the book by James Kunen. (Charles; starting Dec. 9.)

The Student Nurses—With Elaine Giftos. Directed by Stephanie Rothman. (Orpheum.)

The Sweet Body of Deborah (1969)—Carroll Baker as a bride who keeps leaping upon her bewildered groom, Jean Sorel. There's also a complicated murder plot, but nothing helps. An Italian-French coproduction, dubbed into English. (Regency; through Dec. 8.)

They Call Me Mister Tibbs!—Sidney Poitier playing the same super-'tec character as in Norman Jewison's "In the Heat of the Night," except that the man has inexplicably changed from a Philadelphian to a San Franciscan. He is a wonderful father, though, and a wonderful investigator into the minutely incriminating aspects of a bit of carpet fluff in someone's tennis shoes. Directed by Gordon Douglas. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 9.)

This Man Must Die—Claude Chabrol's technique sags in this attenuated suspense story about a father's quest for the person who killed his son in a hit-and-run accident. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Thomas Crown Affair (1968)—Entertaining, flashy fantasy about how a supersmart swinger (Steve McQueen) robs a Boston bank and outwits a mercenary girl detective (Faye Dunaway, in gaudy clothes). McQueen at top form, and Haskell Wexler's cinematography is dazzlingly playful. Norman Jewison directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 9.)

Tora! Tora! Tora!—An account of the attack on Pearl Harbor. Proof that planes and ships can be pedestrian. (Criterion. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Trash—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. The high points in this torpid Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey, are when people are bizarrely alive rather than just vacuous. (Cinema II.)

The Traveling Executioner—With Stacy Keach. Directed by Jack Smight. (Cinema Studio; through Dec. 8.)

Tristana—Made by a master now at the easy height of his powers. Buñuel's story is about possessiveness: a bearded, dandyish guardian played by Fernando Rey is dankly in love with his ward (Catherine Deneuve), whom he tries to keep caged but who gradually gains the power in the combat. In Spanish. (Lincoln Art.)

The Twelve Chairs—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Tower East.)

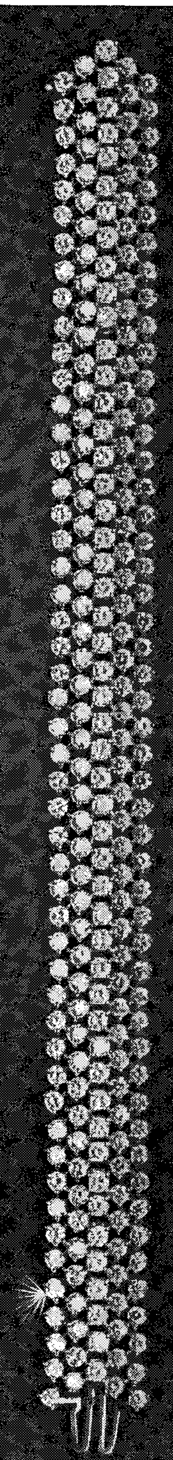
2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 8.)

Underground—A Second World War spy thriller with Robert Goulet, directed by Arthur Nadel. (Cinema Studio; starting Dec. 9.)

Where's Poppa?—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose of his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't really work—maybe because the mother has been made into a psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the whole thing gets too crazy. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming new comedienne, Trish Van Devere. (Coronet.)

Woodstock—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style, and the standard of sound recording is first-rate, but skeptics would be right to call the picture a media hype. (Cinema Village.)

Zabriskie Point—Antonioni's enervated view of American youth. A lifeless movie with a zombie romance, but with a very pretty apocalyptic finish. (Charles; starting Dec. 9.)



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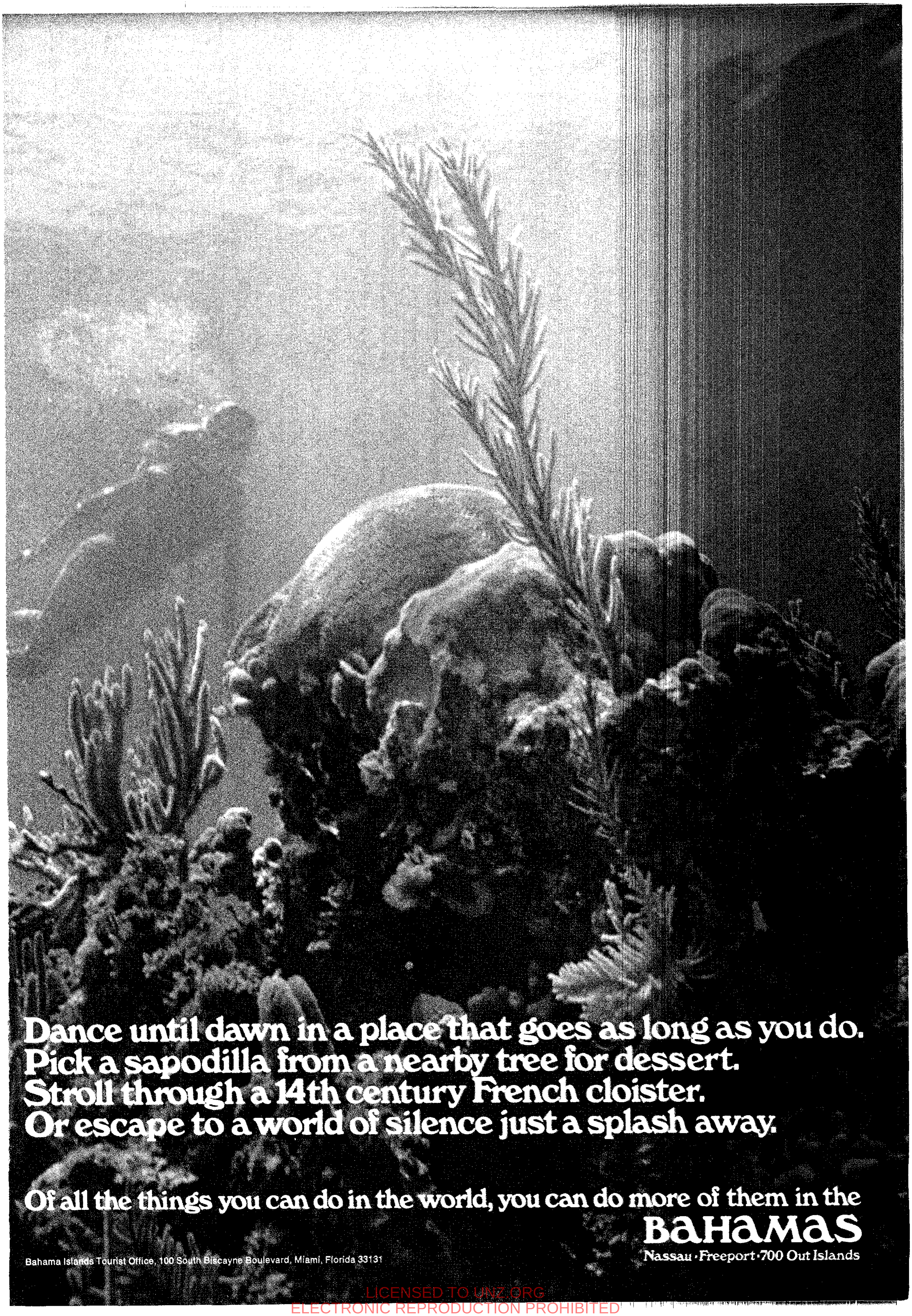

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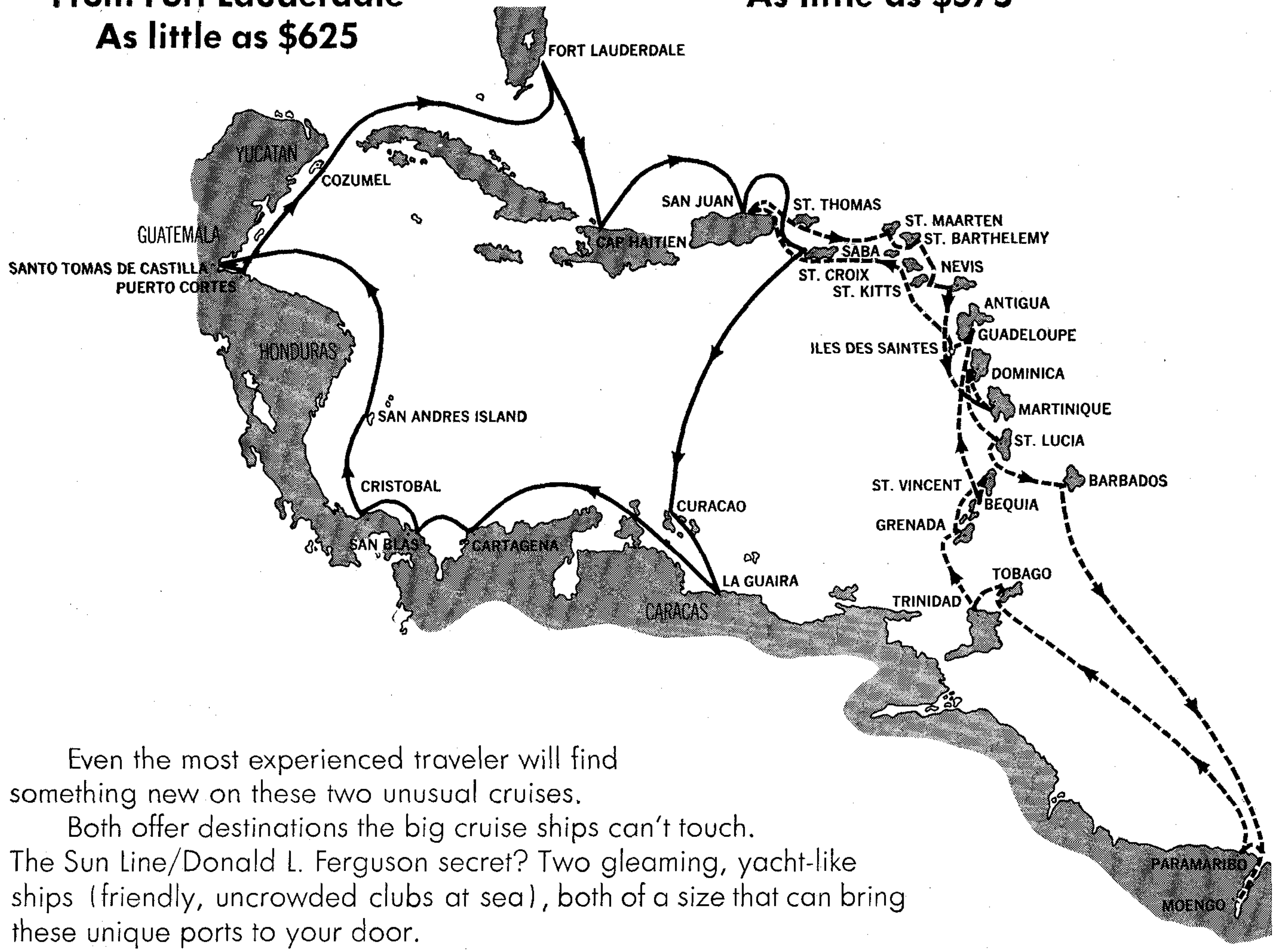
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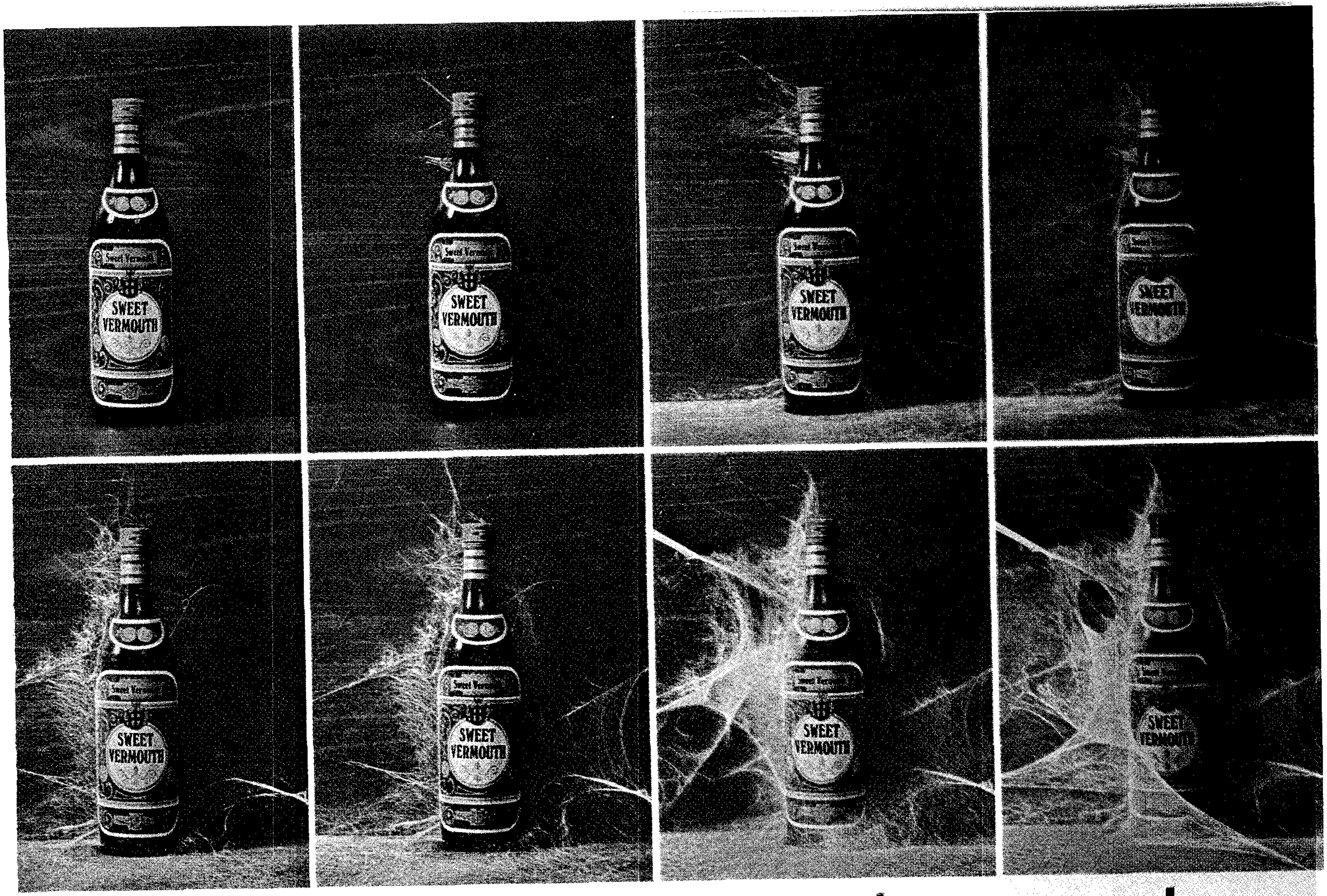

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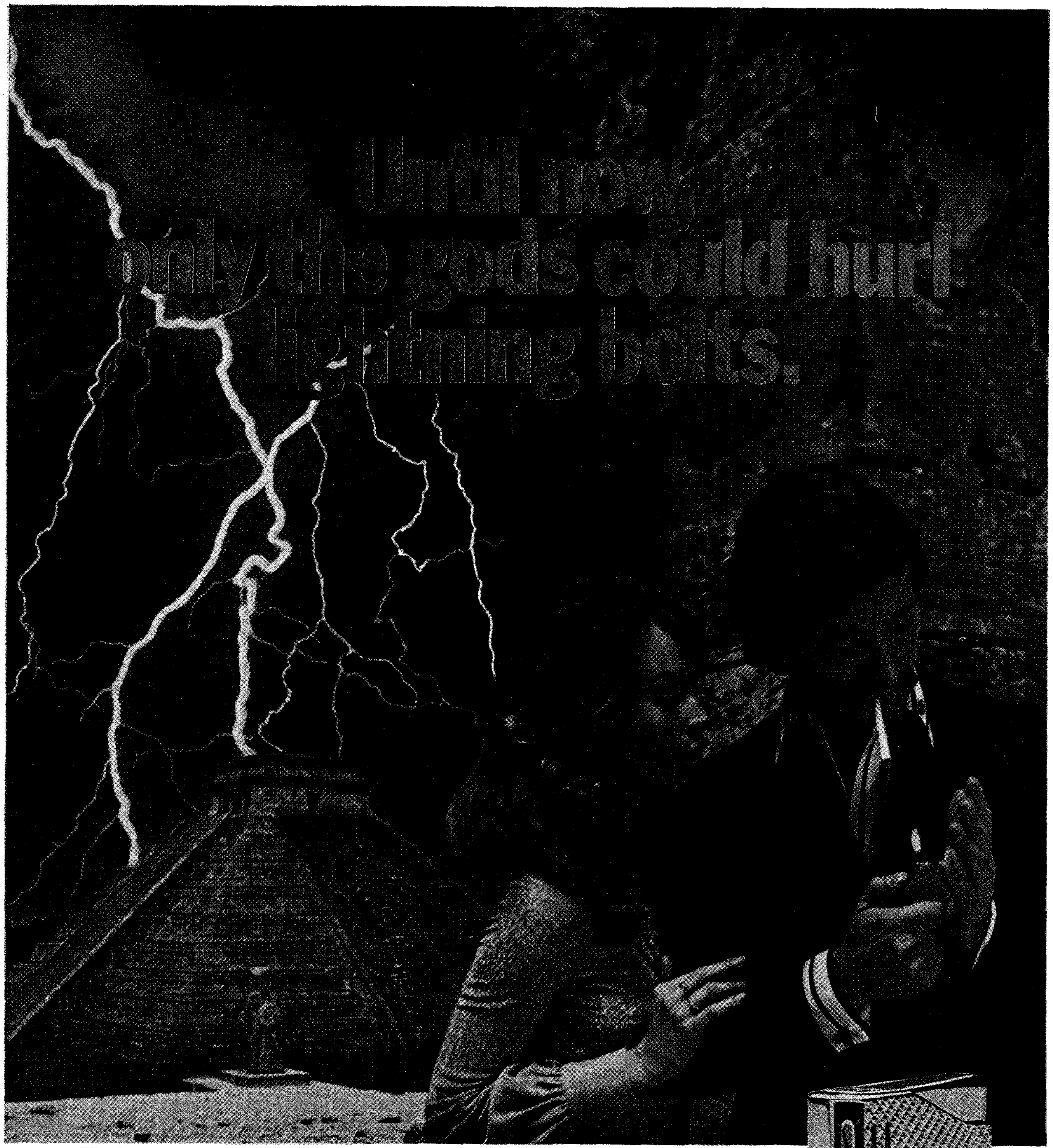
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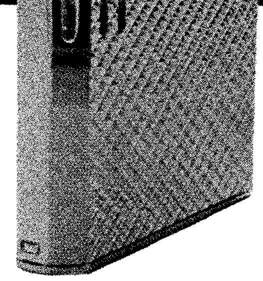

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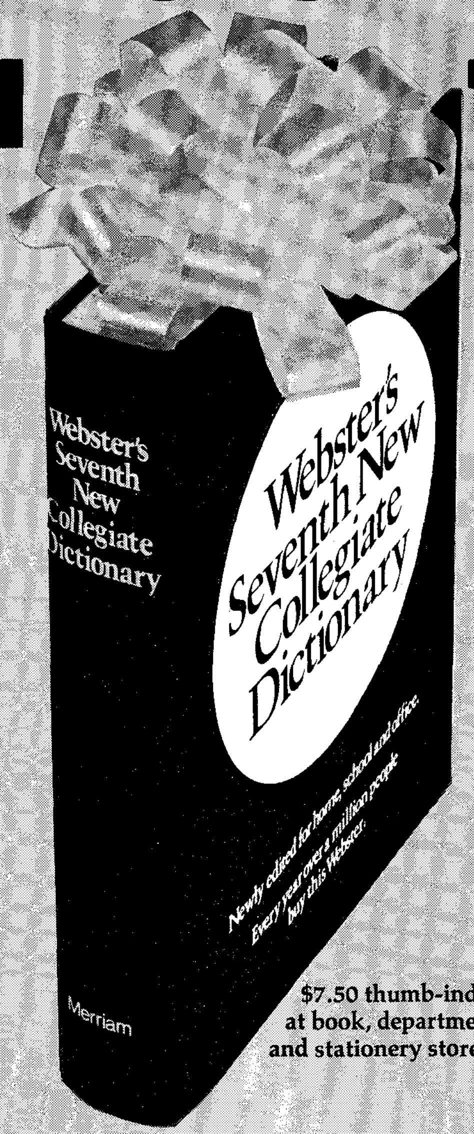
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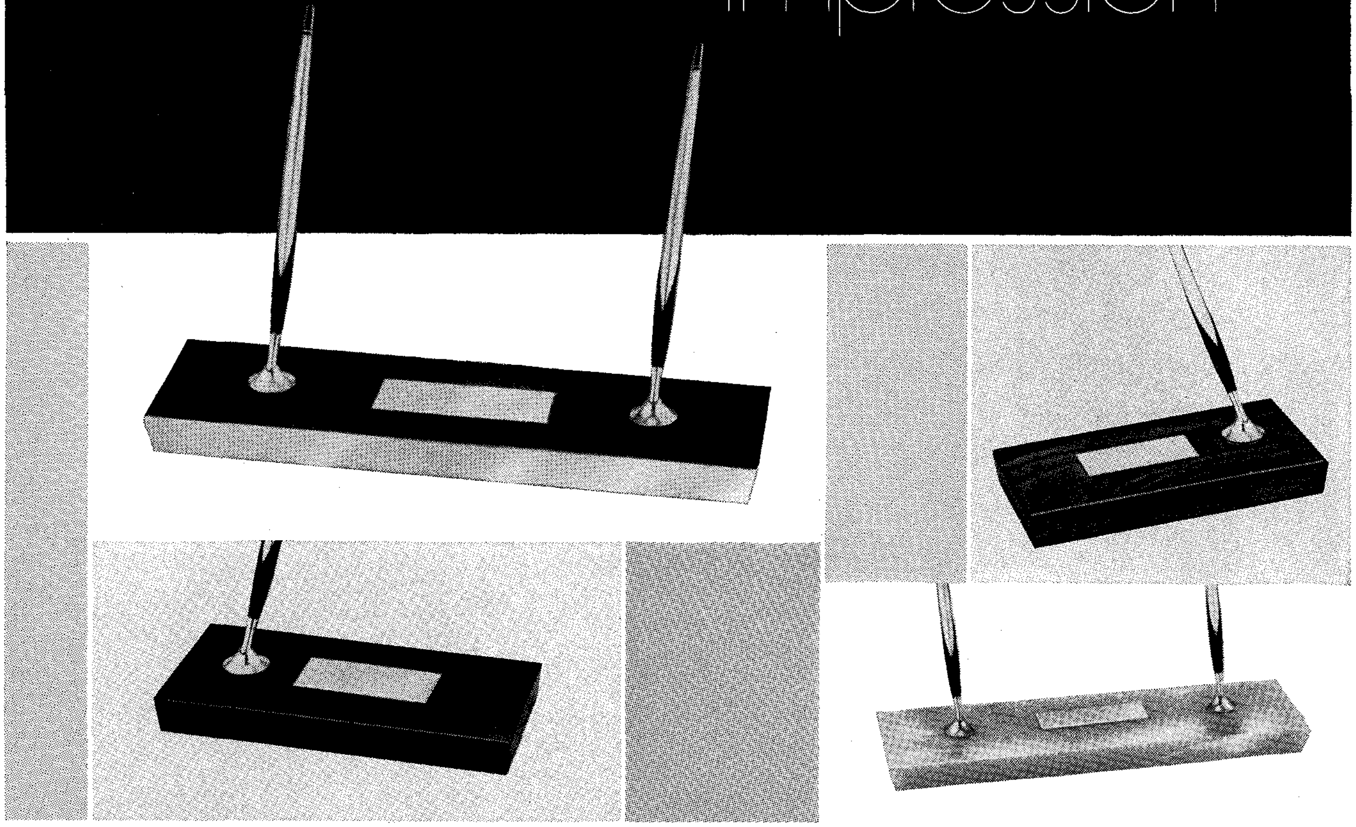

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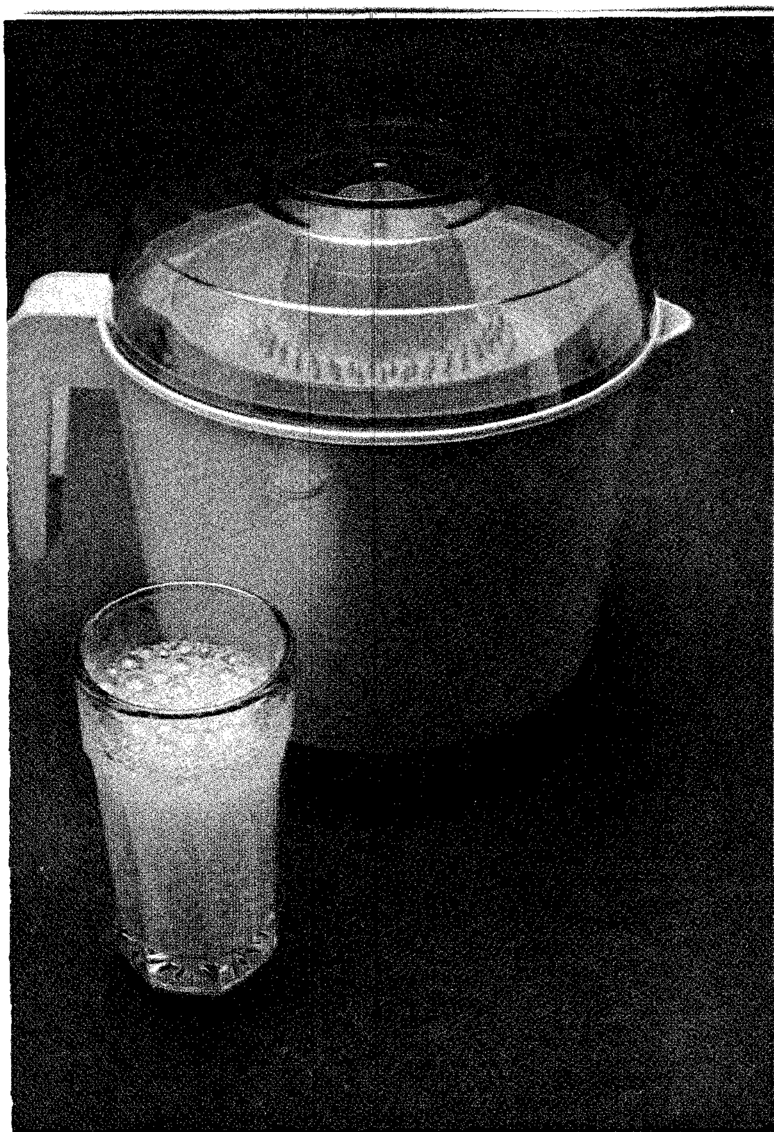

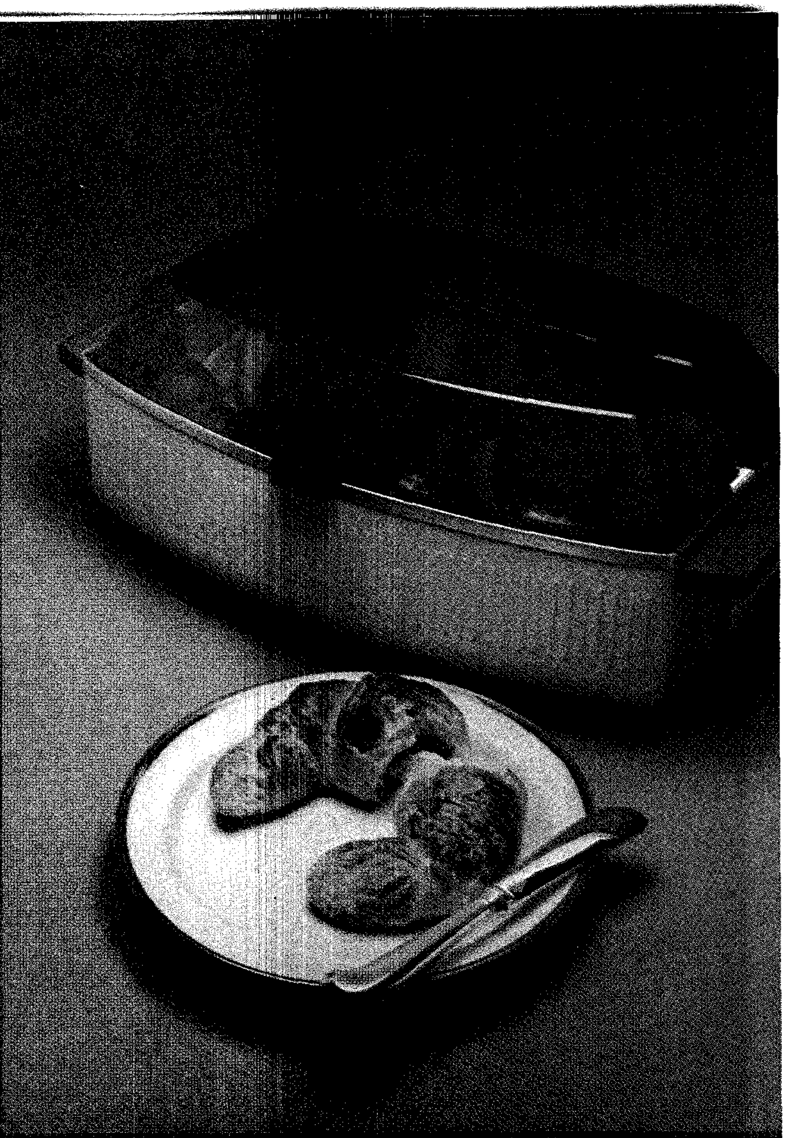

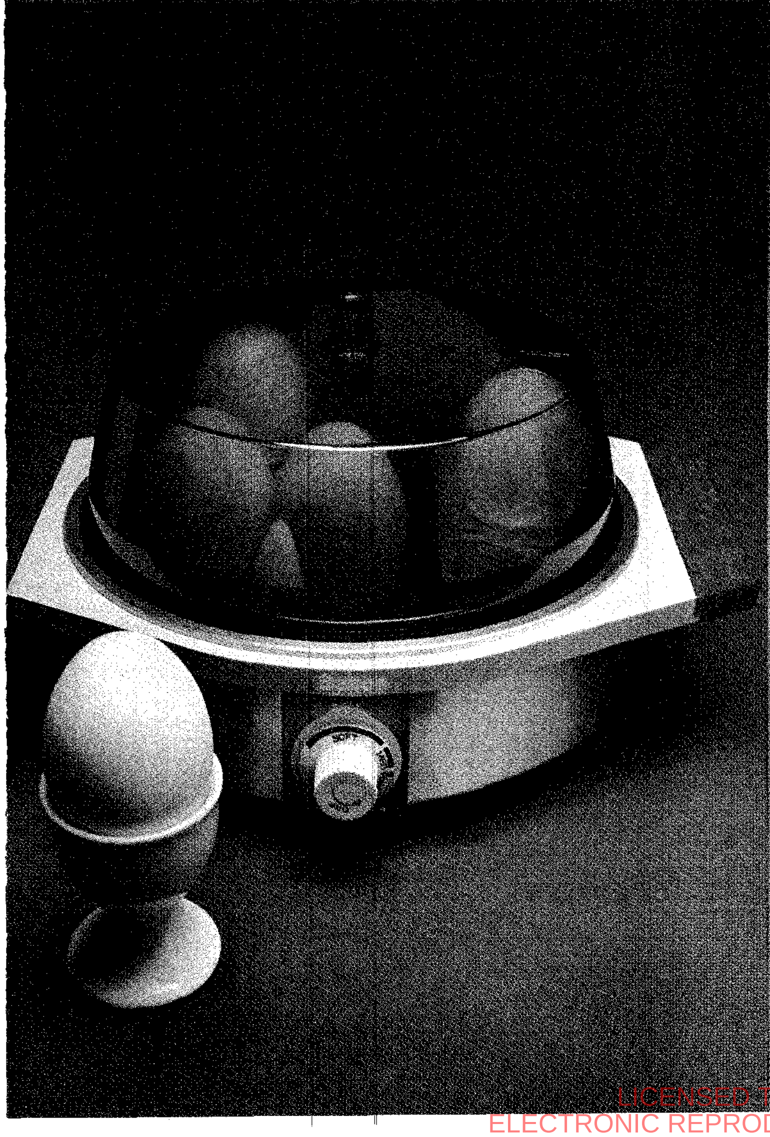

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Jim Galate

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE'VE been following the reports on the recent commando raid on the prisoner-of-war camp in North Vietnam, and we were particularly interested in this exchange between Senator Fulbright and Secretary Laird, which we read in the *Times'* account of the recent Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearing:

> **Mr. Fulbright:** I don't like to say it was all a bad idea simply because it failed, but it did fail. There was something wrong with the intelligence.
>
> **Mr. Laird:** This was not a failure, Mr. Chairman, and I would—
>
> **Mr. Fulbright:** Well, it was a failure.
>
> **Mr. Laird:** These men knew full well the chance that there might not be P.O.W.s present.
>
> **Mr. Fulbright:** I'm not complaining about the men but those men responsible for it.
>
> **Mr. Laird:** I would like to tell you, Mr. Chairman, that we have made tremendous progress as far as intelligence is concerned—
>
> **Mr. Fulbright:** You mean since Friday?
>
> **Mr. Laird:** —but we have not been able to develop a camera that sees through the roofs of buildings. We had—The intelligence in this mission was excellent. But let me give you the intelligence rundown, as far as the location of troops were concerned, the location of buildings, the makeup of the camp, where the SAM missiles were located, where the anti-aircraft was located, where the radar blanks were in the radar screen, so that we could make penetration without detection.
>
> **Mr. Fulbright:** But, Mr. Secretary, I don't think this is relevant. There weren't any prisoners there, so what difference does it make?
>
> **Mr. Laird:** There were prisoners there, Mr. Chairman, and we knew full well . . .

In Secretary Laird's remarks there is to be found a remarkable definition of "success" and "failure"—a definition that implies a radically altered notion of what the government's responsibility for its actions is. Success is measured wholly in terms of the vigor and health of the war machine, without any reference to what's happening to the war itself. The world outside the confines of the government's own organizational machinery disappears from view, and success and failure are judged by standards that are completely internal. One might compare the government to a doctor who tries to judge the health of his patient by taking his own temperature; or one might compare it to those "permissive" educators who grade their pupils on the basis of effort rather than on the basis of results. Under this system, even a moron can get an A in nuclear physics, and though in certain schools—particularly schools for the handicapped or the mentally retarded—this system may be wise and merciful, it is foolish and dangerous when the government uses it as a way of not facing its mistakes and of giving itself straight A's for everything it undertakes.

We have long believed that certain fundamental errors lie at the root of our country's travail in Vietnam. For one thing, the forces sent to Vietnam were entirely inappropriate to the task they were asked to perform; in fact, it is hard to imagine that any forces from any country could have performed the tasks that our government assigned to its Army. It has now become apparent that sending the Army to build democracy in Vietnam was like sending a carpenter to sew up a dress, or sending a fireman to settle a marital dispute, or sending a psychiatrist to put out a fire. And the results in Vietnam have been as ludicrous as the means. But if you apply the Laird Principle, and forget what it was that you wanted to accomplish in the first place, and forget what the results were, too, then the whole war can be seen as a "success." Laird's answers to Fulbright provide a good metaphor for the entire war effort. If a hearing were to be held on the success or failure of the war up to this point, it might, we imagine, proceed as follows:

Q.: We went into Vietnam to help the South Vietnamese fight Communism and build themselves up so that they could stand on their own. Why have we failed?

A.: I'd like to say that as far as the actual operation of the war is concerned, this has been a tremendous success. As to the efficiency and morale of our armed forces, this is the most sophisticated, finest Army we've ever had. Let me give you a rundown on some of the things we have accomplished. We've got the best Air Force we've ever had. As to pilot performance, these are the finest pilots who have ever flown planes, and they've got the most sophisticated ordnance that has ever been put together. This has been a tremendous plus for our side. We've got B-52s that can tear up a strip of jungle a mile long; we've got a pinpoint, surgical precision in our air strikes that we never had before; we've got some ordnance for any job you want done. When you put all this together, it means that our men have been able to apply more ordnance in this war than in all our other wars put together.

Q.: But the enemy continues to infiltrate its men into South Vietnam, and continues to fight in South Vietnam, and now in Laos and Cambodia as well.

A.: Well, we're going at this thing from every side. I don't want to just emphasize the negative side and forget the great work that our Rural Development boys have been doing, because we've had a whole string of successes on the positive side. We've built some of the most modern housing the rural people have ever seen. Some of them had never seen a television set until we brought one along, and our agricultural team has been doing a lot of work with new advances in farming. We've got a machine called the Transphibian Tactical Destroyer that weighs ninety tons and can cut a highway through any jungle. In the entertainment field, we've shown thousands of films throughout Vietnam, and we've kept our military bands busy, too. We've developed a tremendous store of techniques there. We replaced their tradition-oriented village system with a progress-oriented democratic system, and we've got a team of some of the highest-paid professors in the country to tell us how to put their country together again in line with modern processes, with the disruptive elements shut completely out of the picture. They were two thousand years behind us when we got there, and we've brought them into the modern age. In terms of the development process, we introduced a lot of potential workers into the urban areas, and now, with our resettlement programs, we're getting some of them back into the countryside again. We've made amazing advances in this field, too.

Q.: Then why do the villagers hate us?

A.: Modernization can't happen overnight. It took us two hundred years to do it. As to the hostility that sometimes is generated, we've got planes dropping billions of leaflets explaining our system in the kind of language they understand. This is the biggest, best-organized, most sophisticated psychological war effort we've ever launched, and I want to take this opportunity to pay a tribute to our Psy War team. They're just tops. And that goes for Intelligence, too. We've got an infrared device that can just about read a fellow's mind from ten thousand feet. We've got the whole country rigged to the most sophisticated computers. They've given us more reports per square inch of enemy-controlled territory than we've ever had before.

Q.: Well, then why do the enemy always know when we are going to attack, whereas we never know when they are going to attack? Everything you say is very impressive, but what has it got to do with building a strong democratic government in Vietnam? Why aren't we achieving our objectives?

A.: Well, in answer to your question I'd say that we've made fantastic progress. Our machine has outproduced, outgunned, and outtalked their machine in every hamlet of Vietnam. As to whether we're achieving our objectives, I'd say that this is the best-coördinated, best-financed, most highly motivated operation we've ever mounted. In other words, we've succeeded.

Q.: Then why have we failed?

A.: You can't have everything.

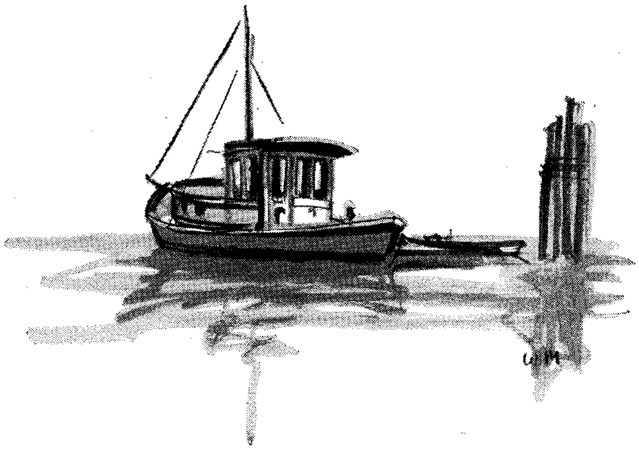
Four Gatherings

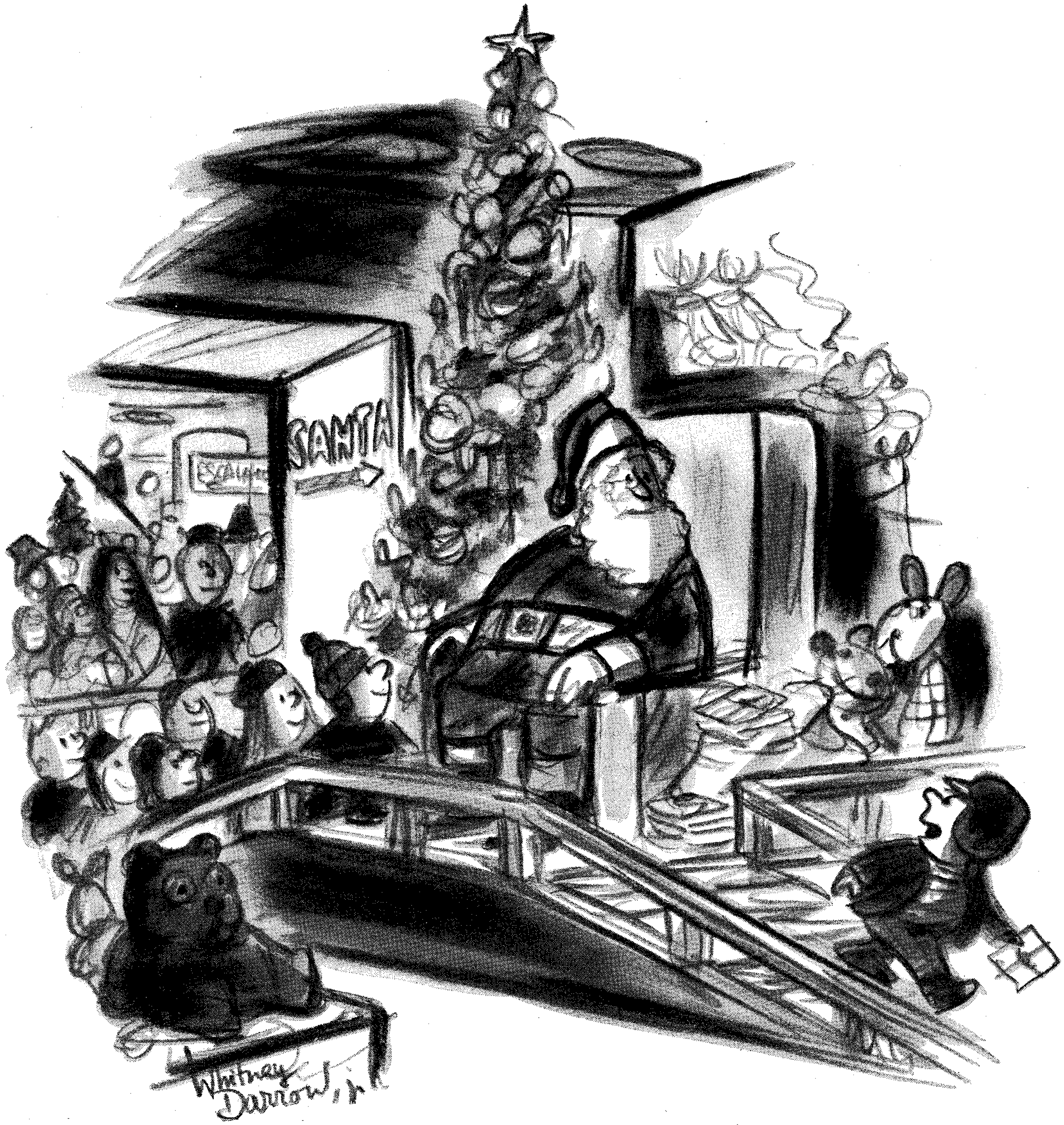
Looking for Somebody: We arrived early in response to an invitation, on a predominantly brown card, that read, "Mr. William Fine invites you to a gala Mob Scene to celebrate the opening of the new Vidal Sassoon Barbershop for Men at Bonwit Teller with free haircuts (while they last) and free drinks for all!" Mr. William Fine is the president of Bonwit Teller. Bottles and glasses and bartenders for the free drinks were still being set up when we got there, as were scissors and towels and barbers for the free haircuts. So we walked around the new barbershop, on the second floor, looking at walls impressively covered with brown-and-terra-cotta-colored vinyl wallpaper imprinted with repetitions of the logotype "VS." There was a lot of brown. Brown leather barber chairs. Brown towels. Brown hair dryers. Telephones, however, were white, and there were plenty of them—at the reception desk, in the waiting room, in the shampoo room, in the private (one-chair) rooms, in three semi-private cubicles, and in a big circular central room, which had eight barber chairs, each set up in front of a great oval door that looked as though it might be the door to a safe. (The doors actually open onto hair-setting stations, with mirrors, and brown shelves for the brown towels.) There were stacks of Vidal Sassoon price-list cards lying around, and they had the names of the services in brown and the prices in black: "Barbering (Barber-in-Chief: Haircut/Shampoo/Hand Dry—15.00) . . . Revitalizing (Special Protein Treatment—5.00) . . . Special Processing (Gray Away—10.00) . . . Wigs (Vidal Sassoon Ready to Wear—45.00)." On the brown walls were framed photographs (rather large) of men in dramatic poses appropriate, we assumed, to their hair styles: a man with Grecian-type curls had his face bent down in the palms of his hands; a man with hair coming to the base of his neck had a cigar in his mouth; a man with short-clipped hair coming wispily down over his forehead looked uptight and had his arms folded over his chest. A brown wall in the waiting room had an extra-large framed photograph of a man with a beard, who had flaring nostrils.

A lot of young men were rushing about putting brown towels on the brown shelves, and opening boxes labelled "Haartrockner" and "Asciugacapelli" and taking out hair dryers. Guests were beginning to appear—beat-up-looking young men and women, all wearing knickers or other forms of pants, and beat-up-looking aging glamour-seekers, a lot of them also favoring knickers. Many spoke with British accents. The bartenders began to mix and serve the free drinks, at a table that had a large vase filled with exotic-looking flowers, which someone who looked like Reginald Denny told us were really turnips.

"Does my hair conform to the way it should be?" a rather frenzied-looking young man asked a wandering barber. The young man's hair style wasn't anything like any of the styles pictured on the brown walls. It was sort of nineteen-fifties short, with cowlicks, which the young man kept pulling up into standing positions. He was dressed sort of nineteen-fifties collegiate, in gray slacks and a Glen-plaid jacket, under which he had on a pullover sweater and a shirt open at the collar. "Hi! I'm Jay Steffy!" he said to us. "My hair has been this way for months. Do you like it?"

"Of course," we said. "How do you like this barbershop?"





"And this year don't forget the batteries!"

• •

"I adore every aspect," Jay Steffy said. "Did you see those photographs?"

"Yes," we said.

"That's how brilliant Billy McCarty is," said Jay Steffy. "He thought those up, too. They show the eight steps of evolution, and the ninth is when you have your hair cut off. Billy McCarty did this whole place. He's the most brilliant designer in the world. I'm a friend of his."

"What is the significance of this barbershop?" we asked.

"It is not only men liberated. It is *women* liberated," Jay Steffy said, talking fast and looking around at new arrivals. "Men are coming back. And if men are liberated, women are—if you can grasp that."

"We can try," we said.

The place was filling up, largely with people who seemed to be looking for somebody other than the person next to, or near, them.

"I'm Larry Taylor," a breathless, sharp-featured young man said, offering a karate-chop handshake to Jay Steffy.

"I'm Jay Steffy," Jay Steffy said, karate-chopping back.

"I'm looking for Billy," said Larry Taylor.

"Billy isn't here," Jay Steffy said. "I'm looking for him myself."

"Where's Vidal Sassoon?" we asked Jay Steffy, who spotted somebody or something before we finished our question, and who, looking frantic, left us.

"He's getting photographed by the *Post*," said Larry Taylor. "*I* know who everybody is, because *I* invited them. Everybody here is somebody *I* invited. Ask *me* if you want to meet somebody."

"O.K.," we said. "Who's that tall,

self-confident-looking man with the kinky hair fluffed out à la Afro who has on that black velvet suit, a cream-colored raw-silk turtleneck shirt, and black boots, with his pants tucked into the boots so that they look like knickers?"

"Vidal Sassoon's vice-president in charge of training, Robert Edele. He trains all the hairdressers," Mr. Taylor said, without hesitation, and spun us over to him. "Where do I put these?" he asked Mr. Edele, holding up a fistful of cassettes. "It's the Now music for the barbershop."

Mr. Edele said he didn't know. Mr. Taylor left us, looking harassed.

"What kind of hair style do you call yours?" we asked Mr. Edele.

"I like to call it Freedom," said Mr. Edele, regarding us with patience. "I have very curly hair. So I wear it very free."

"How big is your staff?" we asked.

"Four or five hairdressers," he said crisply. "We'll do an equal number of people at a time. Half an hour for each client. Get them out quickly. Figure it out for yourself." He gave us a self-confident smile.

A waiter passed among the guests carrying a golden basket. "Hot cheese straws?" he asked us.

"Thank you," we said, taking one. It was delicious.

Another waiter offered us a tray. "Hot little ham sandwiches?" he asked.

"Thank you," we said, taking one. It was delicious.

"Who did the cooking?" we asked Mr. Edele.

"Ask *me*. Donald Bruce White," Larry Taylor said, returning to us just in time. "I'm Larry Taylor," he said, giving the karate-chop handshake to a lady wearing a traditional cowboy hat, in black; a brown gabardine midisuit; and a double strand of pearls ninety inches long.

"I'm Helen Gallagher," she said. She fluttered one hand at her companion, a young, handsome, statuesque man. "Brook Aquilino," she said.

"*Now* people," Larry Taylor said to us. "This barbershop is *Now*. Everybody *here* is Now."

We moved over to the barbershop reception desk, which was long and white. A pretty, dark-haired girl seemed to be in charge of it. She had on a long black dress with a lot of bright-colored spangles on it. We asked her about the dress.

"It's an Egyptian wedding dress," she said. "I got it in Egypt last summer."

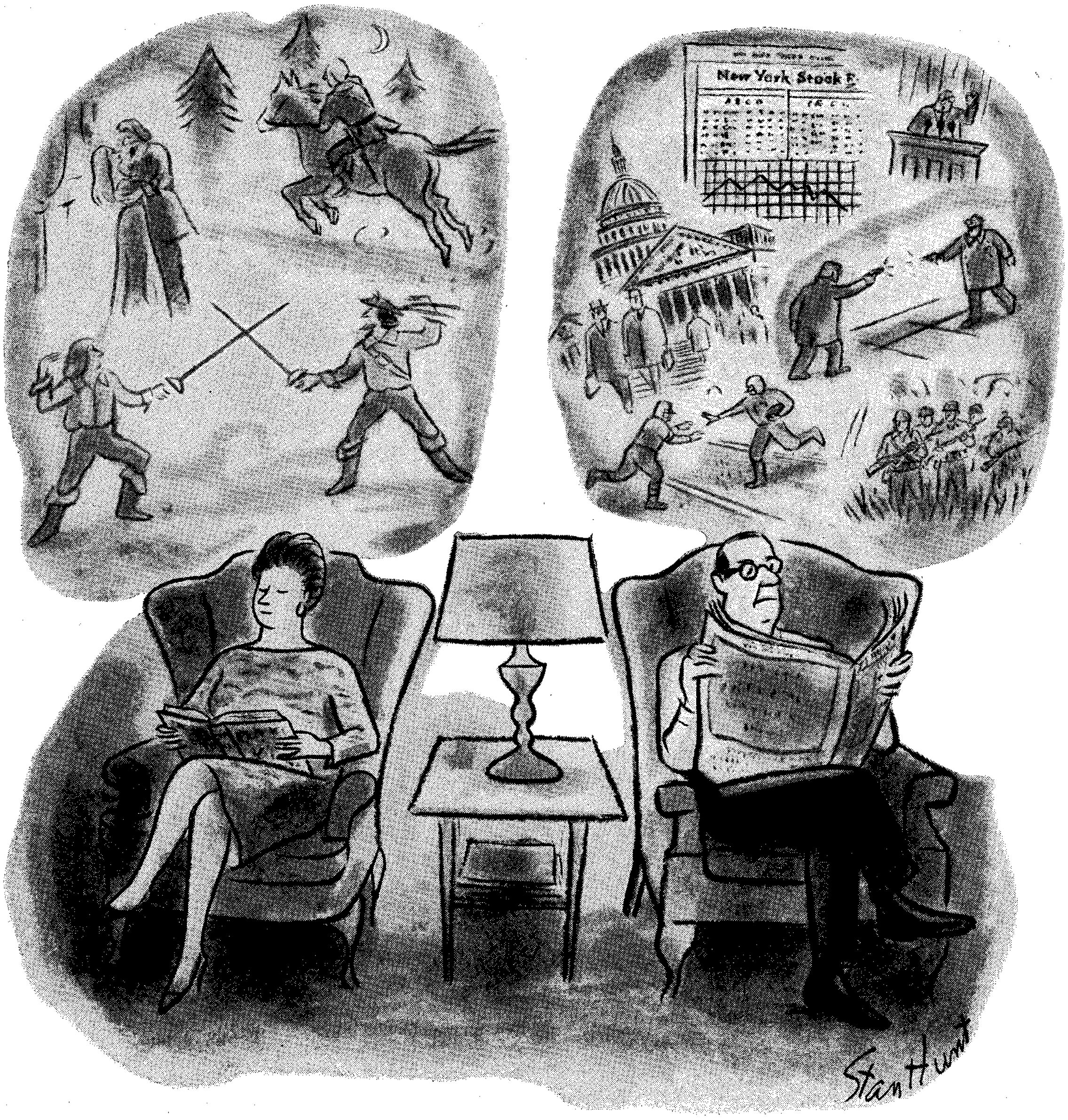
Jay Steffy returned to us, and regarded the girl and the dress. "Perfect!" he said to her.

The girl touched some of the spangles. "These symbolize the brightness of marriage," she said. "Then they tarnish. Get it?"

Larry Taylor came over and looked hard at all of us. "What are you doing?" he said to the girl.

"Jerry told me to stand at the door," she said. "Do I get a list of names, or something?"

"*I* know everybody who's coming," Larry Taylor said. "*You* just be gentle and loving."



FILMS: We went to a party given by a young filmmaker named Juleen Compton for Lindsay Anderson, the director of the movies "This Sporting Life" and "If . . ." and, more recently, of the play "Home." There were a great many film people at Juleen Compton's party, and there were a great many more almost film people. The important film people were easy to tell, because they wore old clothes and spoke in short sentences. The almost film people wore snappy clothes and asked fluid questions. Miloš Forman wore an old leather jacket. Lindsay Anderson wore an even older corduroy jacket. One young man asked him the fluid question "If you're going to be in New York for any time at all, I wonder if we could get together to discuss . . ."

"I'm *not* going to be in New York for any time at all," Mr. Anderson replied. "Why should I stay here? Some people think it is amusing to move about in this Broadway business. I can assure you it is not amusing."

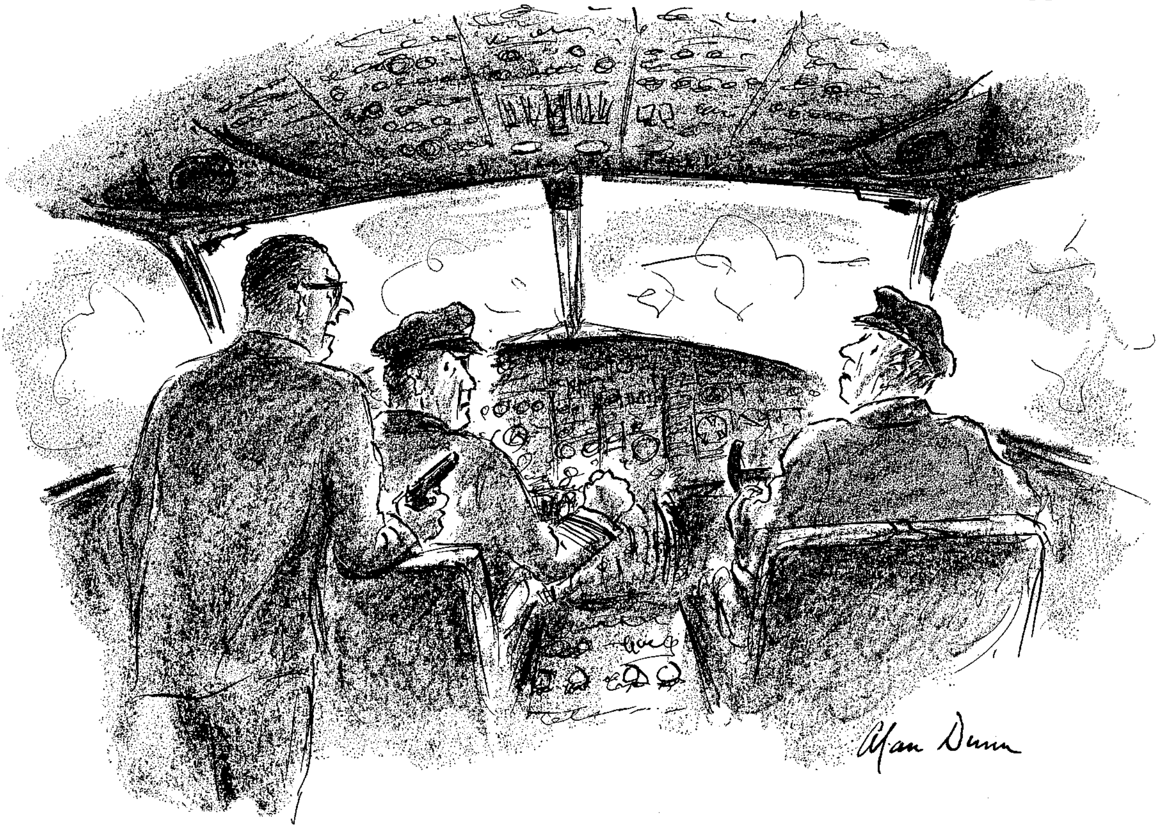
We talked with James Ivory, the director of "Bombay Talkie." "I think that's Sidney Lumet kissing those people over there," he said. Our conversation was interrupted by Mr. Lumet, who came over to hug Mr. Ivory.

We then talked to Shashi Kapoor, a very popular Indian actor who has been in several of Mr. Ivory's films, including "Bombay Talkie." "I am making seventeen films in India," he said. "That is too many. I am going to give that up. I want to do a film with Mr. Ivory, and I want to do a film with Mr. Satyajit Ray. And I want to give a party. I know *no one* in New York."

Viva, the Andy Warhol superstar, was talking to Leonard Lyons, the columnist. "Leonard, you've got to meet my husband, Michel. Michel is a very important filmmaker, Leonard." She introduced Michel. "Leonard gives us all our best plugs," she said to Michel. "Got to keep them coming, Leonard."

We walked back to the group surrounding Mr. Anderson, where someone was asking (in a fluid voice) just exactly where Mr. Anderson was staying.

"Well, I'm not staying at the Algonquin, I can tell you that," he said. "I like to stay at a hotel where they lose your messages."



"In the name of the legitimate passengers on this plane, I'm here to hijack it to its scheduled destination."

• •

THE night before, we visited the Film Forum, which is only about a month old. The Film Forum is a club (annual dues, one-fifty; admission to each performance, one dollar) that shows sixteen-millimetre movies of the kind that owners of commercial movie theatres consider non-commercial. The Film Forum also serves coffee and encourages discussion, and we were there at the invitation of its co-founders, Peter Feinstein and Sandy Miller. Both Mr. Feinstein and Mr. Miller are twenty-six, but whereas Mr. Miller is a former lawyer, Mr. Feinstein is a former financial reporter.

The Film Forum is at 256 West Eighty-eighth Street, in premises once occupied by a palmist named Mme. Palmer. We arrived at the same time as two middle-aged couples. The place was already full, mostly of kids, and Feinstein, who has sideburns, a mustache, and gold-rimmed spectacles, was standing at the door looking pleased. He addressed one of the middle-aged ladies. "Hello, Mother," he said happily. "We've got a good crowd, so you didn't need to come."

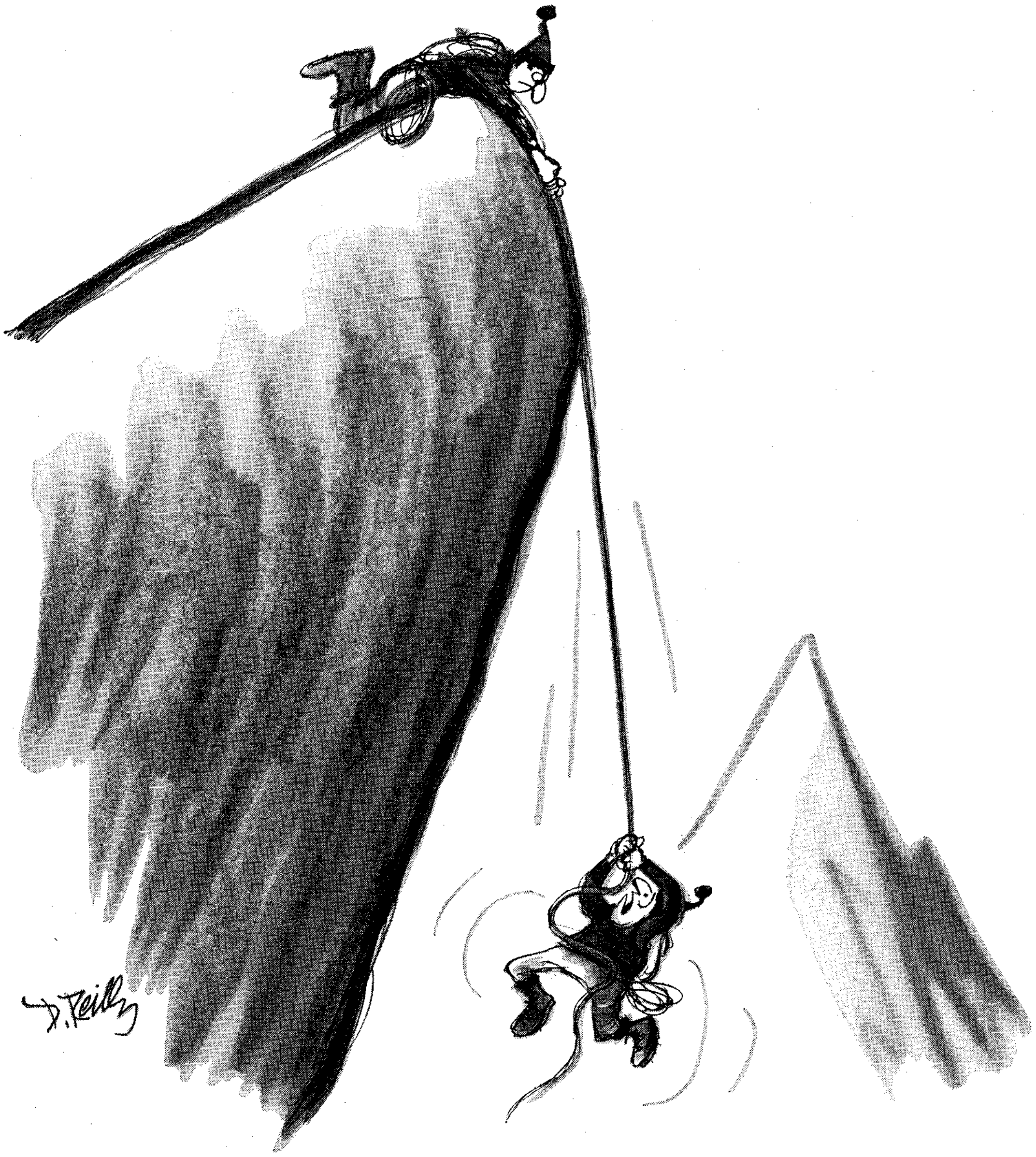
"Well, that's wonderful," said Mrs. Feinstein, looking equally pleased. "Anyway, we *wanted* to come."

We said hello, and Feinstein said, "Let me show you around. It's a ridiculous shape for a movie theatre. The ceiling is too low, and the room gets bigger up front, and there's a fireplace, which is absurd." He looked around fondly at his establishment, which was painted white, light blue, and slate blue and was furnished with snappy stacking chairs and a blue carpet. We thought it attractive, and told him so. He beamed. "It has lots and lots and lots of paint. You just keep painting, and things disappear. Between the two of us—Sandy and me—we have absolutely no money at all. Clark Gesner, who was the architect, is a writer. He's at the door collecting money. Ask him what he's about."

We talked with Mr. Gesner for a minute, and discovered him to be modest and not at all anxious to tell us what he was about. So we wormed it out of Feinstein that Gesner had written the lyrics and music for "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown," and that he had also written the book for "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown," but under another name, so as not to seem like a Renaissance man. In addition, he is the author, under his own name, of his high-school alma mater.

It was time for the movies. Miller turned off the lights and started the projector. Gesner looked distressed, and whispered to him, "Damn it! Start the movie and *then* turn the lights off!" Miller looked contrite.

The movies were all shorts, and were quite enjoyable. They included a film called "Chicken Soup," which is about how to make chicken soup, and which brought the house down. Between the first two shorts, we could hear a piano playing upstairs. Feinstein could hear it, too, and he went outside and punched a doorbell. When he came back, he explained things to us in an undertone. "That's Paul Posnak, our neighbor. We always buzz him at the



"But, good God, man, I said I agree with you totally—sex education is the responsibility of loving parents, not of Communist infiltrators in the public schools."

• •

beginning of the show to come down and watch. This keeps him from playing and also makes the audience better. He's a perfect audience. He has already seen these movies ten times, and he laughs just as loud each time. He's also a wonderful pianist."

Mr. Posnak came downstairs a few minutes later and laughed heartily. Then an intermission was declared, and we saw Feinstein and Posnak conferring. When the conference broke up, Feinstein came over and said to us that Posnak wanted to borrow part of the audience, because he had to give a recital the following evening with a chamber group called Interaction, so we went upstairs, along with the elder Feinsteins, and listened to Posnak play Mozart's Fantasy in C Minor, K. 475. We all thought he played it very well. When we got back downstairs, we found the people in the audience talking to each other animatedly—something that has always been a sign of a hit. It was time for the intermission to end. Gesner signalled to Feinstein to start the projector, and then he himself dimmed the lights, very slowly and professionally.

A FEW days later, we went to a press preview and luncheon party for Anthology Film Archives, which is even younger than the Film Forum. Anthology Film Archives is a museum with a collection of over two hundred films—chosen to represent the heights of the art of cinema—and also a theatre in which to show the movies, and it is housed in a wing of Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival's Public Theatre, on Lafayette Street. The films were chosen by a jury of five, and every film will be shown at least once every six weeks. One of the jury members is Jonas Mekas, who is also the director of the collection, and another is Peter Kubelka, who is the co-founder and co-director of the Österreichisches Filmmuseum, in Vienna. The Anthology Film Archives theatre consists of ninety stall seats, separated from each other by hoods and blinders, and everything in the theatre is black. Mr. Kubelka himself had designed the theatre, we were told, and had also cooked the lunch, and made the wine served with the lunch. We found this impressive—especially after we tasted the lunch, which was a hearty collation of cold roast veal, cold roast pork, a strange and delicious casserole, an Austrian cake called *Guglhupf*, and an unusual and delicious cheese. The wine, which was only a month old, was quite unlike any other wine we had ever consumed, and it got better with each glass.

We decided to talk to Mr. Kubelka. He has short blond-and-gray hair and bright-blue eyes. "The theatre was designed to insure absolute privacy to everyone," he told us. "In most theatres, you hate the other people, because their noise interrupts your concentration. Here you *like* the others. You hear them, but everything is subdued."

We told him we were even more interested in his food, and he looked gratified.

"The meat is very simple," he said. "The pork is cooked in its own fat and with caraway seeds. The veal is roasted with butter—no spices, so the full flavor of the meat will be retained. The wine is simplicity itself. You just press the grapes. The casserole is more complicated—it is a mixture of noodles, hard-boiled eggs, sour cream, Parmesan cheese, lamb brains, and ram sweetbreads. The cheese is called Fontina d'Aosta. Aosta is a small valley between France, Italy, and Switzerland that is nominally part of Italy but is in fact completely autonomous. It has five hundred castles, and it has never been conquered."

MŪ

STILL another Oriental exercise technique has reached the West. Today, more and more Americans are turning from yoga, karate, *aikido*, *t'ai chi ch'uan*, and other outmoded methods to the Tibetan practice of *mū*, and no wonder. *Mū* guarantees long life, perfect health, and permanent mental tranquillity in five easy lessons, or your karma back. Also known as the Fivefold Elapse, *mū* is particularly appealing to American students, because most of the exercises can be done in your automobile, while you are stuck in traffic.

Like all Oriental mind-body techniques, *mū* is based on breath control. "When the superior man breathes, good fortune to large animals," says a *mū mot*. Taoist monks in the eighth century discovered that by forming hollow squares and breathing in clockwise circles they could put brigands to flight. This was called "pouring forth *chi*." Sometime in the eleventh century, a Taoist monk named Wang poured forth *chi* so assiduously that he offended the gods, causing them to pack up and move out. For penance, Wang climbed a bo tree and remained there for nine years, making a sound through his nose. When he came down again he brought the mind-body exercises of the Fivefold Elapse, which he immediately demonstrated on a grassy sward before an audience of brown heifers. The animals' unanimous response gave the technique its popular name.

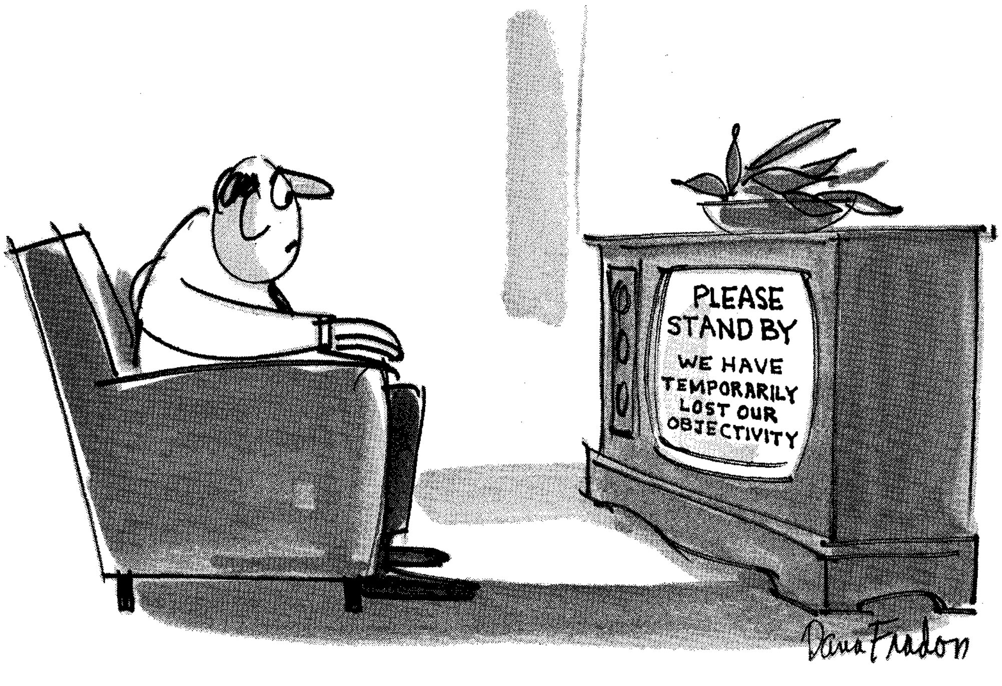
The guiding principles of all *mū* exercises are Effortless Effort and Mindless Mind. A simple movement known as "White Crane Flies Backward" may be used to begin the sequence; it takes approximately fifteen seconds, and is thus suitable for use while stopped at a red light. The adept directs his breath (*chi*) in a clockwise circle, whose radius passes through a point two finger widths below the navel, and at the same time concentrates his third, or inward, eye upon some noncontroversial truth, preferably soybeans. When a state of mindlessness has been attained, the adept raises his left foot until it rests comfortably on the hyoid bone of the throat. Beginners may find that their muscles are too stiff to execute this movement with the proper degree of effortlessness, but after a little practice it will come more easily. Continuing to breathe in circular fashion, the adept now raises his right foot and inserts it in the glove compartment. The pose is held for seven breaths, or until the light changes.

More time is required for the exercise known as "Punch Tiger, Step Lively," which should be attempted only during a blockage of two or more lanes of an arterial highway. ("Many vehicles contend; marrying off little sister is not profitable.") The student must first store up a considerable quantity of *chi*—at least four kilos are recommended. When sufficient *chi* has been gathered in the *seika-no-itten*, or lower abdomen, it is poured forth in a series of sharp "huffing" breaths (care being taken not to fog the windshield), and then immediately reaccumulated, but *not* in the *seika-no-itten*. *Chi* must now be stored in the left side of the chest cavity, just behind the ensiform cartilage. Once again, *chi* is forcefully expelled and quickly drawn in—this time in the right chest cavity. A rapid shuttling motion of *chi* within the chest follows—left, right, left, right, and so on—and is maintained for several minutes. Loss of consciousness sometimes ensues, but the student must not fear this outcome. He will soon be revived in any case by the "Sound of Many Horns."

When edging toward an alternate feed at bridges and tunnels, the exercise known as "Jade Maiden Cannot Decide" is beneficial. Keeping both hands on the steering wheel, the adept crosses his ankles, raises his body so that thighs and buttocks are lightly suspended, and taps alternately on the accelerator and the brake pedal with the heel of the *opposite* foot. Rhythmic circulation of *chi* is essential during this exercise. Irregular circulation may put undue strain upon the epigastric furrow and cause the student to lose his place in line. ("The adversary breathes tainted air. Good fortune.")

Ronald Sensenbrenner, a fourth-degree pink-belt *mū* master from Anaheim, California, has cleverly adapted the "Paper Dragon" series of exercises for use in swiftly moving traffic on freeways: Closing both eyes and rhythmically circulating *chi*, place the hands behind the head with fingers tightly interlaced (steering may be done with the knees meanwhile) and move the arms backward until the elbows make contact. Return hands to the steering wheel and repeat the same exercise from the waist down, separating and bending the thighs back until the knees touch, or until there is a sharp, rending sensation from one of those "hard to reach" muscles of the pelvic girdle.

When your automobile overheats and stalls in heavy traffic, do not waste vital energy by growing upset. ("Biting through stale cookie; some humiliation, but little sister may yet marry.") Instead, take advantage of the opportunity thus provided for the "Yellow Emperor's Mother" exercise, also known as the "Pose of Utter Resignation." Having raised the hood of your stalled vehicle, sit down on the road facing it, either in the double lotus position or in the "Pose of a Mechanic." Concentrating your third (inward) eye upon the cloud of steam escaping from the radiator, imagine that this vapor is carrying your spirit heavenward. When Teamsters come forward, do not neglect to pour forth *chi*. —CALVIN TOMKINS

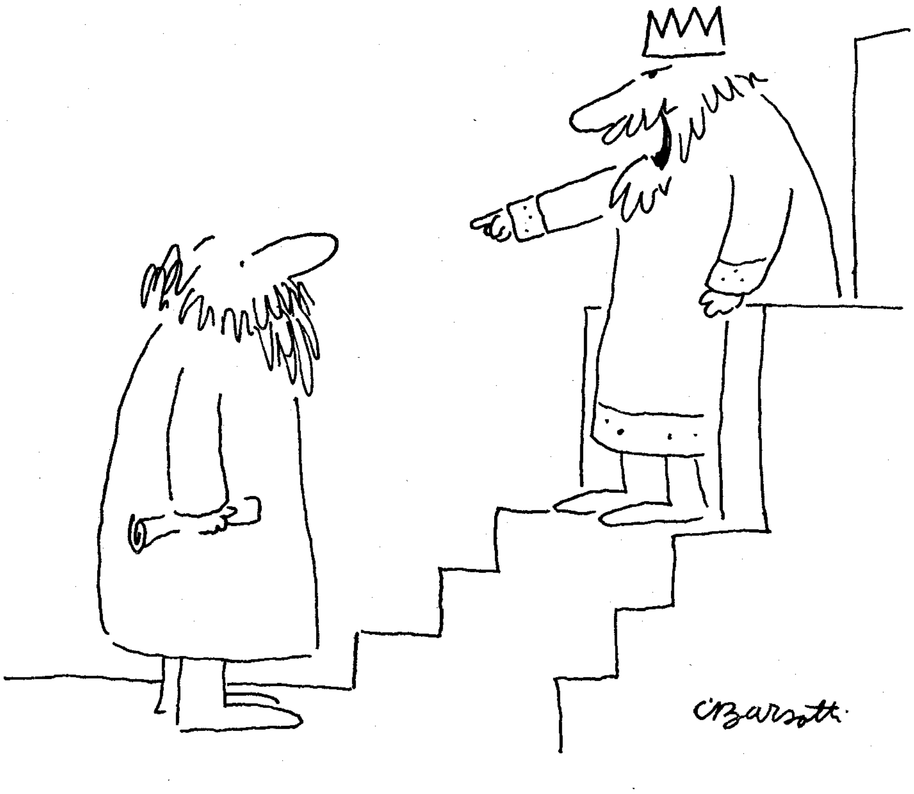

PLEASE STAND BY
WE HAVE TEMPORARILY LOST OUR OBJECTIVITY
Dana Fradon

CARNIVAL

DRESSED in the Devil's costume his mother had made for him, Micky Hudd slipped out into the bitter November dark, and breathed hard and deep to hold in check a surging thrill that possessed his lungs. All through the week, he had looked forward to this—being out-of-doors, and alone, and free to use Carnival Night as he chose. He grinned behind his mask; wherever he went, whatever he might do, nobody could know who he was.

Stepping quietly among the dense laurels that screened the house from the busy road, Micky relished his first moments of the moonless evening. He rubbed the tiny needles of frost from a fence post and squeezed them to warm water in his fingers. Above him the sky was icy cold, with fierce winter stars, but toward the town it was suffused with the soft orange lambency of hundreds of bonfires; and Micky could hear, in the brief intervals between passing cars, the weirdly distorted strains of a fair organ that issued from the warm glow two miles away. Soon, very soon, he would be mingling with the sweating crowds in the hot, constricted streets that were ablaze with flares and torches and the intermittent flashes of fireworks. Bulging gouts of oily smoke would be swirling over his head, and the smell of gunpowder would drift into every doorway and cling to every wall. In the chill gloom of the shrubbery, Micky shivered less from the cold that rose from the crisp mold underfoot than from his anticipation of the noisy warmth to come.

For the first time, he was going to be a part of the jangling procession of masqueraders without having to endure the constant restraint of his father, who had gone to London that morning on business. Year after year, his enjoyment of the Carnival had been spoiled by his father's nagging, niggling caution. "Keep close to me, Micky, and watch out for people throwing fireworks," Mr. Hudd always said over and over, as they watched the torchlit column from some safe vantage point, and "Don't let me see you get too close to the fire," he'd say afterward, as the marchers tossed their brands into the vast pyramid of flame in the recreation ground. Micky had been made to promise to be careful and to behave himself if he went to the Carnival tonight; he smiled to himself, remembering how he'd kept his fingers crossed as he made his promise, and how his mother had winked at him on the sly. His costume was a secret between Micky and Mrs. Hudd; she'd spent many hours making it out of remnants bought for a few shillings, always hiding it away before her husband came home from work. She was indulgent toward her only child, and was thoroughly pleased to be an accomplice in this small deceit. It would do the boy good, she felt, to have an evening's total liberty; he had reached the age—twelve—when his shy and withdrawn personality might benefit from his being trusted to go alone into the boisterous and sometimes violent company of the Carnival. At school, the teachers told her, Micky was a loner. He belonged to none of the tight knots of friends that laid claim to their own territories in the yard at break times, though lately he had been seen hovering at the edge of one or two groups, either mildly repulsed or ignored or tacitly accepted. At home, he was always happiest when playing his fantasy games—dressing up in the old clothes that were kept in a trunk in his bedroom, and using whatever bizarre properties he brought into the house to be characters of his teeming imagination; there had been old car tires, wooden boxes, a dead seagull even. She would hear him talking to them, laughing with them, making people of them. Now, as she sat alone in the house, she was hoping he'd come to no harm.

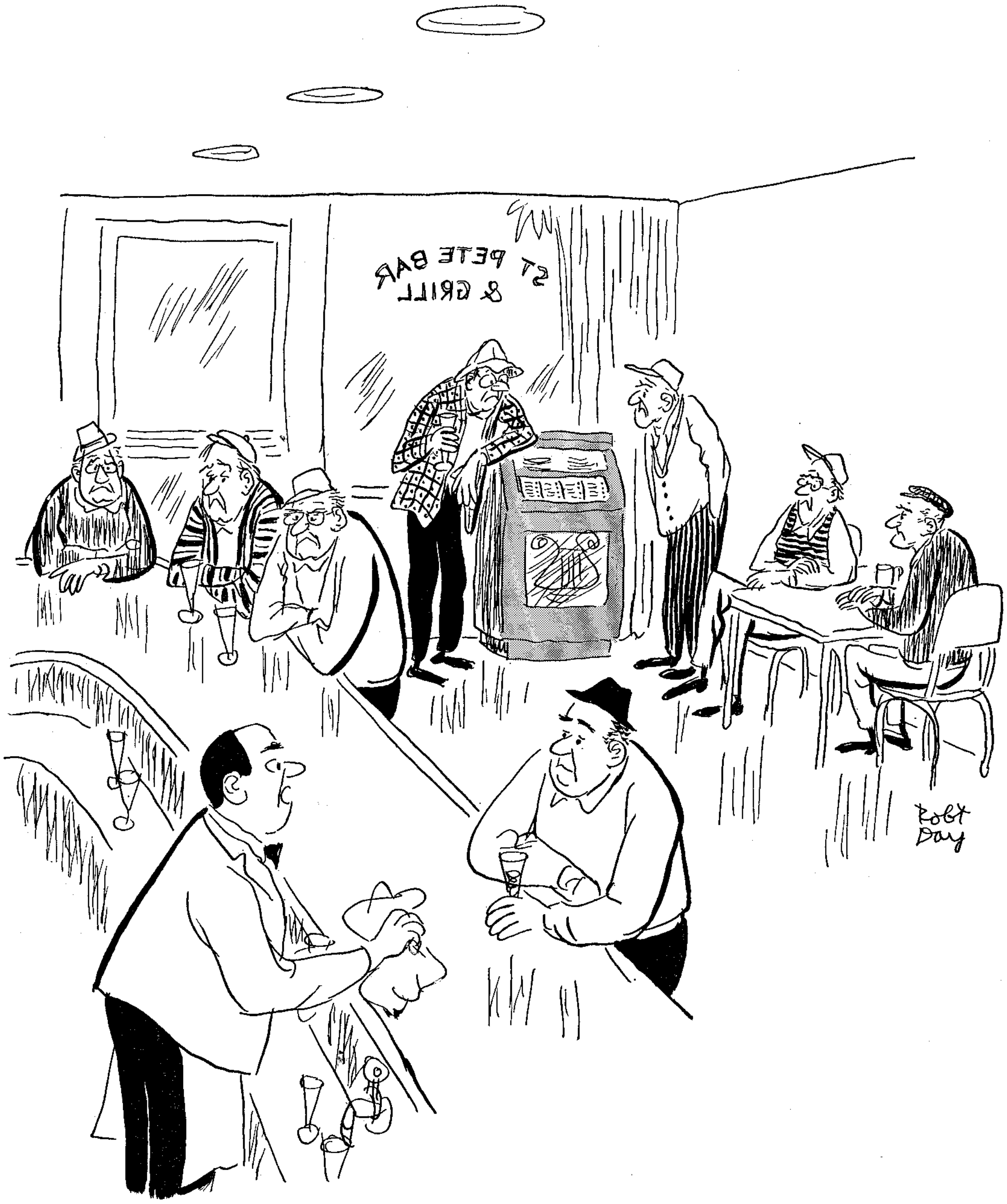


"And if there's any more talk about 'need for moral leadership,' I'll cut off the head of every damn wise man in the kingdom!"

He stood for a few moments in the glaring headlights of an approaching car, then trotted across the road. While he waited for the bus outside the greengrocer's, he admired himself in the three panels of the shopwindow. There was just enough light from the street lamp for him to appraise the over-all effect of his costume, and not quite enough for him to despair once more of its shortcomings. In the strong light indoors, he'd complained to his mother that the long, old-fashioned underpants she'd cut down for him to wear over his pajama trousers had made him look comical, but now, in the half-dark, he could see that the flannel gave his legs a sinister, furry whiteness. He twirled his cloak, slowly, so that the flares of crimson silk dissolved mysteriously behind the glass, like the folding in turbid water of a sea anemone. His wig and beard, shaped from the astrakhan collar of one of his mother's old coats, had an interesting, Negroid feel to them. Sprouting from his temples at the edge of the tight black curls, his horns—a pair of real cow's horns—were still quite secure in the contraption of wires it had taken him all week to perfect. He fingered the prongs of his trident, which gleamed in its aluminum paint. Even his shoes—a pair of Cuban sandals—

were successful; Mrs. Hudd had stuck wooden platforms to the soles, to make them look and sound like cloven hooves. Micky felt the part. In his triple reflection he recognized as authentic the images of Satan that hung, insubstantial, above the colorless apples, ready to spring into the world as palpable flesh. He made the shapes claw at the air. He believed absolutely in his power to frighten anybody he wanted to.

The bus arrived, bright and loud with people on their way to the Carnival. Micky got on, paid his threepence fare, and remained standing near the driver so that he could study the other passengers in fancy dress. They were sitting in a hunched, self-conscious group toward the back, paradoxically more restrained than the people in ordinary clothes. A Queen of Hearts and her masked Hangman companion sat dourly in front of an Alice and a Pierrot. The four of them, sharing a cigarette, would inhale and pass it on before blowing out the smoke and whispering a comment that was obviously (Micky could tell from their darting, deprecating glances) about the roisterers throwing fireworks out of the windows. Micky despised them. Whoever heard of a nervous, flinching Hangman, or a cigarette-smoking Alice, or a Queen of Hearts that carried a modern, shiny purse? They betrayed the whole idea of Carnival Night. Wearing fancy dress was a serious business; if you didn't act the part, and become in your mind the character you were dressed as, you couldn't expect to create any sort of illusion or magic. The embarrassed quartet in the back seats wasn't real—they were just ordinary folks dressed up. For the rest of the journey, he stared out of the window, in the attitude of the Satan in his illustrated Bible, smiling the same broken smile behind his mask, aloof and yet impinging. When the bus stopped, he flourished his trident and led the party into the blazing street.



"I like the job and I like St. Petersburg, but, *brother, have I had it with 'September Song'!"*

• •

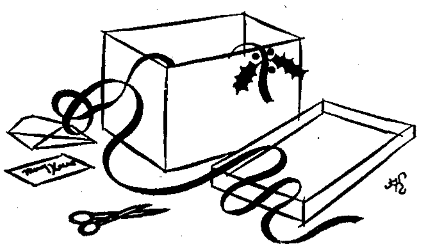
Everybody carried a torch. Some of the men carried two torches, or even three. All you had to do was help yourself from one of the carts stacked high with them. Gulping the rich fumes off the oil-soaked rags bound to rough sticks, Micky felt once more in his lungs a hot, growing stone of excitement—all that latent fire! But it wasn't for him, the Devil, to take a brand, touch it alight, and hold it high. The night's ceremony of fire, he decided, should be in his honor; it wouldn't be fitting for the Prince of Fire to carry his own torch. And besides, he had his trident to brandish as he moved among the crowds. He had his work to do. In the course of the night, he had to make quite certain that everybody saw him, that he came close enough to touch everyone. He wasn't going to shout, or jump, or fling his arms about. He would follow close behind his victim for a few steps, then tap him gently on the shoulder so that he would have to turn around. Micky practiced on some boys of his own age first; then he began on the adults. He had never known such happiness, being unrecognizable and yet noticed and acknowledged. For half an hour, he toured the High Street, infiltrating every bunch of new arrivals, prodding them, tapping, whispering. Then, accepting the homage of an old woman's shriek, on impulse he clattered up an empty alley away from the noise and lights, hugging himself in his jubilee of success.

THE park at the top end of the town was where the procession assembled every year. When the Master of Ceremonies had put all the groups in their correct order, he would command the torches to be lit and the band to begin playing, and then lead the mile-long column through the town to the High Street, where a huge crowd would be waiting with their torches. When the procession had been cheered past, everybody followed behind. The town would be left silent and in darkness after the last marchers had crossed the river to the recreation ground. In previous years, Micky had been one of the multitude that waited for the procession in the center of town; his hand firmly clasped in his father's, he had always been at the edge of the Carnival instead of at the hub. When he was very small, of course, it had been enough for him to cheer himself hoarse when he heard the brass band strident above the laughter and firecrackers, and to gasp his delight when he caught his first glimpse of the resplendent Master of Ceremonies. The Master was an immensely tall man, white-whiskered, with a red, puffy face, and he always dressed as a circus ringmaster; he carried a long whip and shouted his orders thunderously. As he passed, Micky would be cowed by his vast presence and take a step or two back.

But no more. As he scuffled along the deserted streets toward the park, Micky knew that he should be at the front of the procession this year. He'd have to be a few yards behind the Master, of course—Micky conceded to the convention—but he was determined to be next in line. He listened to the sound of his hooves as he trotted up the hill between the close, unlit houses. It wasn't like the noise of horses, or like any human footstep. A hollow, regular clopping followed him, echoed off the walls, until he reached the side entrance to the park and swished through the frosty grass. When he was still some distance away from the great assembly, Micky stopped so that he could watch the Master of Ceremonies and his assistants chivying the various groups; he would join the throng in his own good time. The smoke of his breath hung on the cold air, and he remembered the heat of the torches in the High Street and wished the column to form quickly so that he could be among its flames. By the light of arc lamps carried on lorries, the great coils of the procession assembled over the park. Micky watched as the lorries threaded slowly through them, each section holding aloft their unlit torches in patient, orderly units. And for several minutes more all his pleasure lay in knowing himself apart from them, and unsuspected—in being what he was, where he was. More intensely still, he felt the core of his excitement diffusing through him and spreading to a pressed ache across his shoulder blades. By the hard beams of the turning arc lamps, he glimpsed in turn the brass instruments of the band, the uniforms of Boy Scouts and soldiers and nurses, the brilliant farragoes of the masqueraders. Somebody lit a torch at the back of the line, far off at the top of the park by the tennis courts. Immediately, two more flared up, then half a dozen, and at once a torrent of fire swept down like a frantic river until the entire column was alight, and Micky was drawn toward its dazzling glare. His cloak flying behind him, he ran purposefully to the head of the procession as the band began to play. He jigged about, like a boxer before the start of a fight, unable to keep still.

"You there, who told you to get out of line? Get back behind the band with the others, where you belong." Micky jumped round and saw it was the huge Master of Ceremonies shouting at him. "Go on, get out of it. And *move*."

Micky was trembling, speechless, but he tried to stand his ground among the half dozen in fancy dress who would accompany the Master at the front. They were, he knew, members of the town's Carnival Committee, and they would guard their privilege. They were all facing him, waiting with menacing patience—Harlequin and Columbine, Neptune, Father Time and Britannia and Adam. Behind him, the bass drum was pounding, and the trumpets and tubas wailed and moaned so close that Micky heard no melody, only the random clamor of wild, diseased animals. "*Move*, will you!" the Master roared at him again. Micky would have run away then if he hadn't noticed and recognized Adam as the strange, twitching, fair-haired young man who lived next door to his Uncle Henry. Micky sometimes went round to see his collection of model aircraft while he was visiting his uncle of a Sunday; everybody called him Peter Pan, because he'd never grown up, Uncle Henry said. Peter would stand up for him, Micky thought, and he took a step or two toward him so that he could show who he was and plead to be allowed to stay. All that Peter had on was a kind of loincloth and a fig leaf of painted cardboard tied round his waist. The band suddenly stopped playing, and in the strange and abrupt quietness Micky was unable to speak.



ONE MAN'S OPIATE

In the *Affendämmerung*, or twilight of the apes,
What is more fitting than that man should for
reassurance turn to japes?
In chaos sublunary
What remains constant but buffoonery?
I know of a man named Daniel Deronda
And of buffoonery he is a veritable Golconda.
Once he was sipping a *fine* in a café in Montmartre,
When a man sat down at his table who wanted to
discuss Sartre.
Daniel didn't wish to discuss Sartre, whose works
filled him with ennui;
He told himself, "Dan, we can't put up with ennui, can we?"
So he said, "*Frappe, frappe*," and the man said, "*Qui
va là?*" and he said, "*Alençon*," and the man said,
"*Alençon qui?*"
And Daniel said, "*Alençonfants de la patrie*."
The Sartre man, himself a lacemaker, was so taken aback
that instead of exclaiming, "*Ma fwah!*" ("My faith!"),
il s'écria, "Mon *fwah!*" which every goose
knows means "My liver!"
And then threw himself into the Seine, a river.
I'm all for Daniel. In this age penumbral,
Let the timbrel resound in the tumbrel.

—Ogden Nash

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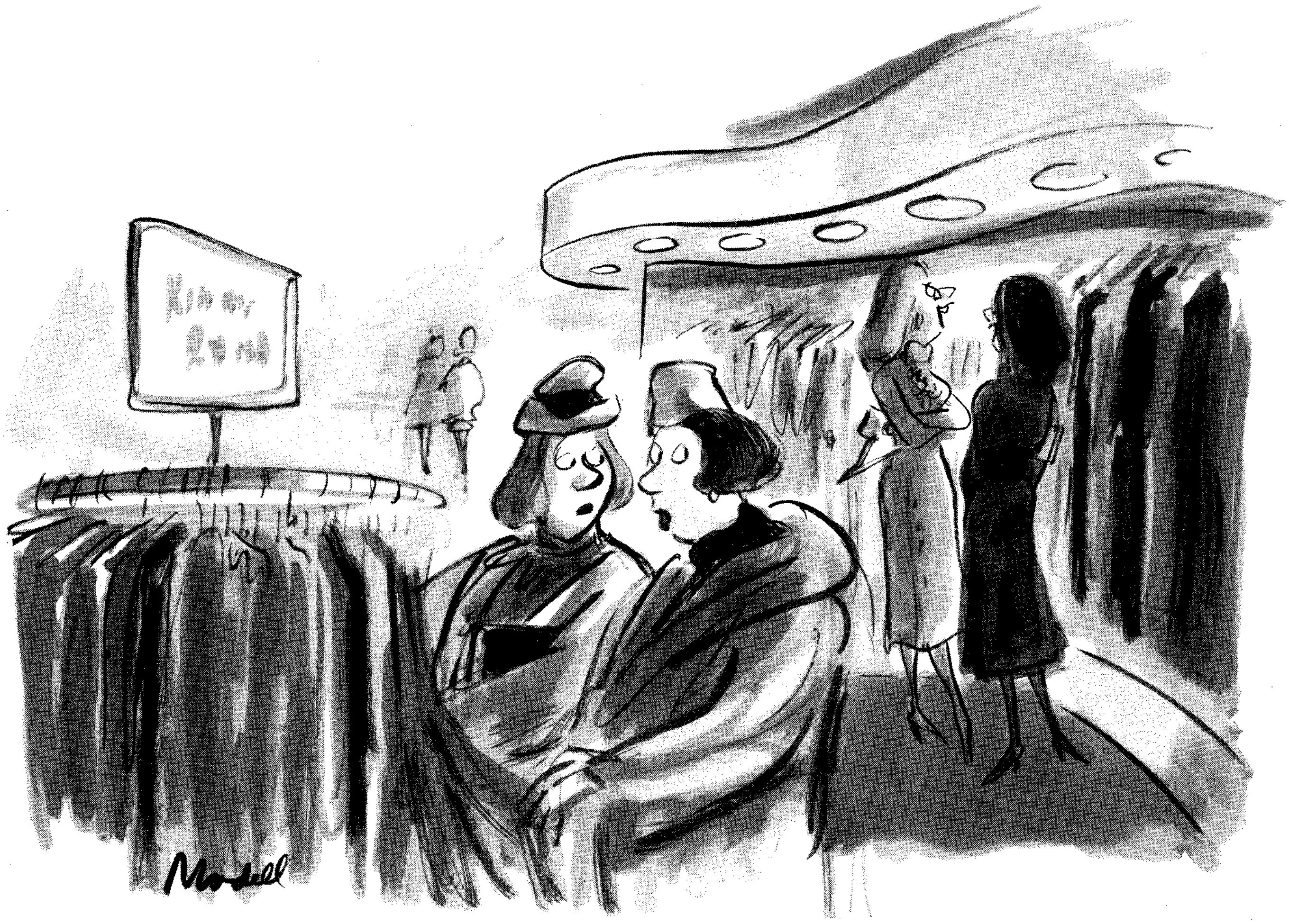


"I understand they're paying people to wear them, so you don't really know who is wearing them."

• •

"You heard what the Master said," Peter hissed at him, "so get back where you belong."

"But, Peter!"

"Go on."

"Peter, it's me. You know me. You know who I am."

"I don't care who you are. Get back, before I have to help you on your way. We're all waiting. Everything's been planned. Everybody's got to take their proper place. Go on, kid. Give him a torch, somebody."

Micky was dismayed, dumbfounded by Peter's threatening attitude, and in a numb daze he took the flaming torch that somebody put in his hand. The Master of Ceremonies, who had moved away when Peter had begun to deal with Micky, now came back to his position at the front. He took no notice of Micky, and this made the boy even more afraid of him. Peter and Micky, Adam and the Devil, stared hard at each other, saying nothing, standing quite still. Everyone else had turned to face the Master again, but Peter, agleam in the oil he had rubbed into his skin, continued to glare his anger at Micky. Somebody said, "Carry on, bandmaster," and there was an immediate eruption of drums and cymbals. Peter's eyes, and the blazing torches, and the ripping drum bursts kept Micky where he was, his face wet with tears behind his mask, as the ranks of the band passed by on each side of him. Suddenly he was in the middle of a jostling crush of masqueraders, and Peter had gone. Shivering and discomfited, Micky moved forward with them until they reached and passed through the park gates. Then, thinking of a way to have his revenge, he broke out of the column and, carrying his torch and his trident high above his head, ran yelping down an empty street toward the river.

Micky came down to the waterside a quarter of a mile upstream of the bridge, where in half an hour or so the procession would begin to cross. He could see, between the heads of the people sitting on the parapet, and by the light of their torches (whose flames reflected like broken yellow flowers over the dimpled water), the dozens of policemen who had been brought in from neighboring towns, as they were every year, to control the teeming crowds. Straight across the river from where he stood, the recreation ground was in total darkness still; nobody would be allowed in before the Master of Ceremonies reached the tall iron gates just beyond the bridge and performed his ritual of unlocking them. Then he would lead his snaking column to the final stage of its journey. Micky wanted to get there first.

He went down the concrete steps to the jetty, and chose the smallest of the dinghies moored to rings set in the wall. After lodging his torch firmly in the bottom boards so that it rested against the sternpost, with the flames safely outside the boat, he stowed his trident and pushed off. As he began to row, he looked again toward the bridge. Would anybody up there be watching him? He pulled on the oars and concentrated upon the black, broken skin of the water and the licking flames that lit the rings left by the blades. The image of Peter's shining flesh and piercing eyes obsessed

him. One day, thought Micky, he'd be sorry—be made to be sorry. In his mind, he rehearsed how he would smash up the rows of model planes, crushing them in his hands. And that bullying Master of Ceremonies, strutting about and shouting his orders! He'd be made to be sorry, too. They'd all be sorry for the way they'd treated him. He glanced over his shoulder, shipped his oars, and waited for the stem to nudge the shingle. When he had beached the boat, he took out his torch and trident and climbed over the tussocky bank into the recreation ground.

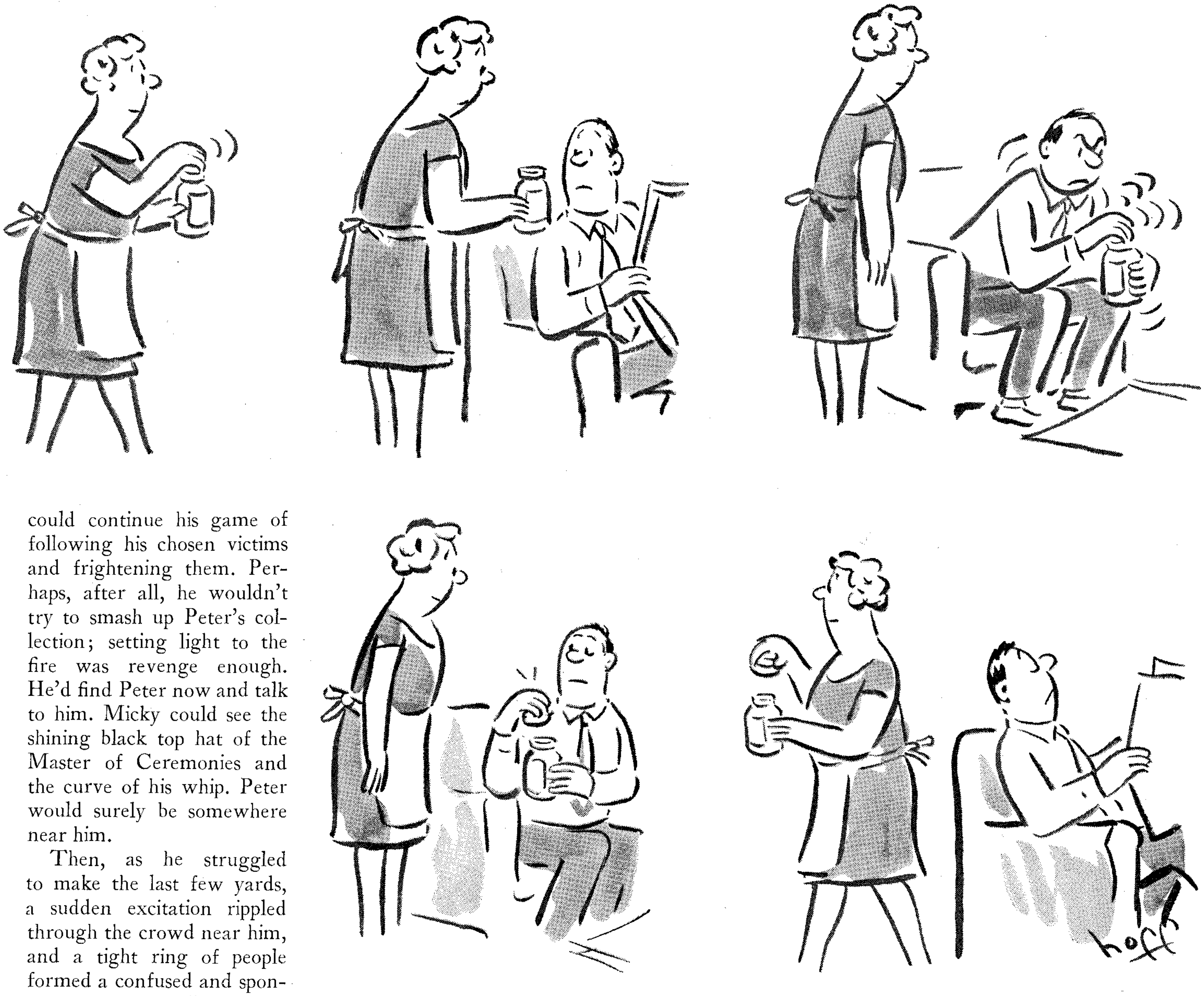
He began to run toward the middle of the field, but stumbled and fell on the uneven ground, twisting his ankle. Lying on his stomach, he waited for the pain to subside and buried his face in the soothing frost. Just out of his reach, his torch burned where it had fallen, scorching the coarse grass, but he still had a tight grip on his trident. The sounds of far-off music came to him from the town, but whether it was the procession band or the fair organ in the market square Micky couldn't tell. He wondered if he ought to go on with his scheme or not. Sitting up, he rubbed his ankle and tried to put a little weight on it. Supposing he wanted to run away afterward? Still undecided, he got to his feet and picked up the torch (the flames were beginning to die), and limped on. Against the dark sky, he could now make out the darker shape of the massively piled cone of the bonfire that was to be the centerpiece of the night. And as he came nearer still he began to smell kerosene. Micky breathed down the fumes until his rising exhilaration became unbearable. Arching his back, he hurled his torch high into the dark mass in front of him, and was glad it was done. With a savage speed that terrified him, the little flame of his torch ripped away in every direction, like something alive, spreading its blinding stain upward and outward into the night.

Micky forgot his pain. Retreating from the slamming heat of the fire, he watched its towering shapes and the sparks that flew into the air like petals as great spars of timber in the white middle of the blaze subsided and collapsed, cracking like whiplash. Since the end of summer, material had been brought for the fire: old lumber, branches of trees, broken furniture—anything that would burn. Micky was fascinated by the giant ribs of a rowboat that was perched, tossing in its flames, near the top like a ghost ship. He threw his trident toward it, but it fell short and was lost in a thick wall of smoke from smoldering tires.

It was time to get out of sight; already he'd hung around too long. Keeping the fire between him and the hundreds of pairs of eyes he knew must be looking with astonishment from the bridge at what he had done, Micky made off at a limping run toward the scrub and brambles at the far perimeter of the ground. He knew every inch of that rough territory; often he played there on his way home from school. There was a bush he knew of where he could hide—the place where he found the dead seagull. He'd be able to watch them all from there.

SEEING the great fire ablaze, a gang of youths had by now knocked a hole in the shiplap fence beside the iron gates, and people were streaming into the ground behind them. There was nothing the police could do to stop them. More and more planks were torn away, until the gap was wide enough for ten to pass abreast. And word was spreading of what had happened—over the bridge and along the High Street to the head of the procession. As the news passed back along the line, some of the marchers broke ranks and started to run ahead, and ignored the Master of Ceremonies, who exhorted them to keep in their places. But most of the procession kept in orderly file once the bandmaster quickened the pace of the music. In a very short time, the column was swarming over the bridge. Dispensing with his customary speech, the Master unlocked the gates and stormed down toward the fire, where, as had never happened before, a crowd of many hundreds of people was already waiting. "Who's responsible for this?" he demanded of the Superintendent of Police, who came toward him shrugging his shoulders. "By God, if I knew who it was, I'd larrup the hide off him." Not expecting any answer, he stumped on. The fire was still blazing fiercely, but it had collapsed from its stately, thirty-foot pyramid into a shapeless and muddled ruin. As the people threw their torches into it, they withdrew and gazed in a kind of hushed and sullen trance. The band stopped playing. A few fireworks exploded desultorily.

Knowing himself safe now, Micky crept out of his hiding place and sidled into the milling crowds. In the subdued uneasiness that had spread over the ground, he was beginning to feel a small contrition for what he had done, but he knew that soon the spectacular fireworks display would start, and the excitement of the Carnival would grow again. The best things were still to come—the judging of the fancy dress, the dancing, the prizefighting. And he



could continue his game of following his chosen victims and frightening them. Perhaps, after all, he wouldn't try to smash up Peter's collection; setting light to the fire was revenge enough. He'd find Peter now and talk to him. Micky could see the shining black top hat of the Master of Ceremonies and the curve of his whip. Peter would surely be somewhere near him.

Then, as he struggled to make the last few yards, a sudden excitation rippled through the crowd near him, and a tight ring of people formed a confused and spontaneous scrum. Perhaps it was a fight, Micky thought. Every year there were fights, and his father had always dragged him away before he could see more than the first few blows. "He's gone berserk!" a woman shrieked. "Hold him down, some of you men, before he can hurt anybody." "Don't let him bite off his tongue—get a gag in his mouth, quick. Can't you see he's having a fit?" the Master roared above the jumble of bodies. "Let's have some room. Get back, can't you!" And at once several policemen appeared and started to hurl people out of the pack. Others came to help and cordon off the surging crowd, and Micky found himself in the space between the line of policemen linking arms and the figures still left bending or kneeling round the trouble, whatever it was. He went to look.

It was Peter. By now, the convulsions were over, and he was lying on the ground, his limbs quite rigid. Seeing his frightening stillness, his terrible pallor in the glow from the fire, Micky was certain he must be dead; nobody alive could be so white, so motionless. The Master of Ceremonies, who had taken command of the situation, shouted his orders at the policeman cradling Peter's head. "Put a coat over him. Keep that gag between his teeth. There's nothing else that you can do for him," Micky heard him say.

Sick with fear of what he could see, Micky couldn't help but gaze in fascination. He was struck by a sudden and overwhelming sense of dread and guilt. Distraught and shaken, he tore off his mask and wiped his eyes. "He's all right now—sitting up," he heard somebody say as he started to fight his way out of the forest of bodies.

When he reached the dark road, he stopped for a moment and looked back. The fireworks display had begun, with rockets bursting into exploding yellow stars high above the dying fire. The band was playing, and a great ring of masqueraders began parading round the Master of Ceremonies. Micky started to run home, but after a few steps he halted again to take off his horns and rip the beard and wig from his head and kick off his shoes, which were hurting him. He thought about Peter, wondered what had possessed him. "Let everything be all right," he prayed over and over the rest of the way. "Let everything be all right."

—TED WALKER

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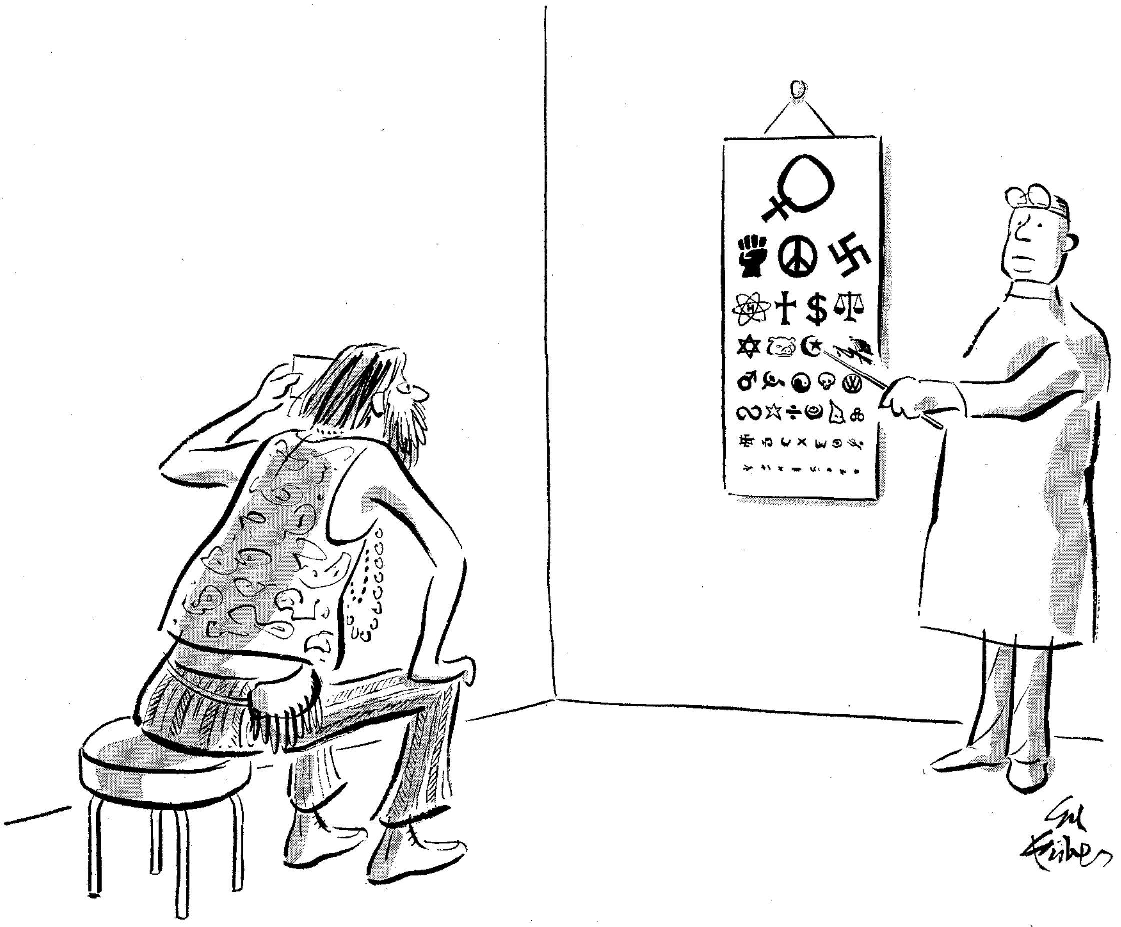
ANNALS OF POLITICS

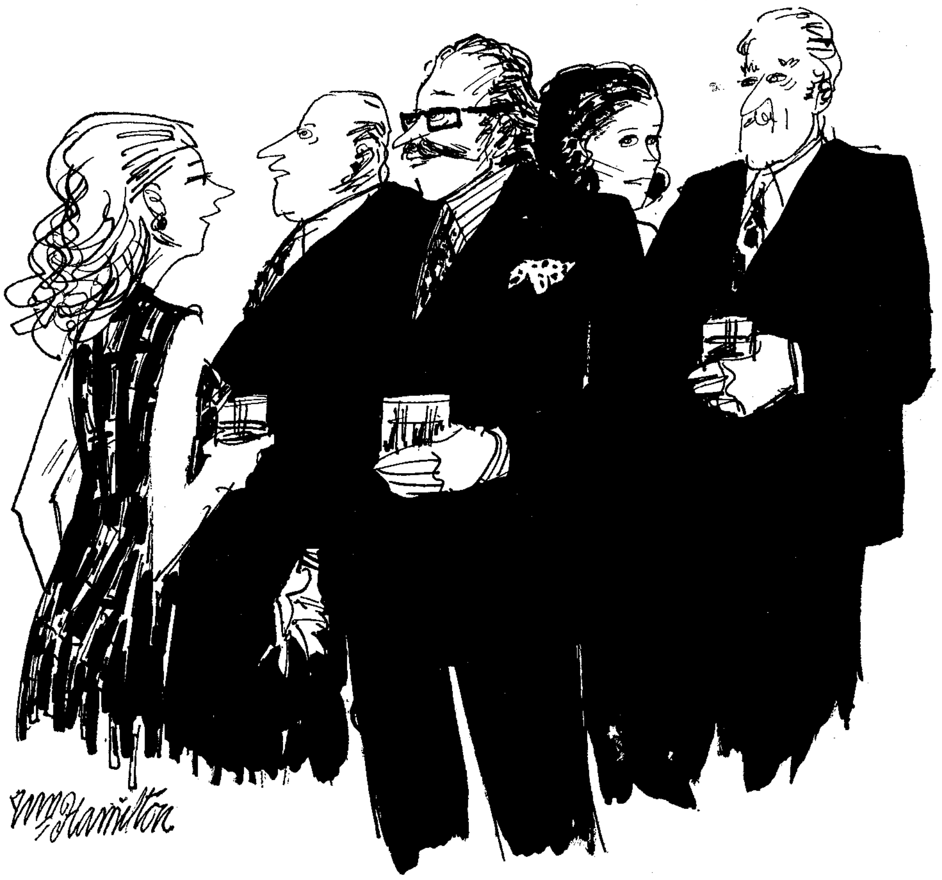
DECISION—I

ON the morning of February 25, 1970, Dr. Aaron Henry, a Negro minister and the head of the N.A.A.C.P. in Mississippi, appeared before the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights to urge that the Voting Rights Act of 1965, which was due to expire in a few months, be renewed for at least another five years. The law was one of the most effective pieces of civil-rights legislation on the books; it had enfranchised nearly a million Negroes in the Deep South and had led to the election of about five hundred black officials there in less than five years. Civil-rights supporters had been working frantically to renew the act, while members of the Nixon Administration had been working just as frantically to revise and, it appeared, gut it. Dr. Henry did not mention that there had been repeated attempts to murder him or that his home had been bombed and burned in retaliation for his work on behalf of Negro equality. But he did speak of what had happened to many other blacks, and a few whites, in the South. "Some of you remember . . . Dippy Smith, a friend of mine who was killed on the courthouse lawn in Brookhaven, Mississippi, as he attempted to participate in the election process," he told the subcommittee. "George Lee was shot down in Belzoni because he would not take his name off the books. None of you can forget January, 1965—at least, I never can—the last time the poll taxes were required as a prerequisite to voting in my home state prior to the passage of this act, and Vernon Dahmer, loyal friend and worker, decided that to be of assistance, because so many people were afraid to carry their poll tax to the sheriff in Forrest County, that he would collect it himself and pay it. This was his crime, and as a result . . . Vernon's house was firebombed, shot into. He died a martyr, trying to make sure that the democracy that we so proudly expound in our country becomes a reality. Certainly I knew all of these men personally and appear before you today in turn that they shall not have died in vain. While the death of these men is directly attributed to their action of voting, many more, some black, some white—Whorlist Jackson, James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, Michael Schwerner—all met death because their activity was devoted to voting rights as well as other general desegregation activity in my home state. And you see, when you have to live with the truth, Andrew Goodman, a young Jewish boy from New York City, a student at Queens College, came to Mississippi at my invitation. I brought him from his mama's house to my house, and the only night that Andrew spent alive in Mississippi was in my bed. We sent him to Meridian the next day, and, of course, they went on over to Philadelphia, where the church had been burned. Coming back home that night, they were arrested, and his mama never saw him alive again."

At the end of Dr. Henry's testimony, Senator Birch Bayh, Democrat of Indiana, who was serving as the acting chairman of the subcommittee that morning, told him, "I have heard a great deal of testimony in the period I have been in the Senate. I never heard any that I felt exceeded yours in its compassionate sincerity." When the session concluded, a few minutes later, Senator Bayh and one of his aides left the hearing chamber, on the second floor of the New Senate Office Building, and headed for the elevator and thence the tunnel leading to the Old Senate Office Building, across the street, where Bayh's suite of offices was. The Senator was still moved by what he had heard, and on the way he kept talking about the quiet bravery of men like Dr. Henry and about how the Administration's attempt to wreck the Voting Rights Act was one more piece of evidence—if any more was needed—that the President was pursuing a "Southern strategy." Finally, as Bayh reached the door to his office, he paused for a moment and muttered, "How can you listen to these stories and then let Carswell go on the Court?"



OF all the actions that President Nixon took during his first two years in office, probably none more clearly revealed the character of his Presidency—the regional and class appeals that divided the nation, the disregard for the Constitutional separation of powers,



"And what field are you in the creative end of?"

the embittered relations between the Administration and the Senate, the apparent confidence that the people would sleep through even the noisiest raid on their liberties, and the belief that members of Congress could be counted on to put their own political interest above the public interest—than his nomination of George Harrold Carswell, of Florida, to be an associate justice of the Supreme Court. Like many other senators, Bayh had become increasingly troubled, over the five weeks since the nomination had been sent to the Senate, by the conviction that the President's choice constituted final proof that the Administration was indeed pursuing a Southern strategy. The threat that this policy—affronting millions of black citizens—posed to the nation seemed obvious to Bayh. Far less obvious was what could be done about it. No one wanted to go through another prolonged and politically bruising battle like the one over Judge Clement F. Haynsworth's nomination to the Court six months before, and the mood of the Senate following that was overwhelmingly to accept whatever name Mr. Nixon sent over next. In the view of some senators, the President's second choice was actually an attempt to get the kind of man on the Court he had wanted all along but had feared the Senate would not accept the first time around—that is, someone who would clearly demonstrate that the Administration meant to keep the promises Mr. Nixon had made in the South during the campaign in 1968. It was reported that Attorney General John N. Mitchell had gone over Carswell's record personally and afterward had said, "He's almost too good to be true." It was not reported what he meant by "good," but most Negro leaders assumed that what was good for Mitchell would probably be bad for them and their followers. William Raspberry, a Negro columnist on the *Washington Post*, pointed out that the test of a Supreme Court nominee was whether he was "committed to even-handed justice," and he added, "That is the test that Carswell, on his record, cannot meet. And his failure to meet it is the chief reason he has been nominated." In the view of one leading Republican who finally cast a crucial vote against Carswell, the choice was also an attempt to rub the Senate's nose in the mess it had made of the Haynsworth nomination. "I learned that the Justice Department had rated Carswell way down below Haynsworth and a couple of other candidates," this senator said later. "That made it clear that the choice of Carswell was vengeance—to make us sorry we hadn't accepted Haynsworth—and, at the same time, it was an attempt to downgrade the Supreme Court and implement the Southern strategy. The Attorney General obviously believed that we had no stomach for another fight after Haynsworth, and that we would accept any dog, so he took this opportunity to show his disdain for the Senate. He and a lot of the other fellows downtown seem to feel that they, and they alone, constitute the government of the United States."

Bayh, who had led the fight to block Haynsworth, had little desire for an active role in another struggle like it, and even less for the task of actually leading it. "When a bad thing is before the Senate and it has the support of the President, any effort to defeat it has to be immense to succeed," he explained not long ago. "At the time, there seemed no chance that an effort of that magnitude could be pulled off—even though the Carswell nomination was clearly bad—because the senators' mood was 'God, don't put us through that again!' Also, there were other things for me to consider. One was that I had spent eight years here trying to build an image of myself as someone who isn't divisive, who isn't vindictive, who can get along with all factions. If I took on Carswell after having taken on Haynsworth, that could all vanish, because a lot of people would figure I was just out for blood." Despite these reservations, Bayh, along with a couple of other senators, had already gone to considerable lengths at least to keep the door open for an all-out campaign against Carswell, but so far they had concentrated largely on delaying tactics, and neither Bayh nor anyone else in the Senate was prepared at that time to actively lead such a campaign. That morning, though, the testimony at the hearing—and, perhaps even more important, the inevitable comparison of his own courage with that of Dr. Henry, who had fought the same fight not twice but hundreds of times, and not at the risk of his reputation but of his life—pushed Bayh closer to a decision.

THAT afternoon, Bayh happened to be in the Senate chamber when Senator Edward W. Brooke, Republican of Massachusetts, and the only Negro member of the Senate, took the floor and said, "I will vote against confirmation of Judge Carswell." Only a handful of other senators were pres-

VANDERGAST AND THE GIRL

Vandergast to his neighbors—
the grinding of a garage door
and hiss of gravel in the driveway.

He worked for the insurance company
whose talisman is a phoenix
rising in flames . . . *non omnis moriar.*
From his desk he had a view of the street—

translucent raincoats, and umbrellas,
fluorescent plate-glass windows.
A girl knelt down, arranging
underwear on a female dummy—

sea waves and, on the gale,
Venus, these busy days,
poised in her garter belt and stockings.

*

The next day he saw her eating
in the restaurant where he usually ate.

Soon they were having lunch together
elsewhere.

She came from Dallas.
This was only a start, she was ambitious,
twenty-five and still unmarried.
Green eyes with silver spiricles . . .
red hair . . .

When he held the car door open
her legs were smooth and slender.

"I was wondering,"
she said, "when you'd get round to it,"
and laughed.

*

Vandergast says he never intended
having an affair.

And was that what this was?
The names that people give to things . . .
What do definitions and divorce-court proceedings
have to do with the breathless reality?

O little lamp at the bedside
with views of Venice and the Bay of Naples,
you understood! Lactona toothbrush
and suitcase bought in a hurry,
you were the witnesses of the love
we made in bed together.

Schrafft's Chocolate Cherries, surely you remember
when she said she'd be true forever,

and, watching "Dark Storm," we decided
there is something to be said, after all,
for soap opera, "if it makes people happy."

*

The Vandergasts are having some trouble
finding a buyer for their house.

When I go for a walk with Tippy
I pass the unweeded tennis court,
the empty garage, windows heavily shuttered.

Mrs. Vandergast took the children
and went back to her family.

And Vandergast moved to New Jersey,
where he works for an insurance company
whose emblem is the Rock of Gibraltar—
the rest of his life laid out
with the child-support and alimony payments.

As for the girl, she vanished.

Was it worth it? Ask Vandergast.
You'd have to be Vandergast, looking through his eyes
at the house across the street, in Orange, New Jersey.
Maybe on wet days umbrellas and raincoats
set his heart thudding.

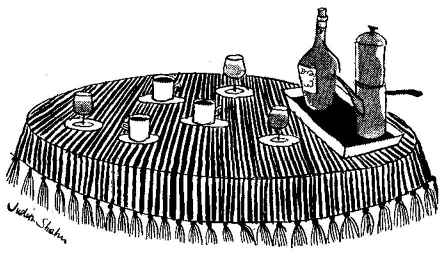
Maybe
he talks to the pillow, and it whispers,
moving red hair.

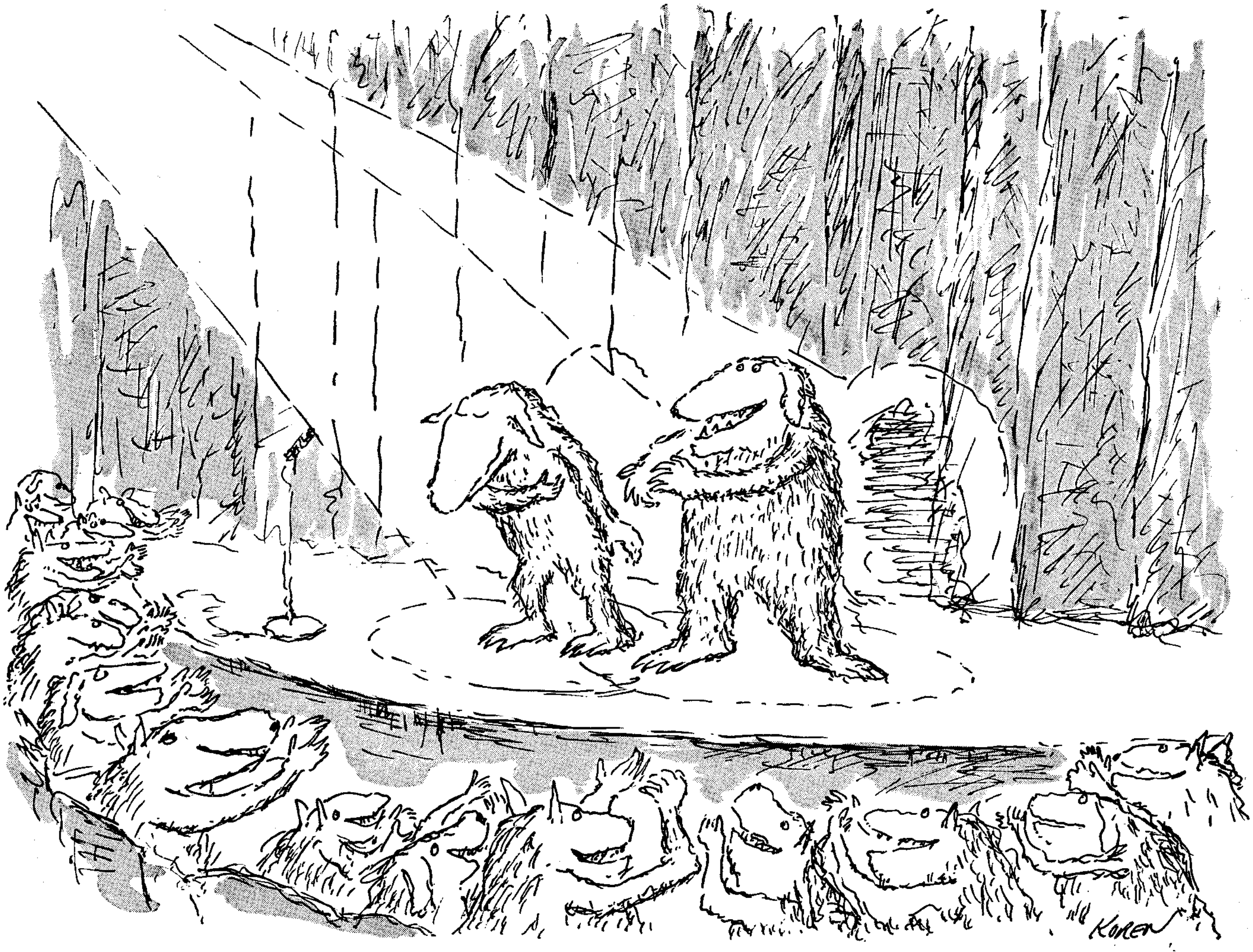
In any case, he will soon be forty.

—Louis Simpson

• •

ent—Charles E. Goodell, of New York, who had been the first Republican to announce his opposition to Carswell, three weeks earlier; Edward M. Kennedy, the Majority Whip, who was also opposed; and Republicans Mark O. Hatfield, of Oregon, Charles H. Percy, of Illinois, Charles McC. Mathias, of Maryland, and Robert P. Griffin, of Michigan, the Minority Whip, all of whom were known or believed to support the nomination—and each man listened intently as Brooke proceeded to defend his position. Everyone there knew that it was an important occasion, because Brooke, though a rather retiring man for a politician, was an adroit leader when he decided that the time and the issue were right for him to make a move. And, of course, everyone there knew that he had rounded up many of the seventeen Republican votes that were cast against Haynsworth. Brooke had delayed for five weeks before coming out against Carswell, and that delay angered, and still angers, some liberals who felt that the case against the nomination had been compellingly clear at least three weeks earlier. It appeared that Brooke had not made up his mind to act until he was sure of two things: first, that the evidence against Carswell was strong enough to justify a determined attempt to defeat him, and not just the kind of standard political grandstanding that many senators engage in under such circumstances; and, second, that there was a fair chance that an impressive number of senators, at least a third of them, could be rounded up to show the black and the young people in the country that their demands were understood. Without such support, it was said, Brooke felt that he could not op-





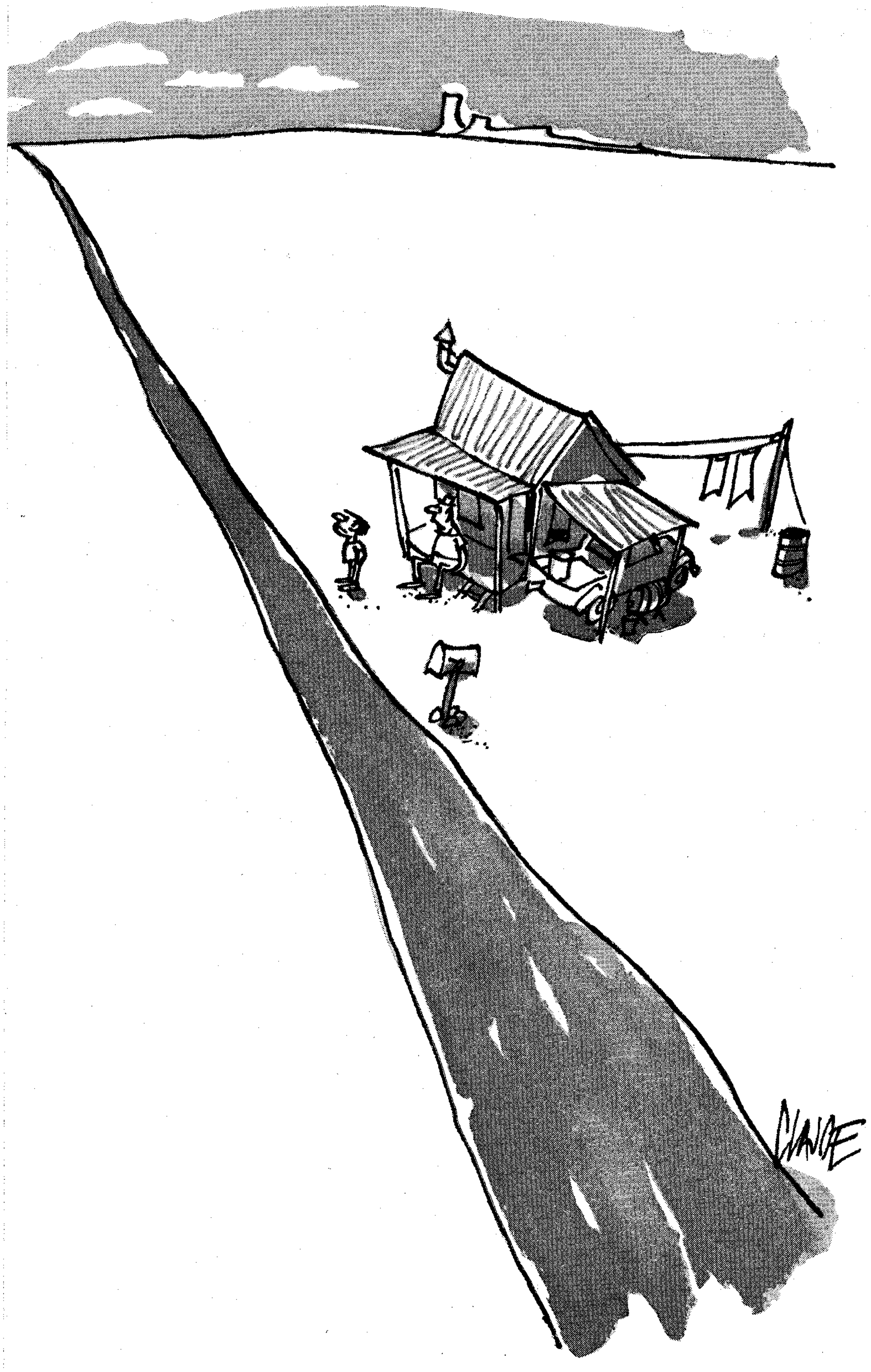
"So let's have a big paw for a really great performer."

* * *

pose a President of his own party twice in a row on a Supreme Court nomination without losing whatever influence he had with the White House.

Brooke's argument against Carswell that day was based on matters that had come to light about the Judge since he was nominated, on January 19th. The first of these was a speech that he made, on August 2, 1948, before a meeting of the American Legion while he was campaigning for a seat in the Georgia legislature. In that speech, Carswell said, "I am a Southerner by ancestry, birth, training, inclination, belief, and practice. I believe that segregation of the races is proper and the only practical and correct way of life in our states. I have always so believed, and I shall always so act. I shall be the last to submit to any attempt on the part of anyone to break down and to weaken this firmly established policy of our people. . . . I yield to no man as a fellow-candidate, or as a fellow-citizen, in the firm, vigorous belief in the principles of white supremacy, and I shall always be so governed." Immediately after the speech was turned up, two days after his nomination, Carswell went on television and said, "Specifically and categorically, I denounce and reject the words themselves and the ideas they represent. They're obnoxious and abhorrent to my personal philosophy." Carswell also explained that the speech had been made in the heat of a political campaign, that he had been only twenty-eight years old at the time, and that he had actually been the more liberal candidate in the race, which he had lost because of that. In the hearings on his nomination conducted by the Senate Judiciary Committee for five days at the end of January and the beginning of February, Carswell repeated his repudiation of the 1948 speech. Senator Philip A. Hart, Democrat of Michigan, who was perhaps the committee's gentlest and also most incisive cross-examiner, then asked Carswell whether he had believed what he said at the time. Of course, that was like asking the Judge to choose between saying he had once been a liar and saying he had once been a racist. "I suppose I believed it," Carswell replied, and went on to say that it was entirely alien to his present way of thinking. To get a better idea of what that thinking was, Senator Kennedy asked him for a general exposition of what he saw as the major problems confronting the country, and Carswell listed those that came to mind—poverty, drug addiction, crime, and "the frustrations of many young people." He said nothing about race or civil rights.

Senator Brooke did not find Carswell's explanation of the reasons for his speech at all convincing. "I tried to put myself in the position of this man as best I could, under the circumstances prevailing at that time, to see if these were just political words or whether they went deeper," he told his fellow-senators. "I found that they were deeply felt words. Then I examined the age of the nominee at the time the statement was made. He was twenty-eight years of age. At that age, I had spent five years in war. In many respects, Judge Carswell and I were passing through a similar period, since we were both coming out of military service and had both gone to law school at the same time. I think I was pretty much a man at twenty-eight years of age." Going on to observe that a man could change, Brooke added, "I searched the record looking for that change. But I must confess, regrettably, that I did not find any. In fact, I found considerable evidence to the contrary. I found that in periods along the way in Judge Carswell's public career he had made statements and had acted and conducted his court in a manner which indicated to me that there was no change, that he still harbored racist views. Then I thought about our country. Where is our country going today? Many things that have been happening in this country recently, including the statements of some of our highest political leaders, made me think: Are we really moving, as the Kerner Commission report suggested, toward two societies, one black and one white? Do we really want war between the races of this nation? Did President Nixon really mean it when he said he would bring us together?"



"Either direction, Son, it goes to a big, fat headache."

On the question of Carswell's civil-rights record, Brooke cited a number of episodes to show that Carswell had by no means abandoned the racial views he had expressed twenty-two years before. Among these was that in 1953, while Carswell was engaged in private law practice in Tallahassee, he drew up the incorporation papers for a white-only fraternity known as the Seminole Boosters, of which he was a principal subscriber and a charter member. Then, in 1956, while he was serving as United States Attorney in Florida, he helped incorporate a Tallahassee golf course that was being transferred, on a ninety-nine-year lease at a dollar a year, from a public, city-owned facility, which had been built with thirty-five thousand dollars of federal money, to a private club—a move that was clearly made to circumvent a Supreme Court decision handed down about six months before prohibiting segregation in municipal recreation facilities. In the hearings, Judge Carswell repeatedly denied having been told that this was why the public course was made private. "I consider Judge Carswell's testimony on this episode disingenuous," Brooke said. "I cannot believe that he was unaware that the scheme had a discriminatory purpose transparently at odds with then current rulings of the Supreme Court. Indeed, affidavits from black and white citizens of Tallahassee attest to the fact that the private-country-club arrangements were commonly known to be a ruse to evade compliance with the Court's standards. Least of all is it likely that a U.S. Attorney, familiar with developing federal law in this field, could have been oblivious to the implications of this maneuver. Most serious is the indication that Mr. Carswell, who had sworn to uphold the Constitution and the laws of the land, would have lent his support to such an effort. What might be discounted, though not condoned, on the part of some private citizens is a grave breach of responsibility on the part of a federal official responsible for enforcing the guarantees of equal protection of the law to all citizens. It does nothing to remove the lingering suspicion that he continued to adhere to his 1948 views."

Brooke went on to point out that as a judge Carswell had an extraordinarily

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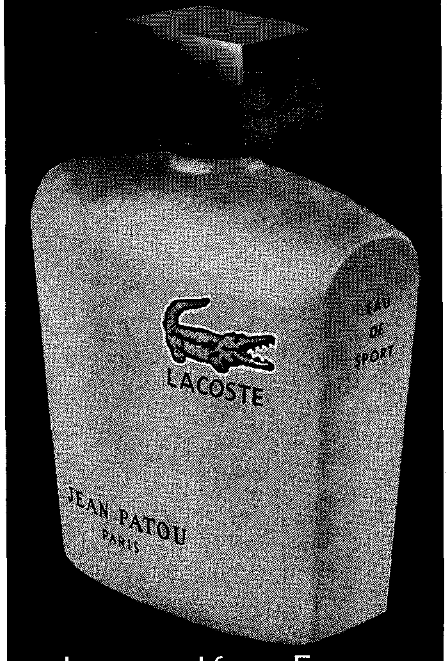

poor record in habeas-corpus petitions, which he had repeatedly turned down without so much as holding hearings, and that on the bench he had been demonstrably and continually antagonistic to civil-rights lawyers for no apparent reason other than that they were civil-rights lawyers. In evaluating the Judge's attitude toward school desegregation, Brooke said that he "consistently moved at the slowest possible pace, repeatedly stretching out judicial action and effectively delaying relief for those seeking reasonable compliance with the historic requirements of the 1954 Brown [v. Board of Education] decision." Brooke then asked the small group of senators who were present in the chamber, "Is it really suggestive of a commitment to equal opportunity that Judge Carswell consistently approved desegregation plans that would have postponed compliance until the mid-seventies, two decades after the Court decreed that school boards should act with all deliberate speed?"

ALTHOUGH it was unusual for a senator of Brooke's standing to oppose his President on an issue of this magnitude when only a handful of senators from either party had taken that position (he was the eighteenth member of the Senate to announce his opposition to Carswell, and the second Republican), the speech got little attention in the press. In all likelihood, reporters, like just about everyone else in Washington, believed that Carswell could not be defeated, and saw little reason to cover what probably looked like nothing more than another futile speech on behalf of a lost cause. But Mary McGrory devoted her column in the Washington *Evening Star* the following day to the episode. Observing that "the most powerful speech against the Carswell nomination to the Supreme Court was the least attended," she went on to say that "few Republicans wanted to hear the Senate's only black member eloquently laying out the case against Carswell and removing, one by one, the props they are leaning on to justify a vote for a Southern judge whose partisans have admitted is mediocre." That few senators were on the floor at the time was by no means uncommon. While many senators claim that they carefully read the preceding day's business in the *Congressional Record* each morning to make sure that they are abreast of current developments, it is unlikely that more than a handful of them actually do. Unfortunately, some of the most crucial speeches pass unnoticed unless the newspapers pick them up and alert other members of the Senate to what took place on the floor during their absence. Miss McGrory's column made up for the daily reporters' omission, and made it certain that word of the speech would now reach Brooke's colleagues and prompt them to read it in the *Record*.

A more immediate result of Brooke's speech was that Hatfield, Percy, and Mathias were clearly, if unhappily, impressed by it. As for Bayh, when he returned to his office after listening to the speech he summoned his staff and said, "If we really mean what we're saying about the Voting Rights Act and all these other civil-rights matters, how can we let Carswell go through without making a fight?" None of his aides had an answer, so he instructed them to prepare material against the nomination in case he got into the fight all the way, and also to draw up the best arguments they could make against his working openly to defeat the nomination. When they met with him to discuss their conclusions on the latter subject, four days later, three of them—Robert Keefe, his administrative assistant and top aide; Joseph Rees, Keefe's deputy; and Bill Wise, Bayh's press officer—argued that by this time Carswell had been shown to be so poor a choice for a seat on the Supreme Court that the Senator could not conceivably be hurt politically if he fought the nomination. But two others—P. J. Mode and Jason Berman, who worked on the Subcommittee on Constitutional Amendments, of which Bayh was chairman—disagreed with this view. For some time, they had been deeply involved in Bayh's attempt to push his Constitutional amendment abolishing the Electoral College and setting up direct election of the President and Vice-President through the Judiciary Committee and onto the Senate floor for a vote. They argued that it was going to be exceedingly difficult to get the amendment approved by two-thirds of the members of the Senate as required, and that he had no hope of accomplishing this

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Mr. Cooper's endless search for unusual gems is turning him into an international commuter. He recently returned from Europe with the extraordinary collection shown above. Posed for this photograph. And then hurriedly took off again for London in search of an illusive cabochon ruby. (If you should see him, tell him to call his office.)

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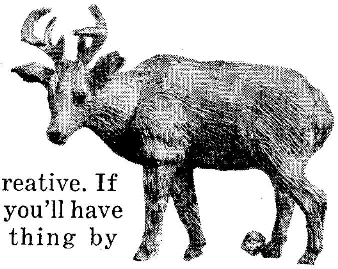

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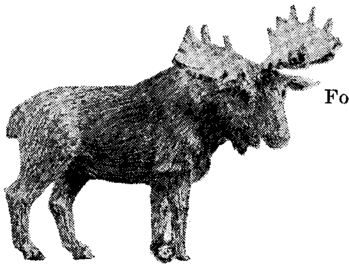

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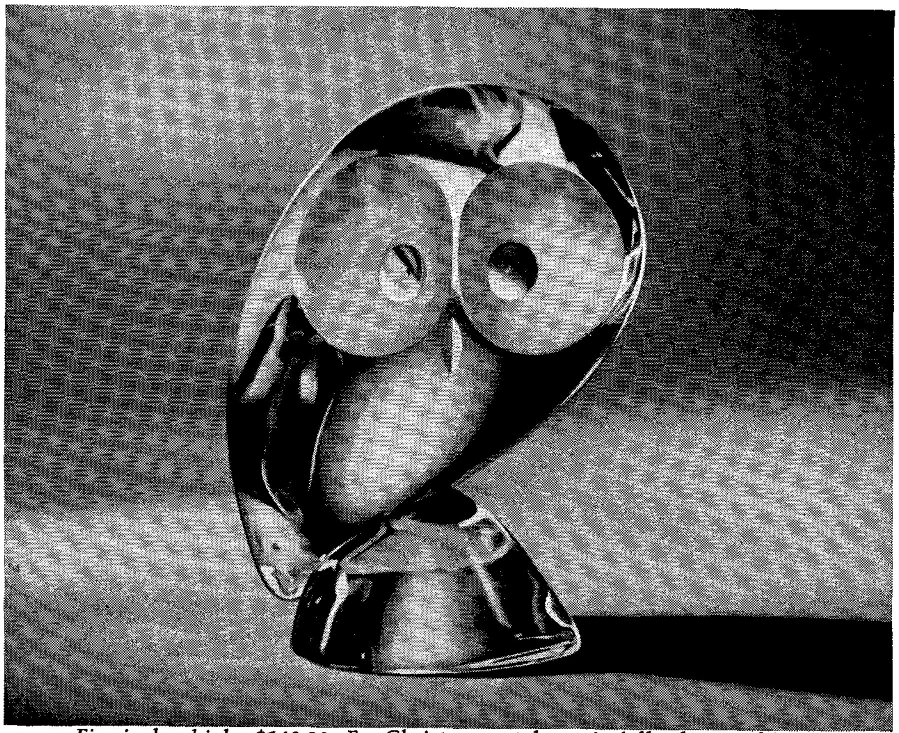

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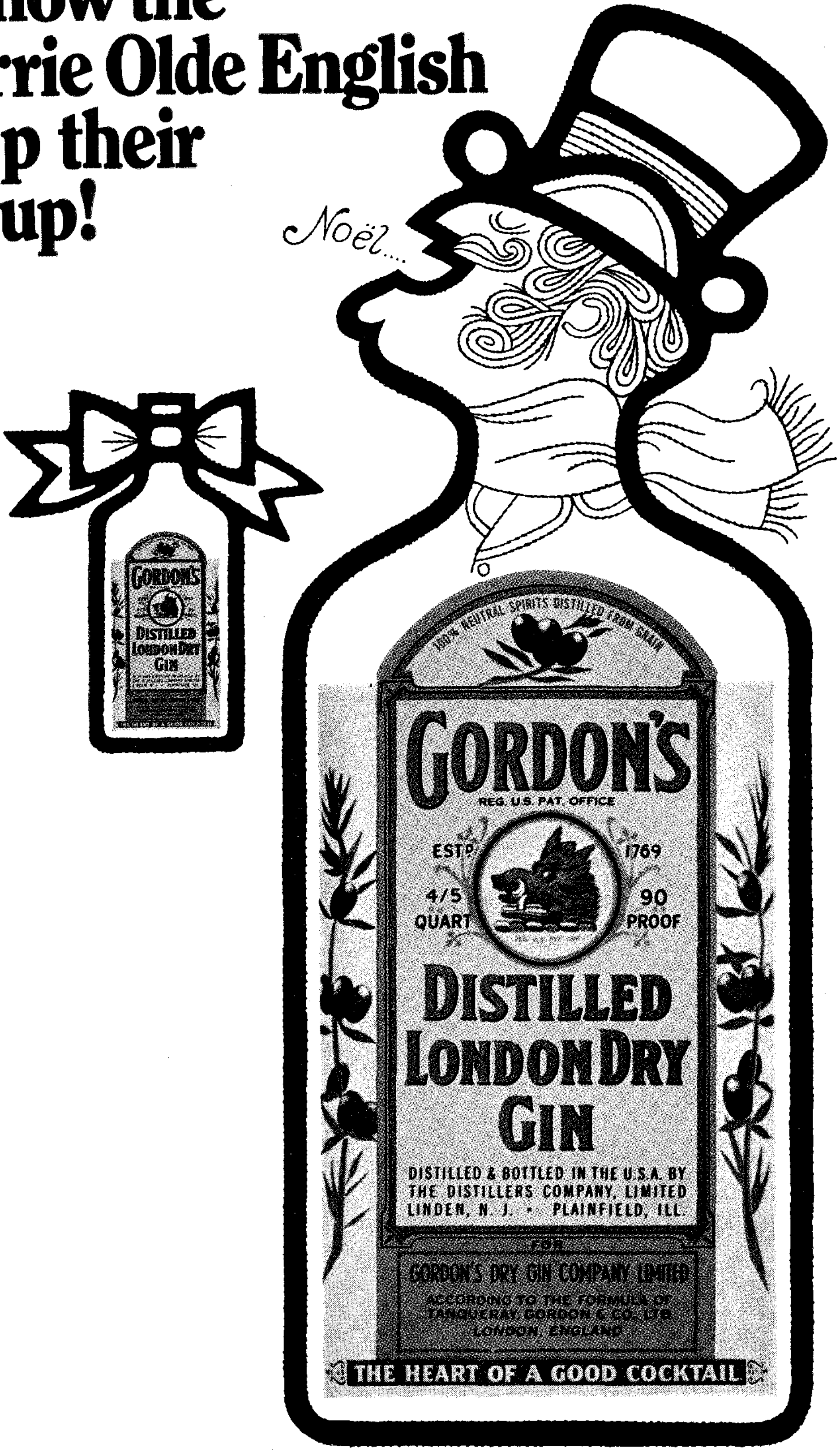
without the support of moderate Republicans, who would probably resent it if he tried to force them to oppose their President again on a Supreme Court nomination. In addition, Mode and Berman pointed out, there was the threat of a filibuster over the amendment on the part of Southerners who opposed it because they believed it would destroy the balance of power they would hold in the event of an electoral standoff in a Presidential election. While Senator Strom Thurmond, the Democrat-turned-Dixiecrat-turned-Republican from South Carolina, could be expected to lead such a filibuster, he couldn't sustain it by himself and would need the help of other Southerners. If Bayh were to make *them* angry enough by attacking Carswell, men like Senator James O. Eastland, Democrat of Mississippi and chairman of the Judiciary Committee, who opposed direct election but not to the point of being willing to wage an all-out fight against it, might well pull out all the stops and go after him on his amendment. Mode and Berman made it clear that they, too, opposed the Carswell nomination, but saw no chance of defeating it and no point in jeopardizing a likely cause for a lost one. These arguments troubled Bayh, for he was deeply committed to his amendment. If it was adopted, he would achieve national prominence, and there were reports that he was contemplating a race for the Presidency. Besides, he saw little hope that enough senators would stand up against Carswell's nomination to make a good showing, let alone to defeat it. In short, Bayh might lose both battles and hurt himself in the process. Even so, when the meeting ended most members of his staff were convinced that, as Keefe later put it, "he had decided to go." But he was still unwilling to say so openly, and for the time being he left the matter there.

It was still there a week later when Bayh arrived at the Statler Hilton Hotel, in the capital, to attend an emergency meeting of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, a loose confederation of a hundred and twenty-seven groups that functioned largely as a lobbying operation. The meeting had been called mainly to devise tactics in the battle against the Administration's attempts to dismantle the Voting Rights Act, but before much discussion of that subject took place the question of Judge Carswell's nomination came up. One of the speakers at the session that evening was Senator Joseph D. Tydings, Democrat of Maryland, who had agreed, tentatively and reluctantly, to lead the

Gordon's.
It's how the Merrie Olde English keep their gin up!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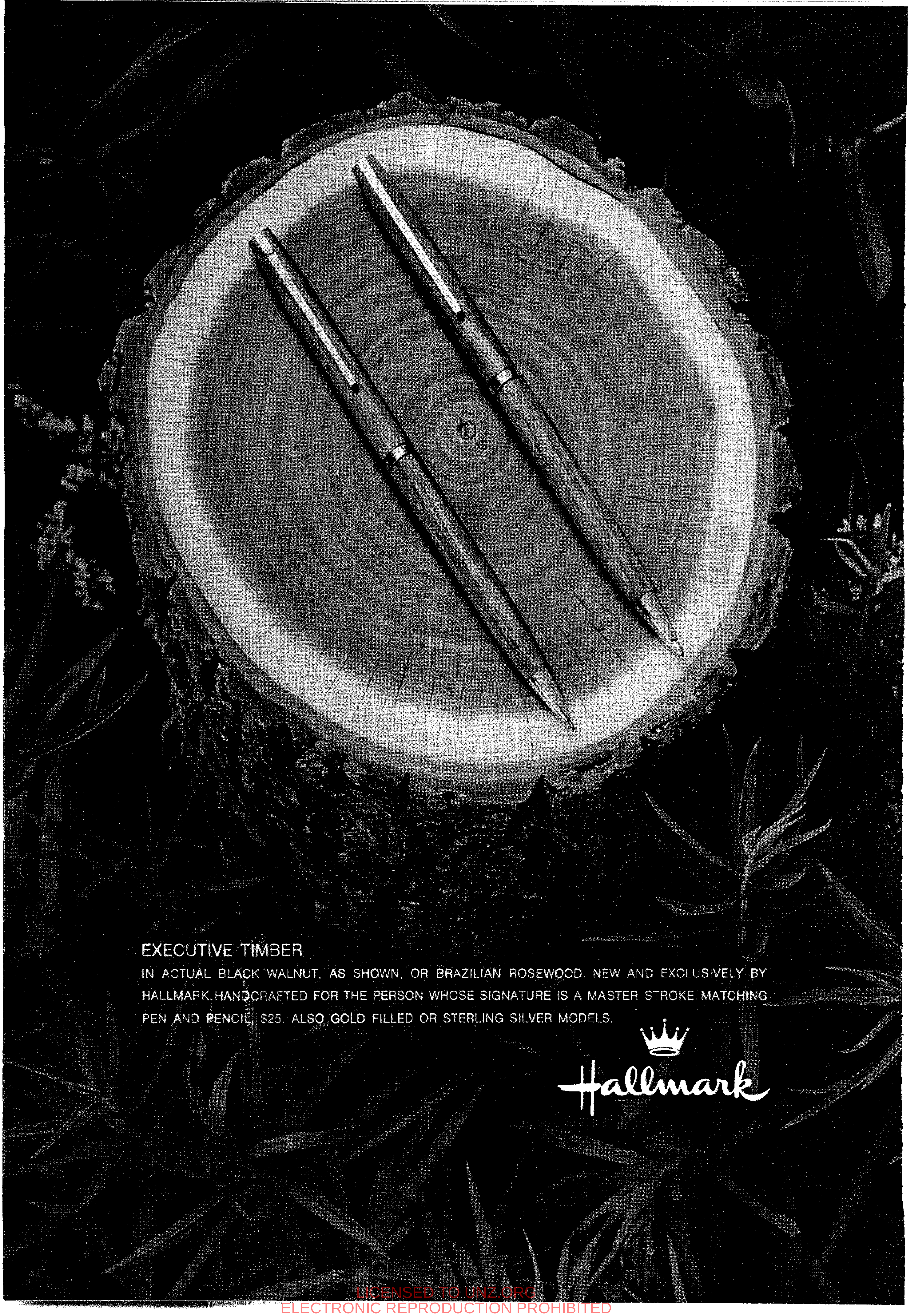

EXECUTIVE TIMBER

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fight against Carswell—tentatively because he hoped someone else would take over the leadership, and reluctantly because he was up for reëlection in the fall and didn't need any more enemies than he had. So far, Tydings had been working out of the public eye, chiefly to marshal opposition and delay the vote on confirming or rejecting the nominee. For the past few days, the Senator had been walking around with a temperature of a hundred and one degrees, and when he rose to speak about Carswell he was neither encouraging nor persuasive about the chances of defeating him. As soon as Tydings finished, he left the hotel. Fifteen minutes later, when Bayh arrived to speak, he was unaware of what had gone on before he got there; he spoke for a time on the Voting Rights Act, and then, in an extemporaneous digression, he launched into a free-swinging attack on Carswell's nomination. The audience was with Bayh from the start, and as he warmed up they stayed with him. In conclusion, he shouted that Carswell not only could be defeated but *had* to be defeated, and the audience rose to its feet and stamped, cheered, whistled, and applauded for several minutes. Afterward, Keefe said, "The Senator turned them on, and their response turned him on." When Bayh arrived at his office the following morning, he was clearly very much turned on. Calling in his staff and several outsiders who had been waiting for a Senate leader to emerge against the Carswell nomination, he talked briefly about which senators could be relied on for speeches against Carswell when the floor debate on the nomination began. Once that was settled, he got up from his desk, smiled, and said, "O.K., let's crank it up."

THE crank had already been forged, tempered, and put into place. One of the people who had been working on it and hoping for a chance to use it was an attractive young Negro lawyer, Mrs. Marian Wright Edelman, who had come up from the South to take a degree at the Yale Law School and then had become director of the Washington Research Project, a civil-rights outfit in the capital, and a member of its Action Council. When Carswell was nominated, Mrs. Edelman knew more about him than most other people in Washington. The summer before, when President Nixon elevated him from the District Court to the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, she had helped circulate a memorandum put out by the Legal Defense and Edu-

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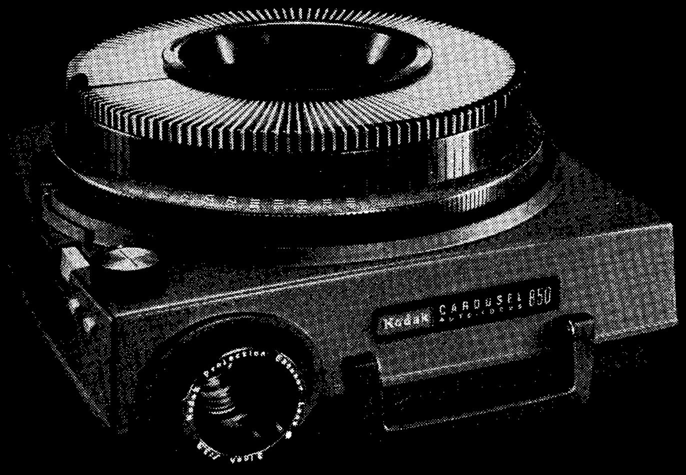

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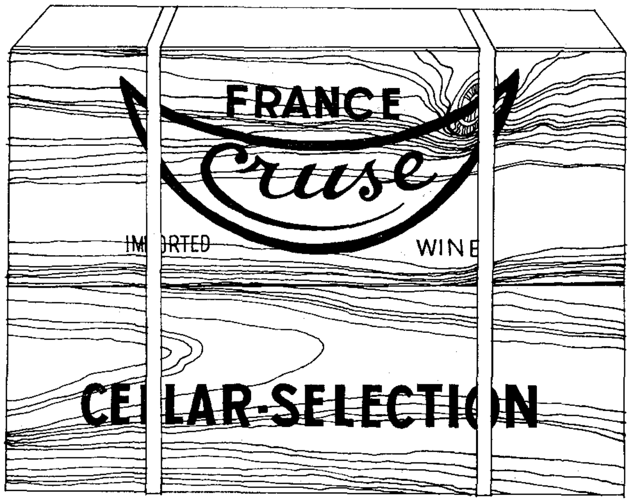

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cational Fund opposing that nomination, and the memorandum had been submitted by the Leadership Conference, with the concurrence of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., to the Judiciary Committee. The committee's hearings on the Court of Appeals nomination lasted only ten minutes, however, and it was approved by the Senate without a dissenting vote. "To an extent, this was the fault of civil-rights groups, which hadn't been doing enough preventive work," Mrs. Edelman explained recently. "Carswell's nomination to the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals was one more tactic in the Attorney General's Southern strategy, and we're on the verge of losing our pro-civil-rights majority on that court. Anyway, if something had been done then, Carswell wouldn't have got on that court, let alone have been named to the Supreme Court." The day Carswell's nomination to the highest court was announced, Mrs. Edelman telephoned several lawyers she knew in Florida to see what else she could find out about the nominee. "The first one I got through to told me that he was a bad guy," she recalled later. "The others told me he was a *really* bad guy. Initially, I didn't believe we could defeat him. I just thought we had to get twenty or thirty or however many votes we could muster, because it was vital to show black people where this man stood and to demonstrate that a large part of the Senate opposed him. What galled me so much is this Administration's disregard for our institutions. For people who talk about law and order all the time, this disrespect for our institutions, including even the Supreme Court, is staggering. To use all of them for political ends, as Nixon has done time after time, is horribly destructive to our system. Anyway, I knew we needed—all of us needed—a psychological lift. If we could even slow him down, that would do it."

As the first step toward slowing down the President, Mrs. Edelman sent an assistant, Richard Seymour, to Tallahassee to see what he could find out for the Action Council. Before he got there, Ed Roeder, a reporter for WJXT-TV, in Jacksonville, Florida, uncovered Carswell's 1948 speech in the files of the now defunct Irwinton, Georgia, *Bulletin*. A couple of days later, Seymour came up with an equally impressive document, the papers changing the public golf course into a private club, with Carswell's signature on them as an incorporator. As soon as Mrs. Edelman read the incorporation papers and saw their implication, she showed

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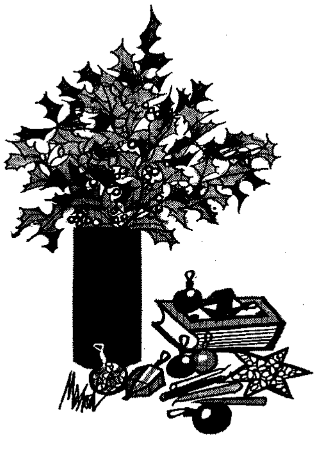
them to Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., a lawyer in private practice in Washington who was counsel to the Leadership Conference, vice-chairman of the Americans for Democratic Action, and a veteran of innumerable human- and civil-rights wars over the past quarter of a century. Two days before the Senate hearings on the nomination began, Rauh knew, the American Bar Association's twelve-man Committee on the Federal Judiciary was scheduled to meet, to consider—or, rather, to go through the motions of considering—whether it should endorse him. No one anticipated anything but a unanimous recommendation, because the committee had endorsed every Supreme Court nominee, including Haynsworth, since it was set up, fourteen years before. In general, the committee was firmly in the grasp of its chairman, Lawrence E. Walsh, who not only was close to the President, having been his personal representative at the Paris peace talks for some months, but had been Deputy Attorney General, the official responsible for recommending judges for the federal bench, in 1958, when Carswell was named to the District Court. Still, Rauh felt there might be a chance that other members of the committee would break loose from Walsh's hold if the evidence against Carswell was compelling. With this in mind, Rauh took the papers to one of the committee members he knew, Charles A. Horsky, also a Washington attorney, and Horsky promised to look them over and show them to the committee when it met.



Perhaps more than anyone else in Washington, Rauh was bewildered at first by the President's choice. Shortly before Carswell's name was announced by the White House, Rauh was told by a couple of reporters who the nominee was going to be. He refused to believe them and argued that the Administration would not dare to choose a man who had been opposed for a lesser post by such a powerful coalition as the civil-rights and labor movements. He pointed out that the White House could scarcely have been unaware of this opposition, since it was a part of the official record, which would have been read by anyone who was investigating Carswell's background, and since, furthermore, the memorandum submitted to the Senate Judiciary Committee had been prominently reported by the Washington *Post* at the time. The reporters went off to look up that account, which appeared on June 12, 1969, and which stated, in part:

> In a memorandum to the Senate Judiciary Committee, the Leadership Conference said Carswell has shown “a strong bias against Negroes asserting civil rights claims” in his 11 years on the bench. Carswell, 49, “has been more hostile to civil rights cases than any other federal judge in Florida,” the memorandum said, adding a plea for more liberal judges in view of the Fifth Circuit's heavy load of civil rights cases. . . .
>
> The Court has expanded from nine members to an authorized strength of 15, but it continues to be deeply and closely divided on some sensitive race issues. The Circuit divided 6-to-6 in a faculty desegregation case from Montgomery, Ala., only to be told last week by a unanimous Supreme Court to press harder for total elimination of dual-race school systems. . . . The memorandum said the judge was unceremoniously reversed by the Fifth Circuit as “clearly in error” for approving an inadequate school desegregation plan and refusing to consider issues of faculty and staff desegregation. It charged that his delays in a school lawsuit for Leon County (Fla.) held up progress there for three years.

Then the reporters read the memorandum itself, discussed its contents with members of the Administration, and came back to Rauh and told him that the White House had indeed been aware of the position taken by the Leadership Conference and the unions but would not be swayed by it. “The White House didn't know then about the 1948 speech or the golf club,” Rauh said recently. “But they knew about our opposition, and I believe they actually *hoped* for it. The President didn't want to lose again, of course, but he wanted to win with opposition from the same people who had fought him on Haynsworth. He wanted to defeat his enemies in face-to-face combat. Lots of Southerners would have been confirmed easily, and he knew it. But he chose the only man whom the Leadership Conference had ever opposed for the federal bench—except Haynsworth when he was named to the Supreme Court. Also, it wasn't just that we *might* oppose Carswell again but that we *had* to, because of our earlier stand. And that was equally true of labor. That's taking on a lot of enemies. They were willing to take all of us on

How to cook for a man

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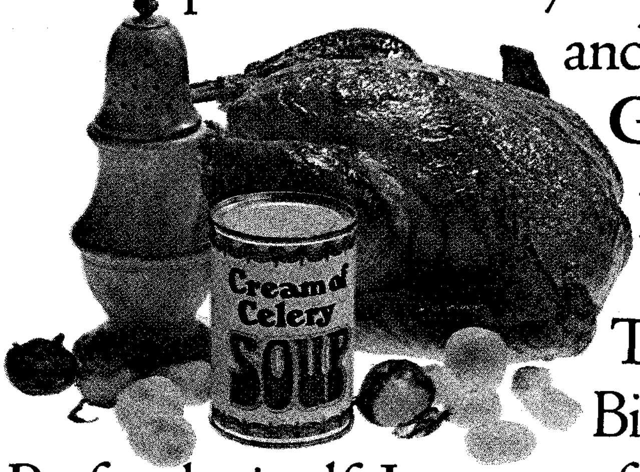
French Green Beans with Toasted Almonds



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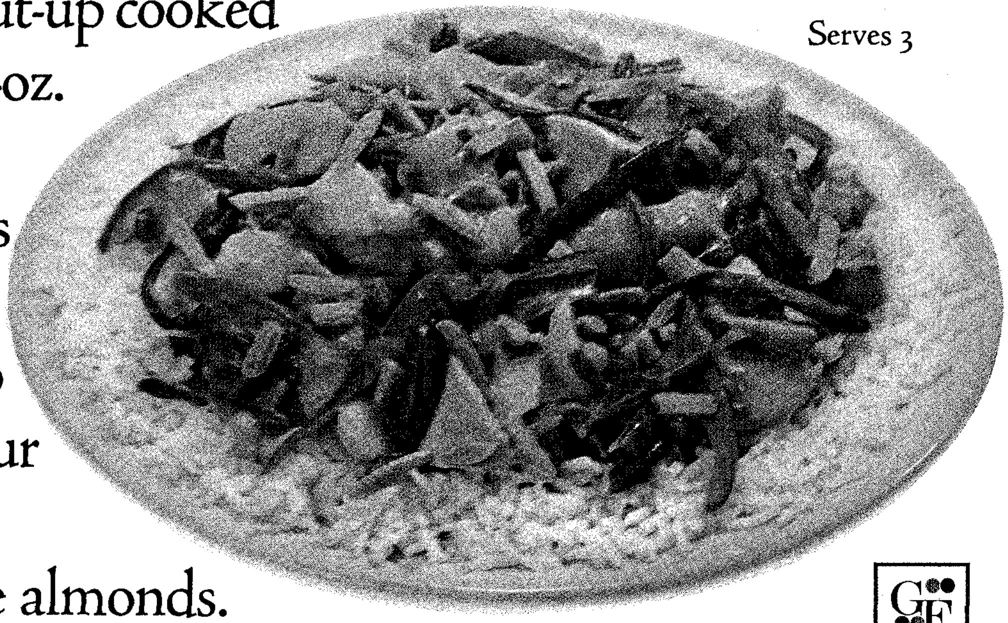

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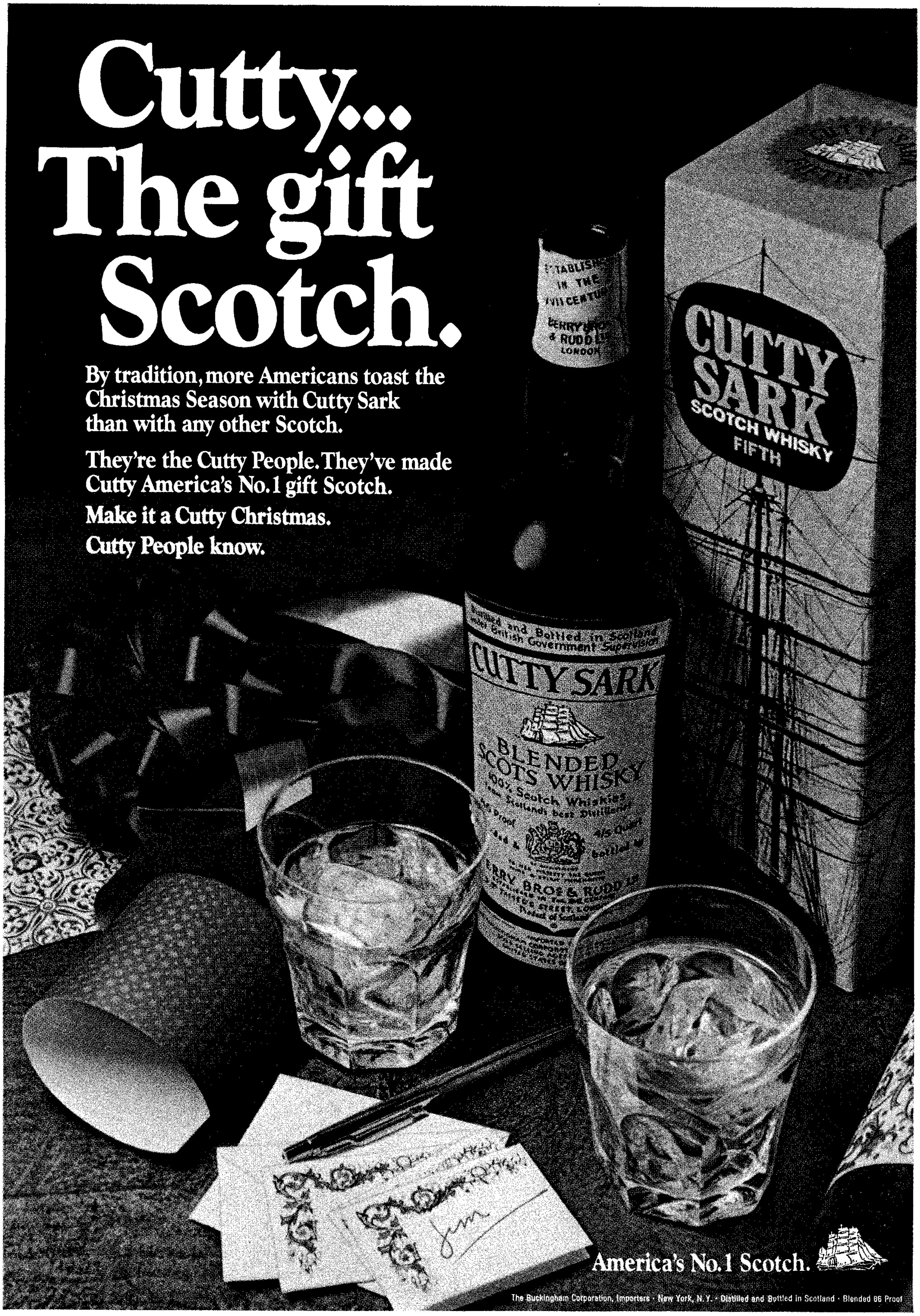
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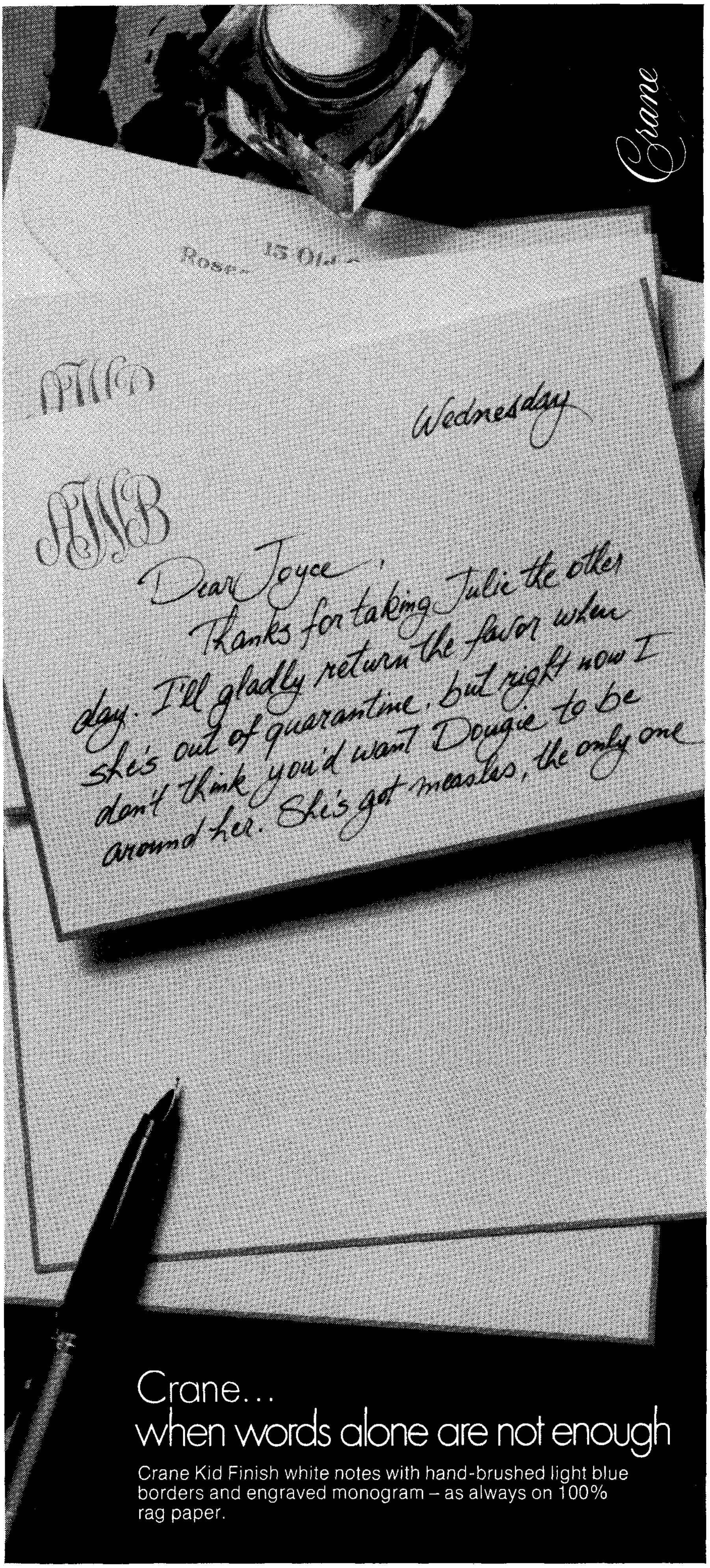
A FEW hours before Carswell's nomination was announced, Attorney General Mitchell briefed Republican leaders of the Senate and Republican members of the Judiciary Committee on the Judge's background and record. Although Mitchell must have known about the strong opposition that the nomination would inevitably create, he said nothing about it on this occasion. Instead, he concentrated on three points: that Carswell had nothing in his record suggesting any conflicts of interests like those which had brought Haynsworth down, that he had no stigma of anti-labor bias that might turn the unions against him, and that he was a "moderate" on civil rights. Then, simultaneously with the White House announcement of the nomination, Senator Roman Hruska, the arch-conservative Republican from Nebraska, who had been chosen by the Administration to defend the Carswell nomination, briefed all the Republican members of the Senate who were in town and free. He made the same points that Mitchell had, and when the session broke up, several senators emerged to tell reporters who were waiting outside that they were satisfied about Judge Carswell's fitness for the Supreme Court and would vote to confirm him. The most important of these was Senator Hugh Scott, of Pennsylvania, the Minority Leader. Since he had already attended the briefing by Mitchell, presumably he went to the second one so he could exert his influence on other Republicans by his emphatic assurance, in the presence of the press, that he supported the nominee "without qualification." Scott's statement was thought at the time to be possibly crucial—perhaps as crucial, in fact, as his earlier opposition to Haynsworth, which had made it easier for other Republicans to vote the same way.

As it happened, no one in the Administration had told Scott about the stand that was certain to be taken by civil-rights and labor groups—a significant omission, since he was up for reelection and, given the nature of his highly industrialized constituency, he knew he would have trouble winning against the active opposition of both groups. At the time, Scott had no reason to suspect that the Administration had misled him, and he had good reason to support its choice for the Court. His vote against Haynsworth had naturally endangered his position as Mi-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nority Leader because it constituted a major break with the Administration. That might have been acceptable once, but it would not be twice—not twice in a row, anyway. Also, of course, he hoped that his endorsement of Carswell would mollify conservatives back home who were after his scalp because of the part he played in the Haynsworth affair. And, finally, it seemed certain to him that the F.B.I., still smarting from the recriminations that followed its haphazard investigation in that case, would have peered into every cranny of Carswell's life before the President chose him. In short, Scott wanted to accept Carswell because he had to. Other Republicans, though, didn't have to, and some of them were inclined to view the situation rather differently. Brooke, for one, was amazed at Scott's hasty endorsement. As he saw it, the F.B.I.'s failure to uncover Haynsworth's improprieties on the bench suggested not so much assurance that it would do the job properly the next time as proof that there was something wrong with the investigative mechanism itself. Moreover, there was the record of the Attorney General to consider, and Brooke found little in it to comfort black citizens or anyone who was concerned about the welfare of black citizens.

Another Republican, Senator Mathias, was also reluctant to accept Mitchell's appraisal of Carswell. After the briefing, Mathias returned to his office and dug out a confidential memorandum that his staff had prepared during the contention over Haynsworth and that had been distributed among a dozen or so moderate and liberal Republicans at the time. The memorandum, which was dated November 5, 1969, said, in part:

> As moderate Republicans appointed by Eisenhower retire from the Fifth Circuit and as Haynsworth prepares to leave the Fourth, the Nixon Administration is choosing segregationist Democrats or Dixicans to replace them. Since these judges are being named by Mitchell and approved in a perfunctory way, Nixon may well not be fully aware of their record or probable impact.
>
> The most recent appointee, pushed through the Senate Judiciary Committee and confirmed on the floor on Moratorium Day, is Charles Clark, a leading strategist in Mississippi's resistance to desegregation and close associate of William Harold Cox, segregationist District Court Judge. . . .
>
> Nixon's other recent appointee to this crucial court, George Harrold Carswell, of Florida, is described by Southern lawyers as an even more unfortunate choice than Clark, since Carswell is older, less intelligent, and more set in his ways. As a district judge, he has been repeatedly reversed and reproached by the Fifth

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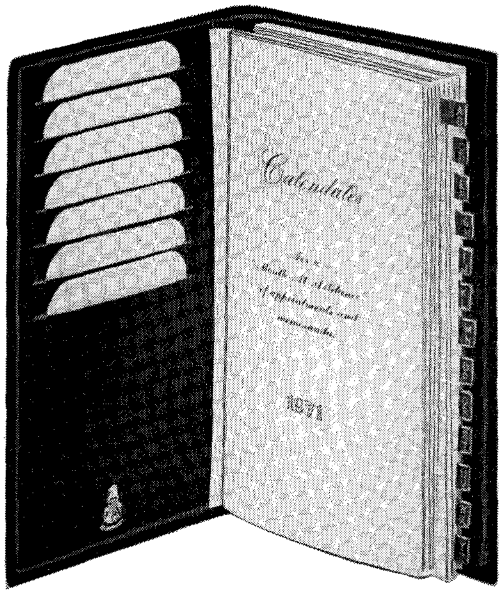

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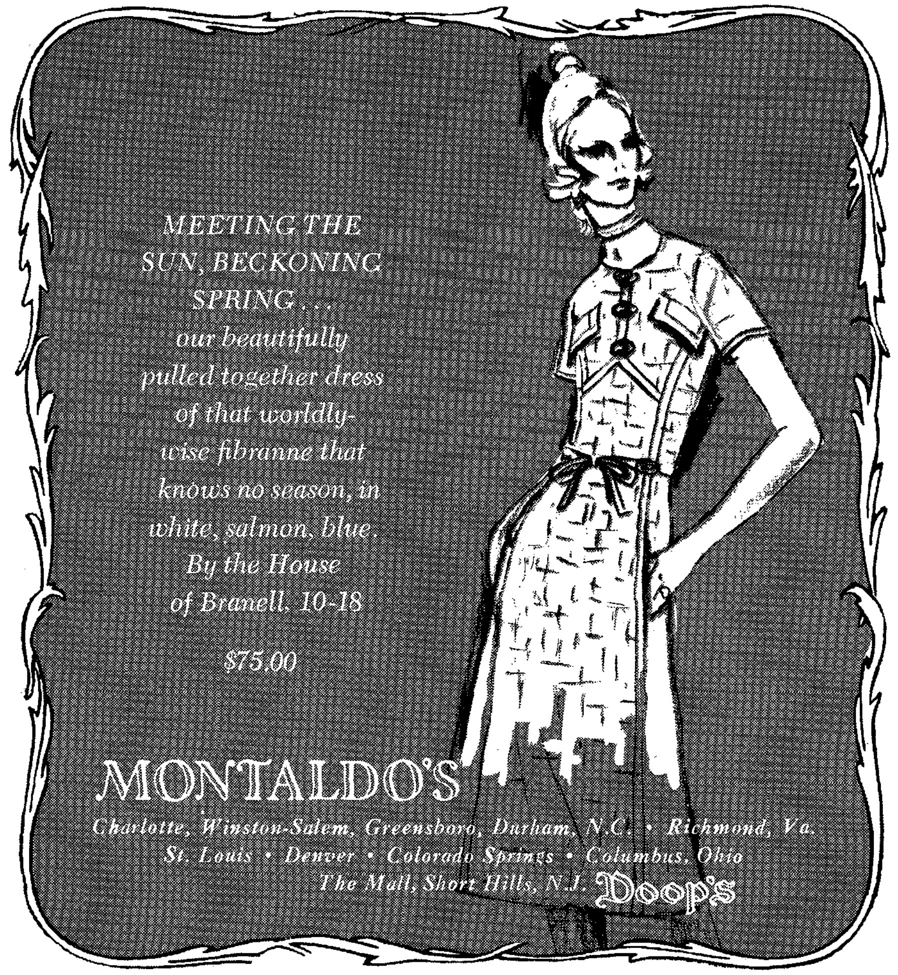
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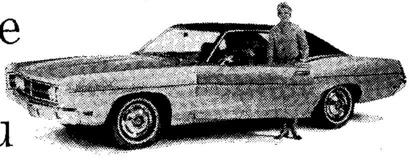

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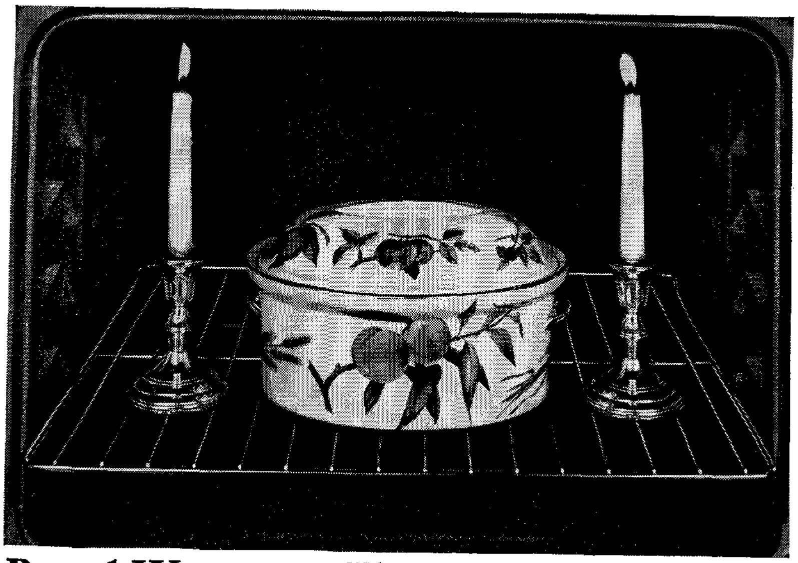

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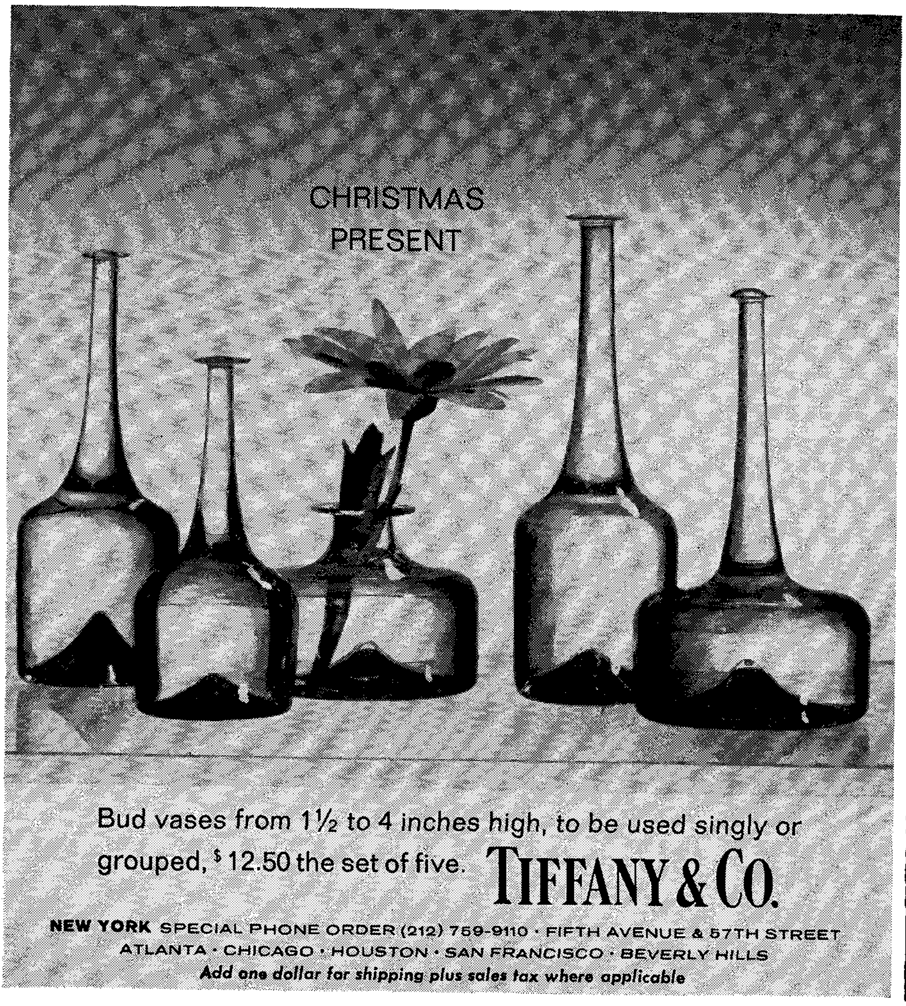

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These appointments come at a time when the Administration has adopted a policy of channeling most civil-rights enforcement through the Courts. [They come] at a time when Southern blacks, though still more optimistic about the pace of change than Northerners, are growing increasingly militant and dissatisfied. If Nixon continues with such appointments, we can expect increasing black despair about the judicial process in the South and increasing resort to violence. The Haynsworth appointment seems to be part of a general pattern of judicial nominations that threatens to change the character of the Southern Courts of Appeal system, which in the past has been favorable to civil rights.

"The memo also got to the White House at the time," Mathias said not long ago. "So they knew over there that they were bound to create division over here when they sent up Carswell's name."

The contents of the Leadership Conference and Mathias memoranda suggested that the Administration was indeed confident that the Senate would accept *any* nominee. These documents also suggested that the White House had intentionally misled Scott—perhaps in the hope that by creating an unresolvable political dilemma for him it could diminish his prestige and then move in to replace him as its spokesman in the Senate; of course, before the Southern strategy could prevail there Scott would have to go, for in his twenty-six years in Congress he had supported, and had been supported by, the black voters in his constituency, and could not be expected to turn against them now.

In the days immediately following the nomination, Mrs. Edelman talked with several more lawyers, some who practiced in Florida and others who worked for the Department of Justice and had appeared before Judge Carswell on behalf of the government. "They made it clear that he was a terrible guy—worse than we'd been told before," she has recalled. "These reports made us even more desperate. We were panicked by the press of time. For instance, one of our problems was finding witnesses and conducting a thorough investigation during the eight-day period between the announcement of the nomination and the opening of the hearings. It was perfectly clear by then—after the 1948 speech and the golf-club episode—that the F.B.I. had done an even sloppier job on Carswell than it had on Haynsworth. It was also perfectly clear that many senators

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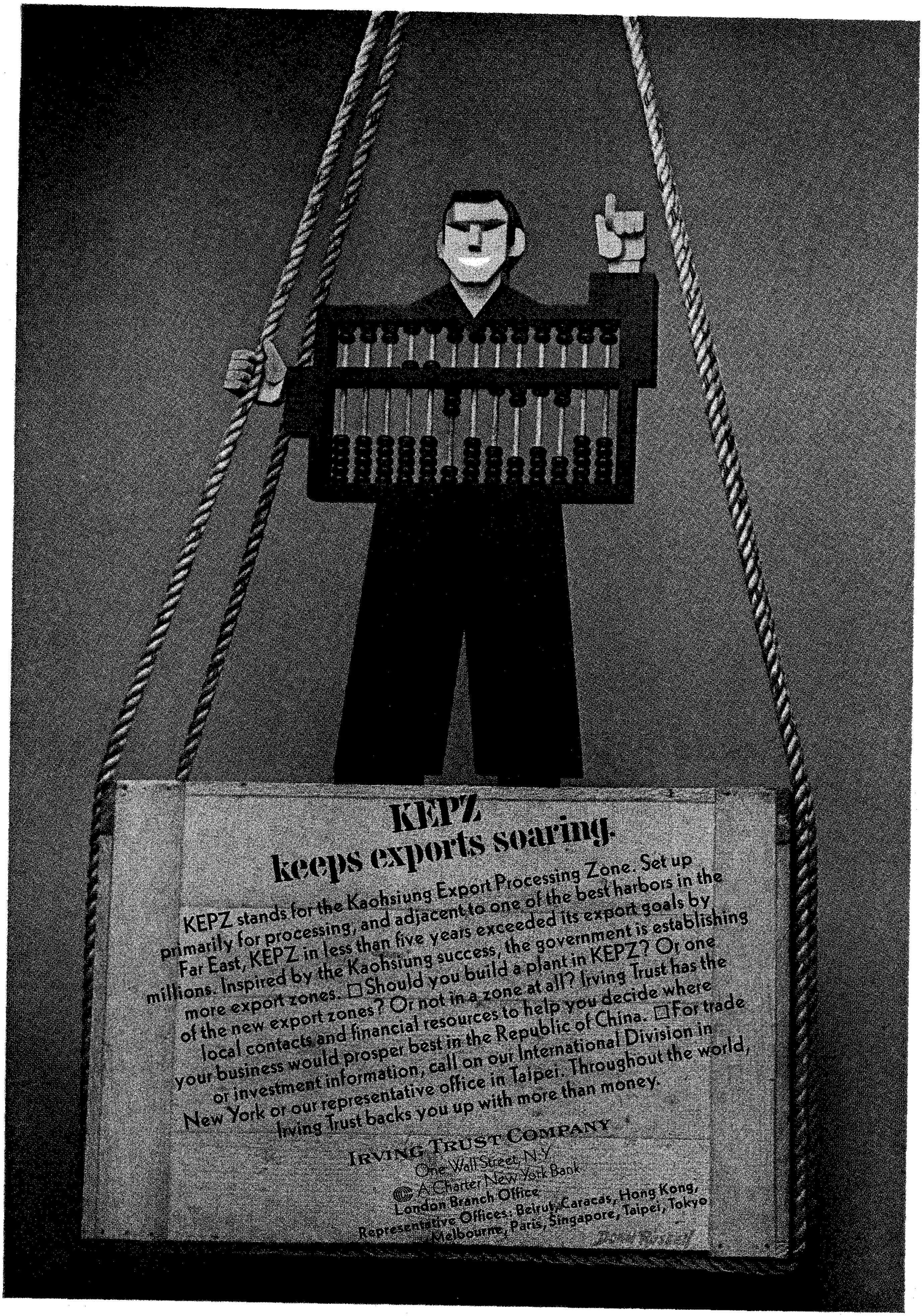

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would be extremely embarrassed if they came out for Carswell and then more damaging facts about his past were revealed. But Eastland was determined to ram the nomination through, and he refused to grant a postponement. Also, we knew that we had to stir up an immense amount of outside opposition to bring enough senators over to our side, and that this would take time. Then, there were the questions: Was the Leadership Conference going to fight or just make a statement and let it go at that? What were the unions going to do? Who was going to lead the opposition in the Senate? Which would take priority there—revision of the Voting Rights Act, which was coming up for a vote, or Carswell? Could we use the same people to fight both at the same time? How could we get the key senators smoked out? How could we get a bipartisan start? How could we persuade the press to do investigative work for us? How could we get stuff out to the public at large? How could we circulate the basic material on the Hill and make sure it was read?" Or, as Senator Bayh later put it, "the problem was simple and at the same time monumental—how do you create enough counterpressure to neutralize the natural pressure created by the President's backing so that senators are free to decide the issue on the merits?"

On the day that Carswell's nomination was announced by the White House, Rauh put out a brief statement for the A.D.A. saying that the Judge's "principal qualification for the post seems to be his opposition to Negro rights," and that "while this may be good Nixon-Mitchell politics in the suburbs and the South, it can only add to the already dangerous racial tensions in America." Rauh was instantly denounced by some for responding in the usual knee-jerk liberal fashion—a response that Carswell's defenders put down to blind prejudice against all Southerners. Of course, since Rauh had opposed Carswell's elevation to the Court of Appeals, he could not fail now to oppose his elevation to the Supreme Court. To an extent, though, the charge was valid when it came to many of Carswell's earliest opponents, for they had set out to find something improper in his record almost as soon as his name and his residence were announced. As time wore on, though, and the case against Carswell grew, his friends seemed to find nothing more to offer in his defense than the prejudice of his enemies. In any event, two days after Rauh's statement the N.A.A.C.P.

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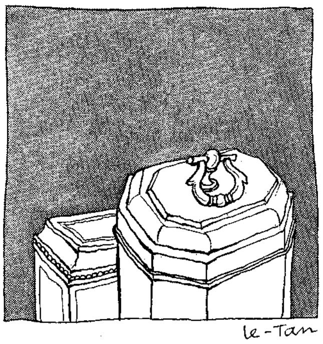
also came out against the nomination, on the ground that it was "clearly designed to compromise the Negroes' future judicial protection far beyond the life of any single Administration," and the New York *Times* ran an editorial calling the nomination "a shock" and adding that it "almost suggests an intention to reduce the significance of the Court by lowering the caliber of its membership." The same day, the *Times* published an interview with Professor Leroy D. Clark, of New York University, who had formerly been the head of the Legal Defense and Educational Fund in northern Florida. Professor Clark charged that Carswell had invariably handed down improper decisions after creating improper delays, and concluded, "It was my view that of the federal district judges I appeared before Harrold Carswell was clearly the most openly and blatantly segregationist."

ON January 23rd, staff members of four liberal Democrats on the Judiciary Committee—Senators Bayh, Kennedy, Tydings, and Hart—met in Bayh's office with a number of others who were upset about the nomination. Among the aides were Bayh's men Keefe and Rees; James Flug, a young lawyer who worked for Kennedy; Stanley Mazaroff, from Tydings' office; and Bert Widse, an assistant to Hart. Among the outsiders were Mrs. Edelman; Rauh; Verlin Nelson, lobbyist for the A.D.A.; Clarence Mitchell, head of the Washington branch of the N.A.A.C.P. and, with Rauh, the moving force behind the Leadership Conference; Andrew Biemiller and Thomas Harris, lobbyists for the A.F.L.-C.I.O.; and Brad Brasfield, of the United Auto Workers. (For the most part, it was the same group that had fought the Haynsworth nomination.) The meeting was brief and revolved largely around the question of which senator, preferably a prominent one, might be persuaded to lead a full-fledged attack on the nomination. At the moment, Bayh seemed to be out, because no one present, including his aides, expected him to wage another exhausting—and, this time, unpromising—battle so soon after the Haynsworth affair. Kennedy was still under the cloud of doubts raised by the accident at Chappaquiddick. Tydings was not eager to add new enemies to his old ones just before election time, and preferred to restrict the leadership role he had partially accepted to working out of the public's view rather than taking on the nominee openly. And Hart, who was also up for reëlection, had led the struggle to get Abe Fortas confirmed as Chief Justice before *his* improprieties on the bench were revealed, and was in no position now to attack another nominee. In the end, the participants did little more than reach a general agreement that if a leader could be found they would work with him as they had worked with Bayh against Haynsworth.

Flug seemed to be the one person at the meeting who felt that Carswell could be not only strongly opposed by the Senate but actually defeated, and the next day he sent Kennedy a memorandum outlining the emerging case against Carswell. "Nixon-Mitchell have again nominated a mediocre candidate with no indications of particular intelligence, leadership, insight, or respect among his brethren," Flug wrote. "In fact, his official record is quite consistent with the notion that he is a segregationist and white-supremacist." He reported that evidence to buttress this last point was being compiled and would be ready for the Senator's perusal soon, and then he added, "The civil-rights groups and the unorganized black community are, of course, really upset. Roy Wilkins is outraged. . . . The unions say they are not particularly interested, that they can't find anything anti-union in his record . . . that they're too busy to do much." Flug went on to inform Kennedy that LeRoy Collins, the former Democratic governor of Florida, who was expected to be the most prominent witness for Carswell at the hearings on his nomination, "has been calling around saying what a great guy and civil-rights moderate Carswell is, but when challenged has admitted that Carswell really isn't Supreme Court calibre and that he (Collins) hasn't actually looked at Carswell's civil-rights opinions." After suggesting that Kennedy might join Bayh and Hart in a personal appeal they intended to make to Eastland to postpone the hearings, so that Senate investigators could do the job that the F.B.I. had fumbled, and that Kennedy might also persuade Scott to reconsider his hasty endorsement, Flug wound up by proposing a series of questions



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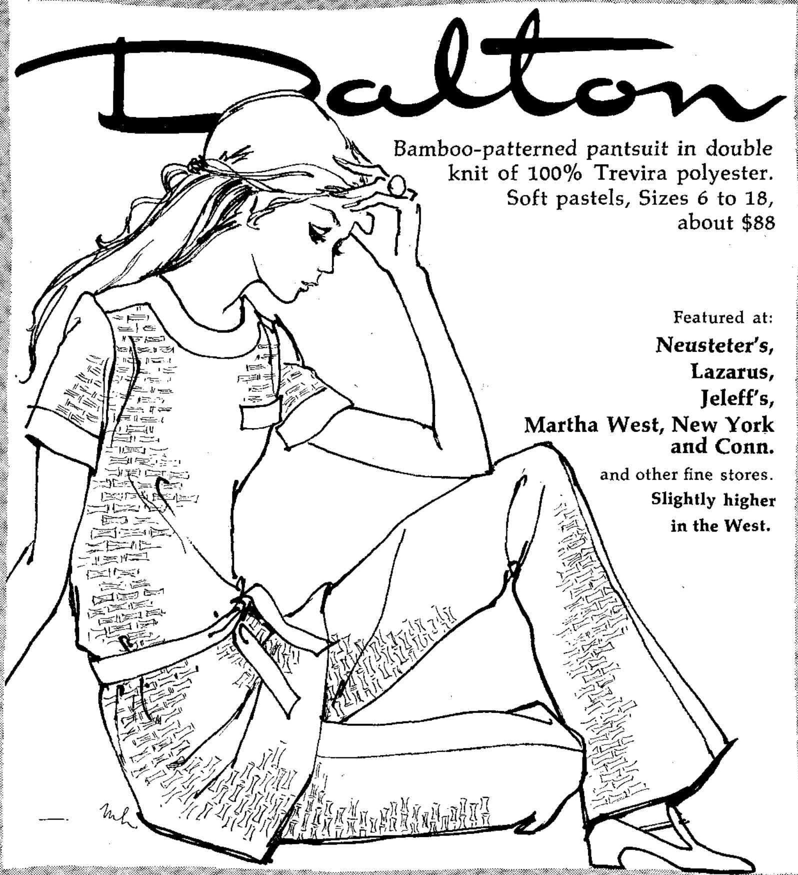

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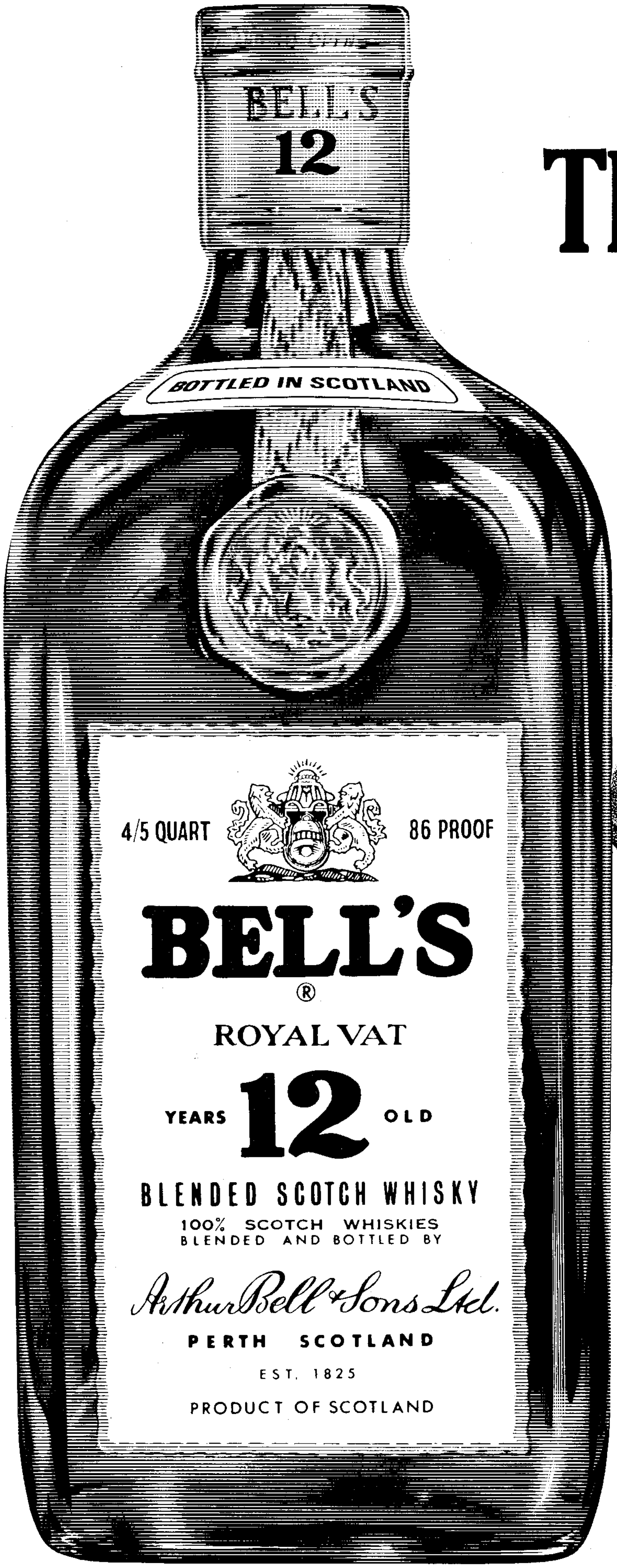
that the Senator might ask Carswell.

A few hours after Flug gave his boss the memorandum, a telephone call came into Tydings' office from a man who refused to identify himself but said he had some information that could be useful to Tydings if he intended to oppose Carswell. Ultimately, the call was put through to Stanley Mazaroff, and the man explained that his name was Norman Knopf, that he was one of the Senator's constituents, and that in 1964, shortly after graduating from law school, he had served as a summer volunteer under a Justice Department program helping civil-rights lawyers who were working on voter-registration cases in Florida. During that summer, he went on, he had personally seen Carswell temporize, insult lawyers and witnesses for the government, and generally obstruct civil-rights cases. Mazaroff assured Knopf that Tydings would be interested in what he had to say, and asked whether he would be willing to discuss his experience in person with the Senator. Knopf, his voice shaking, said that he couldn't do that, but Mazaroff kept talking and finally persuaded him to give his home telephone number. On January 25th, the day after this call, the *Times* printed a letter from John Lowenthal, a professor of law at Rutgers University, one of the volunteer civil-rights lawyers who had gone to Florida to assist in the voter-registration drive during the 1964 Presidential campaign; Lowenthal wrote that Judge Carswell had made persistent attempts to impede the progress of Negro registration. As it happened, Lowenthal was one of the lawyers whom Knopf mentioned he had worked for, and when Tydings was told about the telephone call and the letter he instructed Mazaroff to ask Knopf to come by for a talk. Mazaroff called Knopf at home that night, and when he explained that Tydings wanted to talk over Knopf's experiences in Judge Carswell's court Knopf expressed extreme reluctance to get involved. Finally, he explained why—he worked for the Department of Justice. After some more conversation, however, he hesitantly agreed to come over to Tydings' office a few days later. But he refused to testify at the hearings unless he was forced to under a subpoena.

On the same day, the American Bar Association's Committee on the Federal Judiciary met in New York to consider Carswell's nomination, and the next evening, while ten of the committee's twelve members were discussing it, the two others, Horsky and Norman P.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Ramsey, paid a visit to Carswell, who was staying at the Sheraton-Park Hotel in Washington, to discuss his part in incorporating the golf club. Horsky showed him the papers that Rauh had passed on and went over them with the Judge in detail to find out what, exactly, his role had been. In the end, they accepted his explanation that he had been an incorporator of the private club but had not participated in its management, and, in fact, had not retained his membership very long. Satisfied with this, Horsky assured Carswell that the committee would endorse him, and that same night it did, by a unanimous vote. Through a coincidence of timing, Rauh, who was certain that timing would determine the outcome of the issue, had that very afternoon given a reporter from the Washington *Post* the details about Carswell's part in setting up a segregated club while he was serving as U.S. Attorney, and the paper ran the story on the front page in the next morning's early edition. For the time being, though, nothing was reported about Horsky's and Ramsey's visit to Carswell the night before.

SENATOR EASTLAND having turned down all pleas for a postponement of the hearings on the nomination, they opened in the Senate Judiciary Committee chamber as scheduled, at a little after ten-thirty on the morning of January 27th, the day the *Post* story appeared. The nominee was to be the first witness, and he sat waiting as the two senators from Florida and the representative from Tallahassee delivered the usual encomiums. All but one of the seventeen members of the Judiciary Committee were present—the absentee being Senator Mathias, who was in Europe on Senate business—and, undoubtedly, all those present had read the story in the *Post*. Senator Hruska was the first member of the committee to question Carswell, and he brought up the matter of the golf club at once, apparently in the hope that he might establish a strong defense for Carswell before opposing senators got to question him. "Now, this morning's paper had some mention that you were a member of a country club down in Tallahassee," Hruska said. "I am confident that you read the account. I would be safe in saying all of us did. You are entitled to tell your side of the story and tell us just what the facts are." Carswell replied that he had "read the story very hurriedly." Several members of the committee looked surprised at this casual handling of so seri-

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ous a matter, but, of course, none of them knew that there had been little need for the Judge to study the newspaper account, since he had spent part of the evening before going over the original documents. While Bayh, Kennedy, Tydings, and Hart were aware that Horsky had the incorporating papers, at this stage they did *not* know that he had met with Carswell, let alone that he had showed Carswell the papers and that Carswell had conceded his involvement as an incorporator. In any event, it was clear that they would not let the witness pass off the question so indifferently. "The import of this thing, as I understand it," Carswell said, "was that I had something to do with taking the public lands to keep a segregated facility. I have never had any discussion with any human being about the subject of this at all. That is the totality of it, Senators. I know no more about it than that."

"Were you an incorporator of that club, as was alleged in one of the accounts I read?" Hruska asked.

"No, sir," Carswell answered.

A little later, Hruska asked, "Could the stock [in the club] you received on this occasion have borne the label 'incorporator,' indicating that you were one of the contributors to the building fund for the clubhouse?"

"Perhaps," Judge Carswell replied. "I have no personal recollection."

At another point, Hruska asked, "Are you, or were you at the time, familiar with the bylaws or the articles of incorporation?"

"No, sir," Carswell answered.

About an hour later, Senator Kennedy began questioning the Judge about the golf-club episode, and as he proceeded it became clear from the words he used that he had a copy of the incorporating papers before him. When Kennedy asked the witness if he had signed the letter of incorporation for the club, the answer was direct and explicit. "Yes, sir. I recall that," Carswell said. Kennedy went on to inquire whether he had read the paper first, and Carswell replied, "Certainly I read it, Senator. I am sure I must have. I would read *anything* before I put my signature on it, I think." The belated admission that he had read and signed the incorporating papers was later cited repeatedly by his supporters as evidence that he had not deceived, or been less than candid with, the committee, which ultimately became the gravest charge against him. However, those who took this position ignored a colloquy during the following day's hearing, two days after Horsky had shown the Judge

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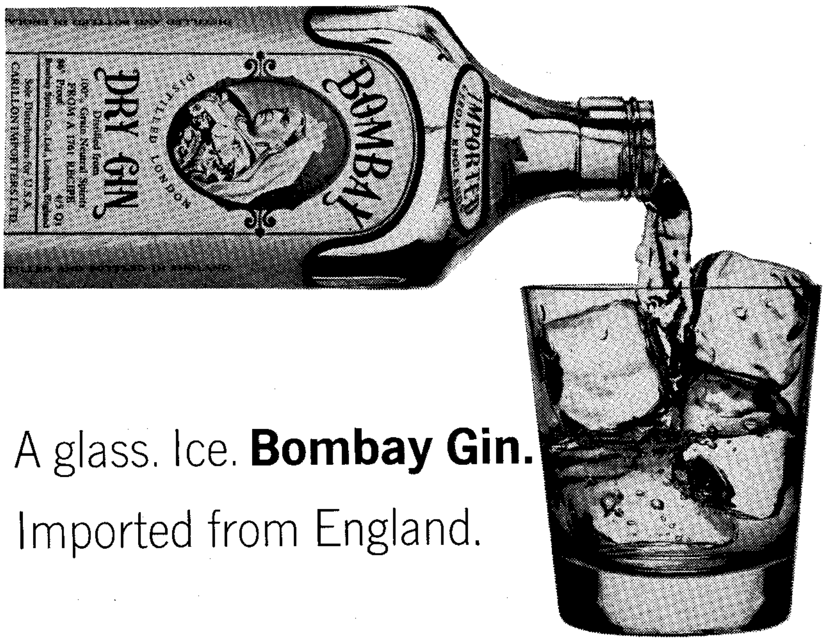

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the papers in question, when Bayh said, "Since you have looked at the documents, I suppose—" and Carswell quickly broke in to say, "Senator, I have not looked at the documents. I didn't mean to leave that impression with you. The documents speak for themselves. I couldn't begin to tell you what the documents say." A couple of minutes later, he added, "I think the records will show—I have not examined them, but I am positive that I have never been any incorporator, director, whatever the language may be on there. I have never participated in any corporation that ever took any action with regard to anything."

Carswell also repeatedly insisted that he had been unaware that the private club was organized to keep Negroes out, and although many people were willing at that time to accept his denial that he had helped set up the club, it would have been difficult to find anyone who believed that he hadn't known why it was set up. His deception on this score dismayed even the staunchest conservatives, including the right-wing columnist for the Washington *Evening Star* James Kilpatrick, who described Carswell's testimony on this point as an "evasive account," and added, "He took an active role, not a passive role, in transfer of the Tallahassee municipal golf course to a private club. Forgive my incredulity, but if Carswell didn't understand the racial purpose of this legal legerdemain, he was the only one in north Florida who didn't understand it." After three days of hearings, President Nixon held a press conference, and in the course of it he was asked whether he had been aware of the golf-club episode when he chose Carswell. Mr. Nixon replied that he hadn't, and went on, "If everybody in government service who has belonged to, or does belong to, restricted golf clubs were to leave the service, this city would have the highest rate of unemployment of any city in the country." Of course, membership in the club was not the point of the accusation, which rested on whether Carswell, then the federal government's highest law-enforcement official in the area, had violated his oath to uphold the Constitution by helping to circumvent the Supreme Court's interpretation of it.

At the start of the hearings, Senator Eastland put the American Bar Association committee's endorsement in the record, along with letters of support from roughly a third of Carswell's colleagues on the Court of Appeals. The most significant of these was from Judge Elbert B. Tuttle, who had been chief

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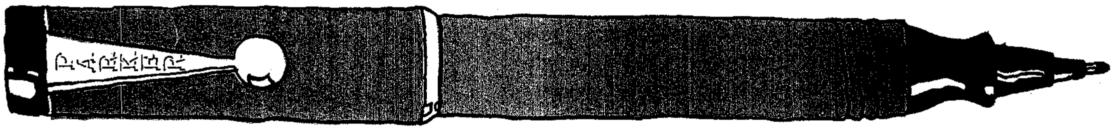

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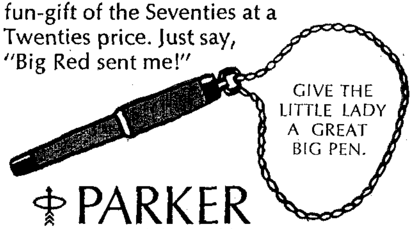

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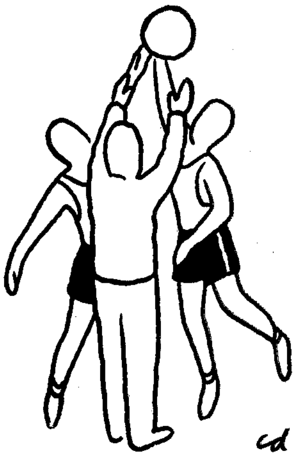
judge of the Fifth Circuit from 1961 until his retirement, in 1967, and who was regarded as one of the most eminent jurists on the entire federal bench. In his letter, which was dated January 22nd, Judge Tuttle explained, "My purpose in writing is that I wish to make myself available to appear before the committee at its hearing on the nomination of Judge Carswell, in support of his confirmation." At seven o'clock in the morning before the second day's session convened, Carswell received a telephone call from Judge Tuttle, who told him that because of the facts that had been divulged since the nomination was announced he felt compelled to withdraw his offer to testify on Carswell's behalf. When Tuttle's withdrawal became known, some weeks later, Carswell was blamed for not having revealed it at the hearings on the day it was made, or subsequently, to stop his supporters from citing the endorsement, as they did repeatedly to demonstrate that their man was deeply respected by such a leading jurist. Actually, the fault lay not only with Carswell but with Tuttle. Like Horsky, who knew from newspaper reports of the hearings that the nominee had lied to the Judiciary Committee the morning after meeting with him and yet said nothing at the time, Judge Tuttle kept his silence.

During the third day of the hearings, Knopf, the reluctant Justice Department attorney, finally appeared in Tydings' office to talk things over. Mazaroff took him to an empty room next to the Judiciary Committee chamber and then went to the hearing room to inform Tydings, who immediately joined Knopf. Within a few minutes, Knopf corroborated, in far greater detail, what Professor Lowenthal had described in his letter to the *Times*. "The moment I talked to Knopf, I just erupted," Tydings said afterward. "Knopf made it clear that Carswell not only was a segregationist but wasn't even good at his job. The idea of seeing a man like Carswell go on the Supreme Court was too much for me. Even after our conversation, though, I didn't think there was a chance of defeating him. I just hoped to get as much on the record as I could, to use in the floor debate and in defense of my vote when I was attacked for it, as I was sure to be, in my campaign for reëlection."



Professor Lowenthal appeared at the hearings to testify about how Carswell had both resisted civil-rights progress and mistreated those who tried to achieve it. He confined himself to one experience—a case involving seven civil-rights volunteers who were arrested on charges of criminal trespass in August, 1964, as they went about northern Florida trying to get Negroes to register to vote in the coming election. Civil-rights attorneys on the scene—mainly Northerners who came South for a month or two each—believed that they could not hope for a fair trial in a local court, so they obtained a federal court order removing the case from the Gadsden County court to Judge Carswell's court in Tallahassee. However, the local judge simply ignored the removal order, ejected the lawyers from his courtroom, refused the defendants time to get other counsel, and then tried, convicted, and jailed all seven. "At that point, or early the next morning at 2 A.M., I arrived in Tallahassee, and it was obvious that since my clients were now in jail, the first move was habeas corpus, so I prepared habeas-corpus petitions at once," Lowenthal testified. "It was evident to all those with experience in northern Florida that it was not safe for voter-registration people to be in local jails. Moreover, the voter-registration drive was stalled while the workers were in jail, and the local blacks were intimidated from registering." Continuing, he described how Judge Carswell refused to accept the habeas-corpus papers and demanded that they be redone on special forms, available only in his court. That in itself was of doubtful legal validity, and so was the Judge's requirement that the forms be signed by the defendants. Since Lowenthal was more concerned about the safety of his clients than he was about quibbling over details, he drove the twenty-five miles to the local jail, only to find that the seven volunteers had been sent out on a road-work gang, another twenty-five miles distant. Finally, he telephoned Judge Carswell and got him to agree to accept the papers without the defendants' signatures. The next step was a habeas-corpus hearing in the Judge's chambers—a curious affair, as it turned out, because

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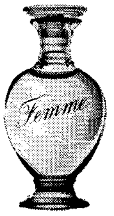

PARFUMS MARCEL ROCHAS PARIS/NEW YORK

the representative of the state, the local prosecutor, refused to appear. As for the Judge, Lowenthal went on, "I can only describe his attitude as being extremely hostile. . . . Judge Carswell indicated that he would try his best to deny the habeas-corpus petitions, but I pointed out that he had no discretion in the matter, that the Gadsden County officials had clearly acted in derogation of Judge Carswell's own jurisdiction, since the removal to Judge Carswell's court was wholly proper." Although the point was elementary, Judge Carswell refused to accede to it, and sent his clerk off for some lawbooks. Finally, after studying the federal statute in question, he granted the petition, but he refused to have the order served by the U.S. marshal, as required under law, and told Lowenthal to deliver it himself. None too anxious to put himself in the hands of the local sheriff, Lowenthal nevertheless saw that he had little choice, and took it to the sheriff, who accepted it with surprising amiability and released the prisoners. They were on their way down the courthouse steps with Lowenthal when the sheriff reappeared, all amiability gone, and rearrested them. As it turned out, Judge Carswell, on his own motion and without any notice to the defendants or a hearing to give them an opportunity to present testimony and arguments on their behalf, had remanded the case to the Gadsden County court and had notified the sheriff before the defendants left. "All the little ways in which a federal district judge can make life difficult seemed to me to be in force," Lowenthal told the committee.

Deciding that it would be helpful to corroborate Lowenthal's testimony, Tydings put in an official request to have a committee subpoena served on Knopf, who still refused to appear voluntarily as a witness. Before granting the request, Eastland called Tydings and said, "Joe, you don't want to use that boy. He's bad news." Taken aback, Tydings got the impression that Eastland had something from F.B.I. files on Knopf, and told Mazaroff about the remark. Mazaroff visited Knopf at his home and went over everything in his past and his personal life that could possibly be used in the hearings to embarrass him—and Tydings. All that Knopf could come up with was that he had once attended an S.D.S. meeting out of curiosity. Tydings went ahead and called Knopf as a witness. Once Knopf was on the stand, he was eager to volunteer all the information he could. "This was my first courtroom experience, really, out of law school,

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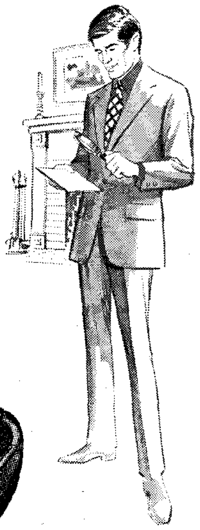

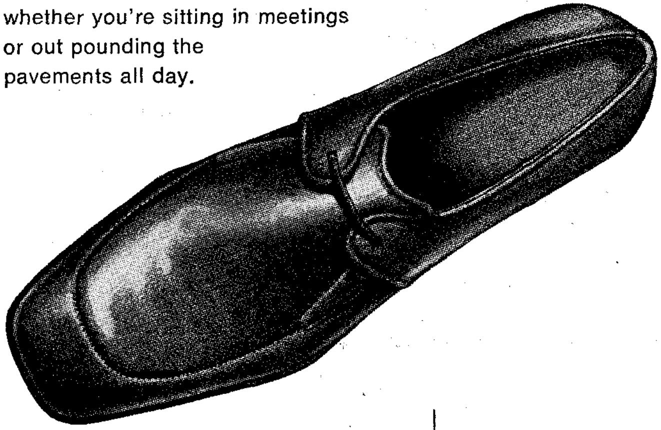

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and I remember quite clearly Judge Carswell," he told the committee. "He didn't talk to me directly. He addressed himself to the lawyer, of course, Mr. Lowenthal, who explained what the habeas-corpus writ was about, and I can only say that there was extreme hostility between the Judge and Mr. Lowenthal. Judge Carswell made clear, when he found out that he was a Northern volunteer and that there were some [other] Northern volunteers down, that he did not approve of any of this voter registration going on, and he was especially critical of Mr. Lowenthal—in fact, he lectured him for a long time in a high voice that made me start thinking I was glad I filed a bond for protection in case I got thrown in jail. I really thought we were all going to be held in contempt of court. It was a very long, strict lecture about Northern lawyers coming down . . . and meddling down here and arousing the local people against—rather, just arousing the local people—and he in effect didn't want any part of this, and he made it quite clear that he was going to deny all relief that we requested."

THE Judiciary Committee's hearings on Carswell's nomination were spread out over two weeks, and during the weekend that intervened Tydings became increasingly distressed at the thought of Carswell's sitting on the Supreme Court. The prospect was so unsettling that on Saturday night the Senator had trouble sleeping and got up very early on Sunday. At eight o'clock that morning, he summoned several members of his staff to his office and told them that more had to be done to create opposition to Carswell's nomination. One of them recalled that Knopf had told him about a man named Ernst Rosenberger, a lawyer in private practice in New York, who had also worked on civil-rights cases in Florida just before the 1964 election. The aide called him, and Rosenberger agreed to tell of his experiences in Judge Carswell's court. Another aide got in touch with Leroy Clark, the former head of the Legal Defense and Educational Fund in Florida, whose views on Carswell's racial bias had been reported earlier by the *Times*, and he agreed to testify, too. Both men flew down to Washington and joined Tydings and his staff to discuss their testimony.

Neither man had much time to prepare himself, for they were called to appear before the committee the following day. Rosenberger, who testified

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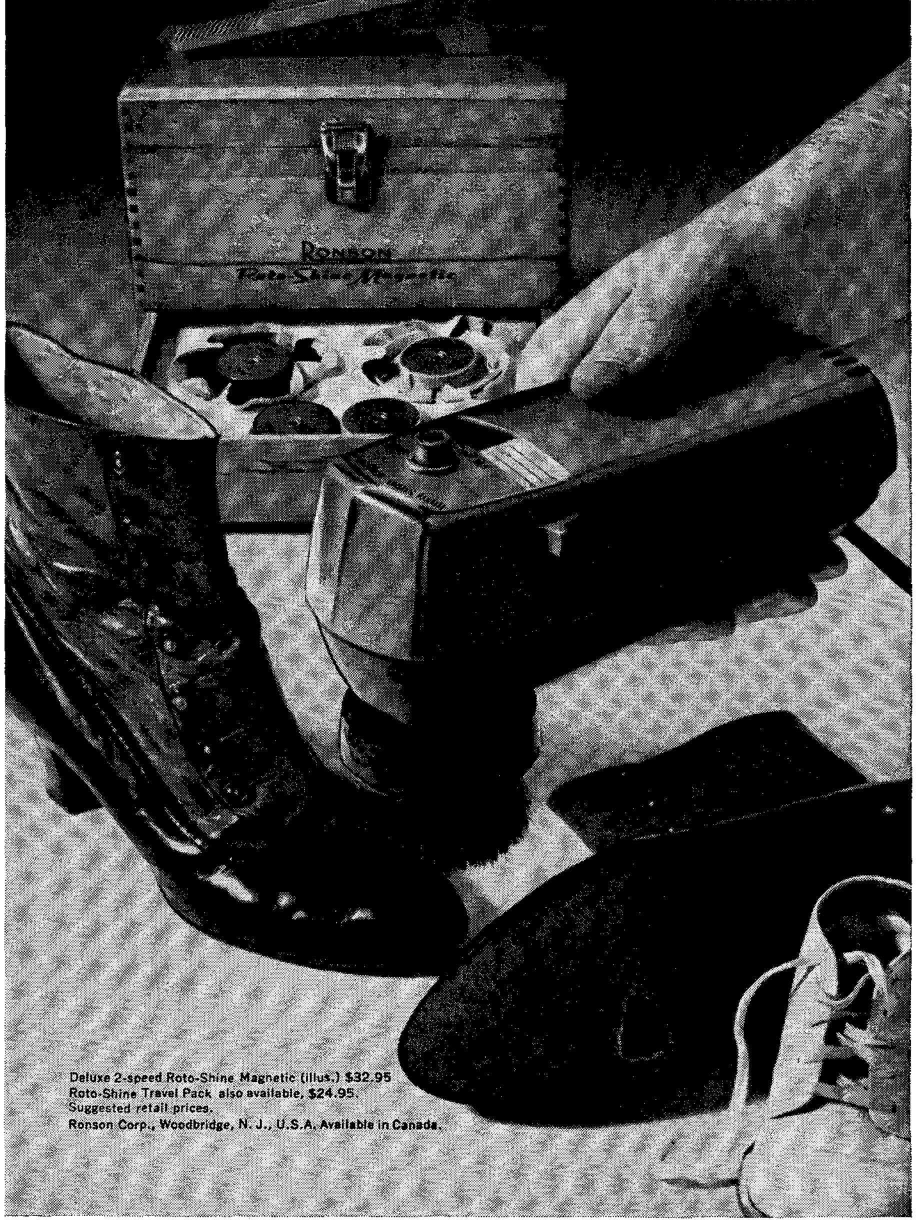

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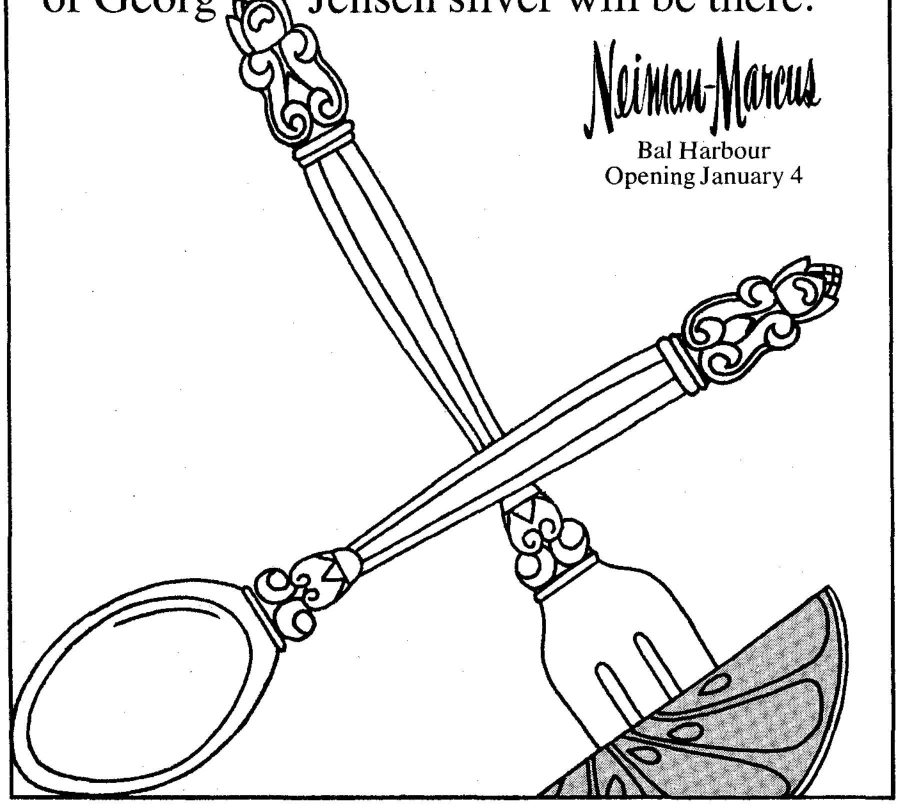
first, started out by describing the general animosity that he and other civil-rights workers had encountered in Florida—the mailman refused to deliver mail to the house where they lived and worked because the mailbox was set six inches behind the line of other mailboxes on the street; a deputy sheriff regularly tore down posters carrying appeals for Negroes to register to vote; volunteers were refused service in restaurants; they were assaulted, and firebombs were set off under their automobiles; and, when all this failed to intimidate them, shots were fired through the windows of their house. Rosenberger described how nine clergymen who had been arrested for unlawful assembly for trying to integrate a Florida airport had been denied release on habeas-corpus writs by Judge Carswell. Rosenberger appealed the Judge's decision to the Court of Appeals, and three of its judges came to Tallahassee to hear arguments on the case. Those took up one morning, and that afternoon Rosenberger, who was in Carswell's chambers, heard him suggest to the prosecuting attorney that he could settle the case at once by getting the local judge to reduce the clergymen's sentences to the time already served. This would mean that they would immediately be let out of jail and then would have no legal standing to file a writ of habeas corpus, the purpose of which, of course, is to get one out of jail. The following day, the prosecutor called Rosenberger to his office and suggested that he ask the local judge for a reduction of sentence. Having heard Carswell outline this plan and suspecting that it would soon be acted on, Rosenberger had already spoken to his clients about it, and they had instructed him to turn it down. When he did, the prosecutor proposed that they drop in at the local court and talk to the judge. As they entered the courtroom, Rosenberger saw that his clients were present and the court was in session. Bewildered by this turn, he sat down, and then the judge read a prepared order reducing the sentence and cited Rosenberger's request for that move. Jumping up, Rosenberger objected. "I told him that I had made no such application, I would make no such application, and my clients did not want that application," he told the committee. "Rather, they wanted a hearing wherein they could be vindicated." Ignoring him, the judge told the clergymen to rise, and said, "Now you have got what you came for: you have got a permanent criminal record."

When Professor Clark, speaking on



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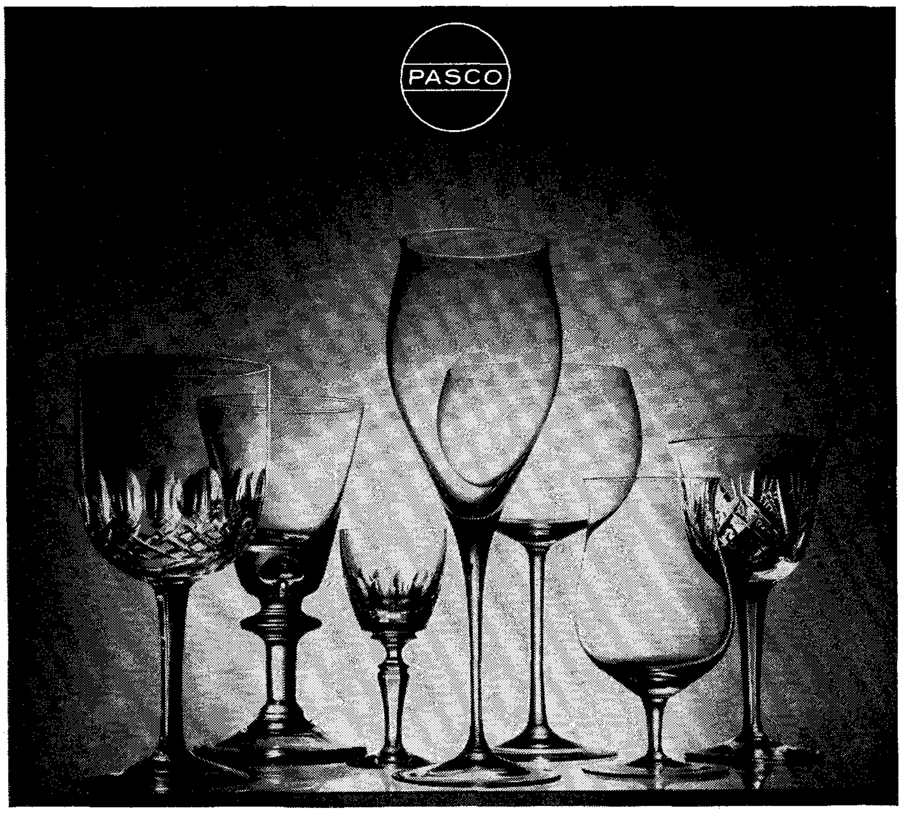

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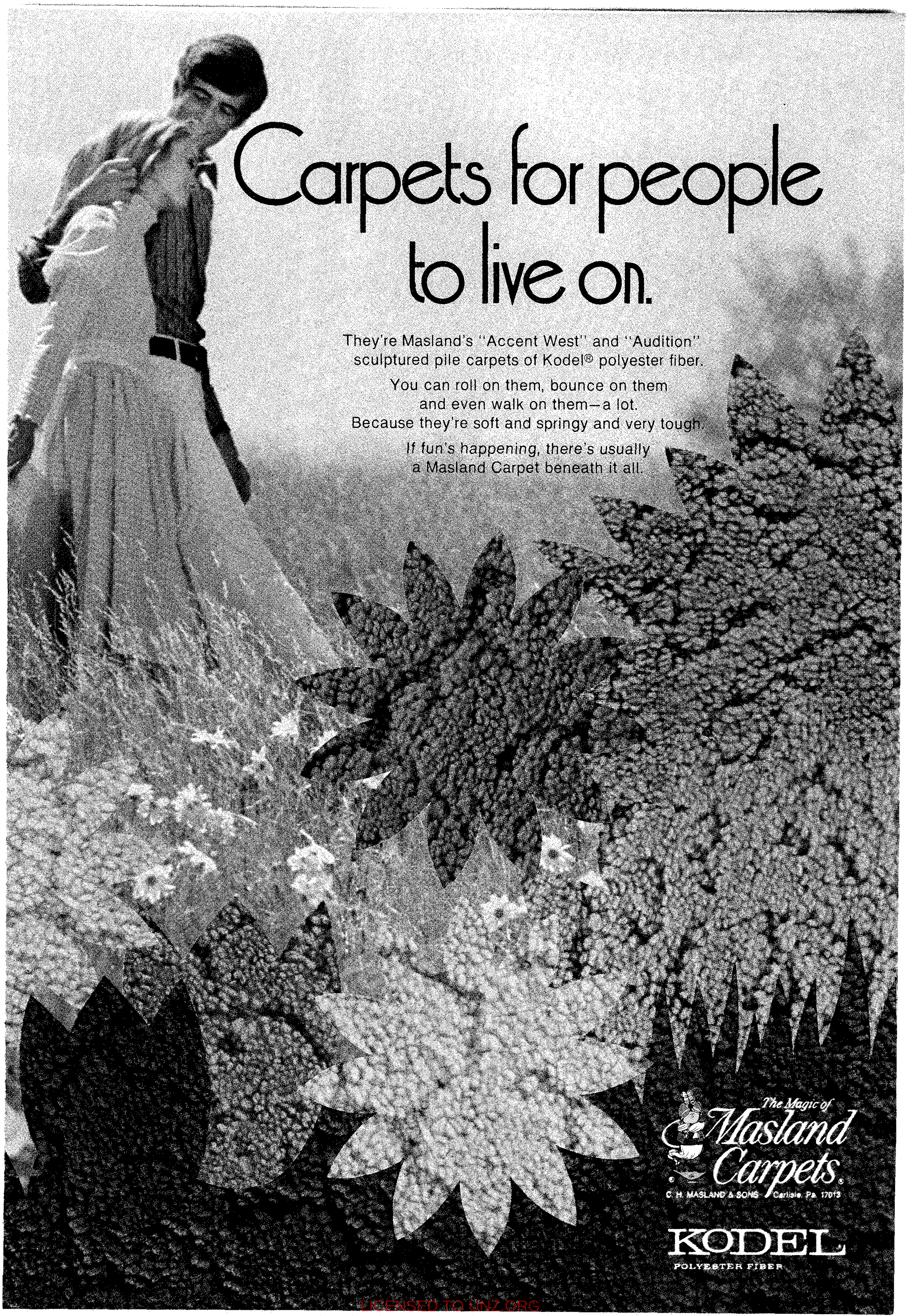

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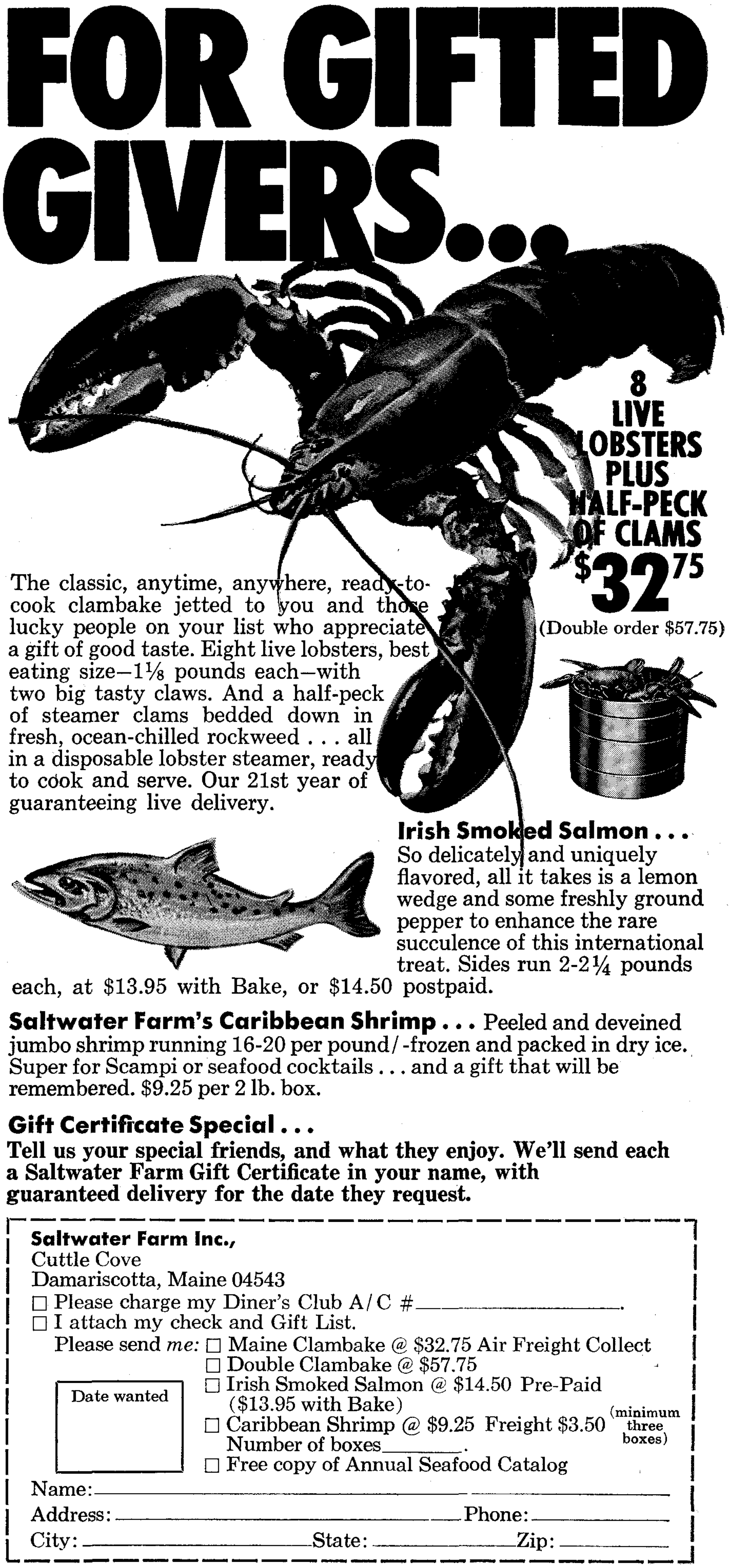
behalf of the National Conference of Black Lawyers, took the stand, he assured the committee that what it had been told about Judge Carswell's persistent hostility toward civil-rights lawyers was by no means exaggerated. "Whenever I took a young lawyer into the state and he or she was to appear before Carswell, I usually spent the evening before making them go through their argument while I harassed them, as preparation for what they would meet the following day," he said. In his view, though, Carswell's animosity under these circumstances was less important than the question "Is Carswell a man who really, personally, does not like black people?" Submitting that the Judge's record on the bench proved that he did not, Clark cited case after case to buttress his contention. One was a Florida school-desegregation case in which the Court of Appeals had unanimously rejected Carswell on both his ruling and his procedure; that, Clark said, demonstrated that Judge Carswell was either biassed or incompetent. Another was a theatre-desegregation suit in which Carswell had again been unanimously overruled by the Court of Appeals and described as being "clearly in error"—an uncommonly harsh statement for such a court to make. Still another involved four Negro children who had taken part in a sit-in demonstration and were sent to a reformatory before even being tried. To get them out, Clark sued to have the reformatory desegregated, and, as he had anticipated, the authorities released the children in order to keep the place segregated. Clark appealed, on the ground that the original suit stood as he had filed it, whereupon, as he had also anticipated, Carswell rejected his claim and said that since the defendants had been released, they had no legal standing; the Court of Appeals reversed him once again, and ordered the reformatory desegregated.

In most civil-rights cases, Clark continued, Judge Carswell principally relied on "dilatory tactics." One example concerned the school system of Leon County, Florida, where out of sixteen thousand Negro children four were permitted to attend otherwise white schools. In 1964, Clark filed a motion for further relief to remedy this situation. "We could not get a hearing, and I finally had to file a motion for a hearing," he recounted. "These hearings in other courts and before other judges when they were filed were granted as a matter of course. . . . When we got our hearing, then there was another delay before we got a rul-



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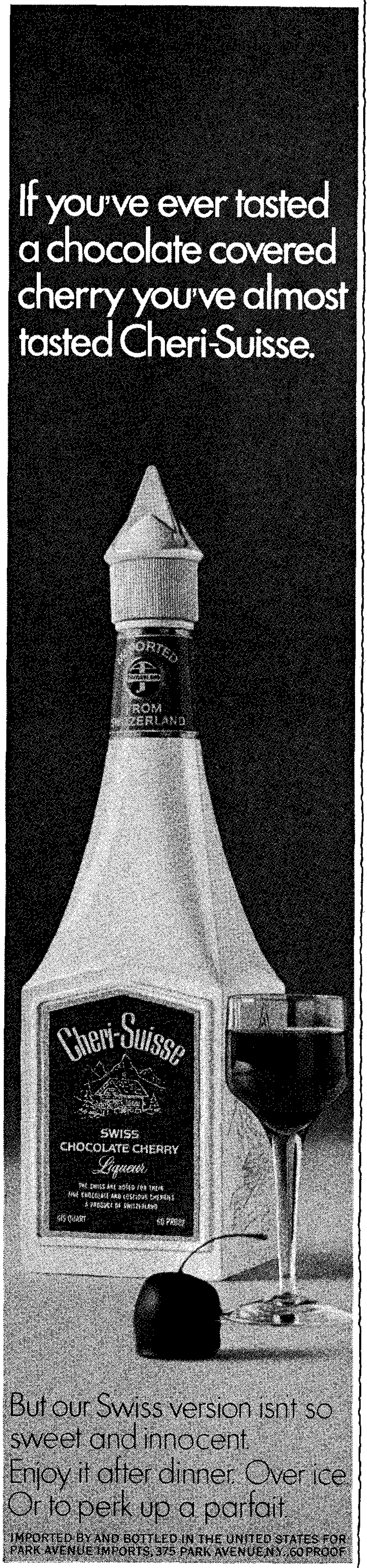
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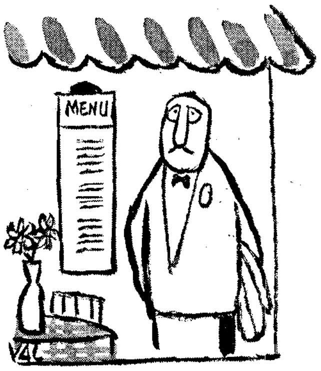
ing, and then when the ruling came it did not address itself to the basic issue in the motion—namely, a revision of the plan. Judge Carswell at that point told us that the defendants were complying with his previous order, which was not the point of the motion at all. We were saying, 'Look, this plan is not working, and it must be revised.' So we don't get a ruling. . . . We then had to file a motion asking him, 'Would you please rule on our motion?' And, finally, we got from Judge Carswell this statement . . . that no evidence could persuade the court to reorganize a desegregation plan, and evidence to that end 'would just be an idle gesture regardless of the nature of the testimony.' " After three years and the intervention of the Court of Appeals, Carswell finally granted the relief asked for.

Of the twenty witnesses who testified at the hearings, half a dozen supported the nomination. As expected, Governor Collins was the most prominent of these, and he did his best, despite his privately expressed reservations about Carswell, to defend him—for example, by pointing out that he, too, had been involved with the golf club and yet he had a long record of working for civil-rights causes. Some senators found that point persuasive, but others, like Brooke, felt that Collins's private remarks about Carswell far outweighed it. In fact, Brooke, who later read the hearing record carefully, began to wonder if anything said in Carswell's defense at the hearings had been said with conviction.

Another of Carswell's prominent supporters was James William Moore, a professor at the Yale Law School, who testified that Carswell had helped him set up the Florida State University Law School five years before and had insisted on its being "free of all racial discrimination." But then Louis H. Pollak, dean of the Yale Law School, told the committee that he had read a fair number of Carswell's opinions and had concluded that he presented "more slender credentials than any nominee for the Supreme Court put forth in this century." This view was shared by another leading witness—William Van Alstyne, of the Duke University Law School, one of the most respected legal scholars in the South. Since he was a Southerner and had testified in favor of Haynsworth's nomination, Van Alstyne was not open to the charge that he would oppose anyone from the South. "There is, in candor, nothing in the quality of the nominee's work," he told the committee, "to warrant any expectation whatever that he could serve with distinction on the Supreme Court of the United States."



On the last day of the hearings, Rauh and Clarence Mitchell testified as spokesmen for the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights. Mitchell put in the record several affidavits from citizens, both white and black, of Tallahassee stating that the reason for making the municipal golf course a private club had been well known and widely discussed at the time; in fact, the subterfuge had even been written about in the local paper after a city commissioner objected to its racial implications. (The F.B.I. had also failed to look into this subject, apparently, and the affidavits had been collected by Morris Abram, Jr., a student at Harvard, who, on his own initiative and at his own expense, had gone down to Tallahassee to see what he could find out about Carswell.) To lay the groundwork for the case that would later be made against Carswell on the floor of the Senate—that he was a mediocre judge and a racist—Rauh concentrated on fifteen cases involving civil and human rights in which Carswell had been unanimously reversed. (Subsequently, two other such cases were uncovered.) One of the few civil-rights cases that Carswell's supporters had been able to find—and cited repeatedly as evidence that he was a moderate in racial matters—was a ruling he had handed down ordering his own barber, who had a shop in a Tallahassee hotel, to take Negro customers. In reply, Rauh pointed out that Judge Carswell had actually had no alternative in that case, since the barber had conceded in his brief that his shop came under the Civil Rights Act of 1964, and had admitted, in effect, that he had violated it. "If Judge Carswell is confirmed, God help us, it will be the first time in history that a man was [sent to the Supreme Court] for writing an opinion that his racist barber ought to cut a Negro's hair," Rauh told the committee. In conclusion, he pleaded with the committee to extend the hearing period, and said, "If in two weeks this

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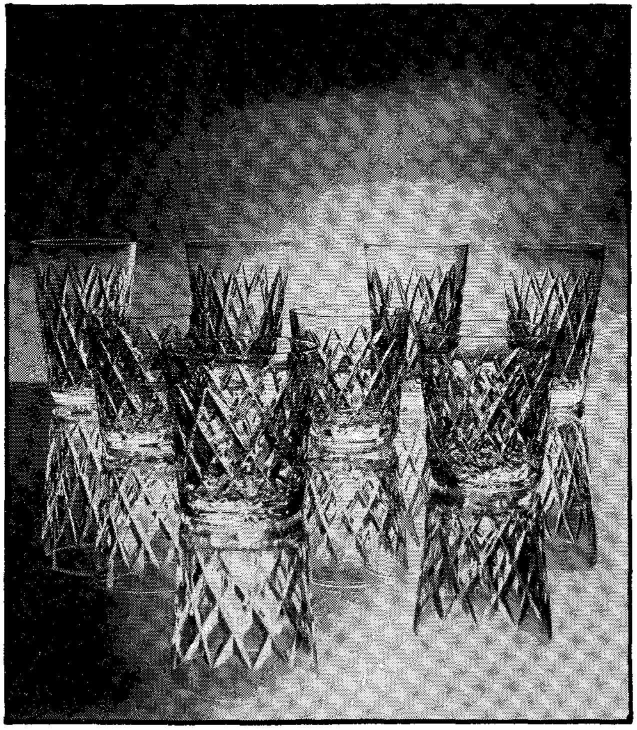
black record can be built by volunteers, by people with no staff, if so black a record can be built in two weeks, what could be built with an adequate investigation?" His plea was ignored, and a couple of minutes later the committee adjourned, on the order of its chairman, and went into executive session to debate and vote on the nomination.

PROOF of Senator Bayh's thesis that it takes an immense effort to turn back even an obviously bad action on the part of the President emerged as soon as the hearings ended, for although the evidence submitted during them made it clear to all but the most obdurate of Carswell's supporters that he was unfit for a seat on the nation's highest court, almost no one with experience in political affairs believed that he could be stopped from getting that seat. For instance, after the hearings a story went the rounds in the Senate to the effect that Hiram L. Fong, Republican of Hawaii and a member of the Judiciary Committee, had gone up to Senator Edward J. Gurney, Republican of Florida and Carswell's original sponsor, and said, "If you want my opinion, he's a jackass"—but everyone expected Fong to vote for him. Once again, one of the few people who did not share the general impression that Carswell was bound to be confirmed was Kennedy's young assistant Flug, and while the hearings were in progress he sent Kennedy another memorandum entitled "How to Beat Carswell," which began, "I smell blood. I think it can be done if we can get full civil-rights apparatus working, which it's beginning to do . . . [and show] his mediocrity, lack of candor before committee." The paper went on to lay out a head count of senators who could be expected to oppose Carswell because of his civil-rights record, along with those who might be persuaded to "go along with proper kinds of brotherly pressure"—forty-six in all. Those who could be expected to support Carswell, whatever the case against him, came to thirty-nine. The remaining fifteen included "those who'd like to go along [with the anti-Carswell group] but have to overcome serious political problems" and "those who would be possibles." In conclusion, Flug wrote, "That means that to win we'd have to get five of the fifteen. . . . While it's a long shot, I don't think it's an impossibility." (Flug turned out to be wrong about three of the senators he thought were bound to oppose Carswell but also wrong about three he thought were



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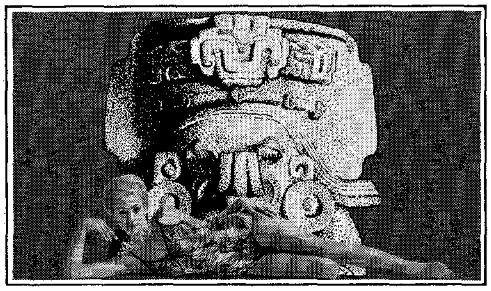

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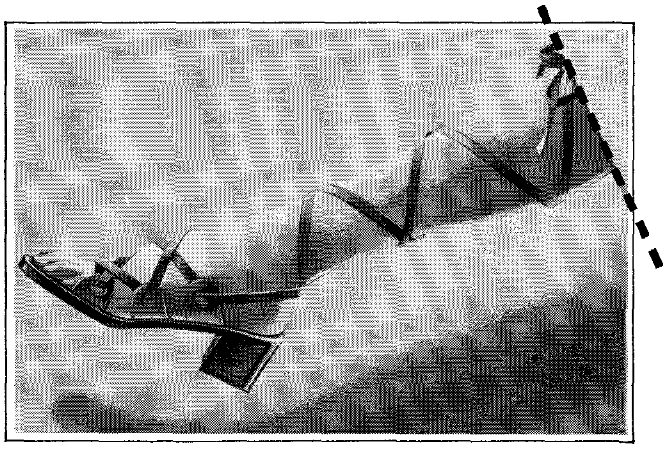

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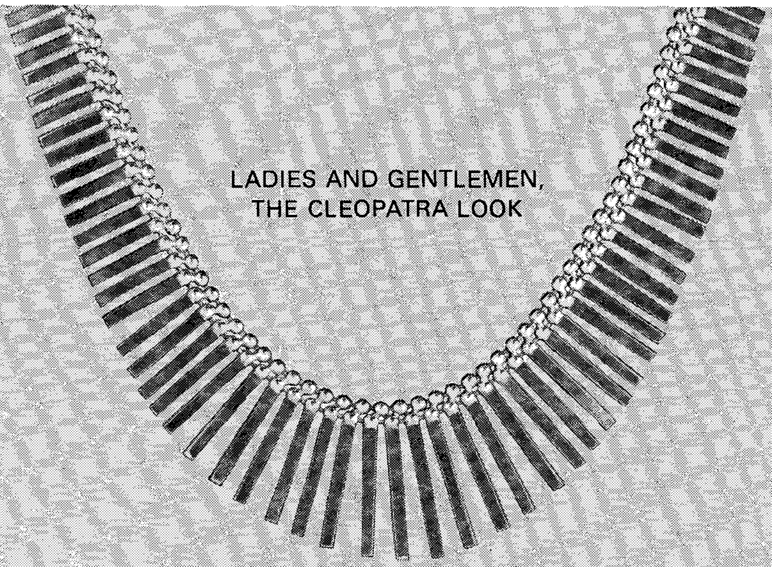

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bound to support him, so he came extraordinarily close to the final tally ten weeks later.)

The scent that Flug thought he detected was still quite faint, however, although an incident that occurred during the first day of the Carswell hearings had raised his hopes further. Senator Kennedy asked Carswell for a list of all the clients he had represented in private practice who had later appeared before him in court. At this, Senator Griffin, the Minority Whip, angrily broke in and charged that the request was nothing more than "a fishing expedition." As Majority Whip, Kennedy was accustomed to jousting with Griffin on the floor of the Senate, but he found this rebuke offensive. After the session, it was clear that Kennedy was smarting over the remark, and that led Flug to hope that the Senator would now oppose the nomination actively, if only to show that his concern was serious. As Flug knew, it was one thing for a senator to make a speech and cast a vote against such a nomination, but it was quite another thing for him to work at defeating it. If Kennedy chose the latter course, his prestige as a member of the Democratic leadership and the facilities of his office, including Flug's time, would be a considerable boost to the opposition to Carswell. "Griffin's attack gave us the impetus of irrationality to get through the next few weeks, when there wasn't any cohesive force against Carswell," Flug observed afterward. "It was important at that stage to have a little emotionalism."

By the time the hearings ended, on February 3rd, emotionalism was about all that Carswell's opponents had going for them. Only a handful of influential public figures had publicly come out against the nomination—George Meany, the head of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.; Senator William Proxmire, Democrat of Wisconsin; Senator Walter F. Mondale, Democrat of Minnesota; and John Gardner, former Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare and then director of the Urban Coalition. But two days after the hearings adjourned Senator Goodell took the floor of the Senate and denounced the nomination. Mrs. Edelman was ecstatic at the news. "We had started going around to some senators—the usual Democratic stalwarts you can count on at times like that—and we got almost no response at all," she recalled not long ago. "One of the points they all made was that we couldn't win, or even come close, without Republican help, and everyone asked us how we could expect Republicans to go against their President twice in a row. Goodell's announcement was crucial, because it gave us a bipartisan start." As for Goodell himself, he later explained his decision by pointing out that his vote against Judge Haynsworth had been based not on the conflict-of-interest charges against him, as the votes of most of that nominee's other opponents had been, but on his civil-rights and civil-liberties record. "Since Carswell was even worse on this score—and I read the hearings and many of his opinions—I had to vote against him," he went on. "Then, too, he seemed pedestrian as a judge in all areas of the law, especially in habeas-corpus cases." Although Goodell had not been subjected to much pressure before his announcement—as he observed, that was saved for senators who delayed their decisions—he was subjected to an unexpected and alarming amount of recrimination after it. "The same week that I came out against Carswell, I was the lead-off witness before the Foreign Relations Committee and strongly attacked the Administration on the war," he said. "That was a few weeks before the Republican Convention in New York State. Whether or not I would get the nomination was touch and go, and there were tremendous repercussions at the time over these positions of mine. That almost cut the baling wire holding my campaign together."

No one on either side had approached Goodell for his vote, but he had discussed the subject just before he announced how he would vote in the course of a lunch meeting of the Wednesday Club, which is a loosely knit group of a dozen liberal and moderate Republican senators who meet most Wednesdays in one or another of their offices for lunch and political talk. The club, which ultimately was to be a subtle but influential force in the fight over Carswell, had been founded a few months earlier to provide a regular opportunity for these senators to discuss common concerns, to alert each other to political dangers they might be unaware of in current or forthcoming legislation, and to create a more or less united front on key issues, in the hope that the White House, which ignored most of them individually, would listen to them collectively. "There is virtually no liaison between the White House and these senators," George Mitrovich, Goodell's press secretary, explained at the time. "The White House simply pays no attention to them, while conservative sen-

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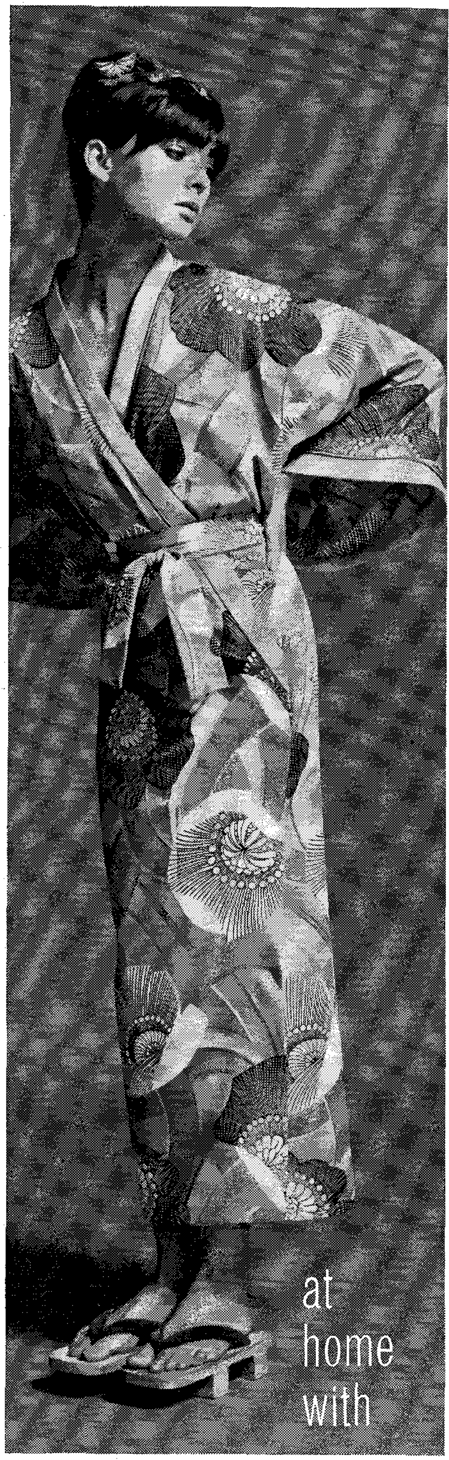

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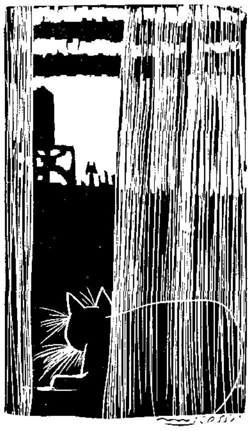
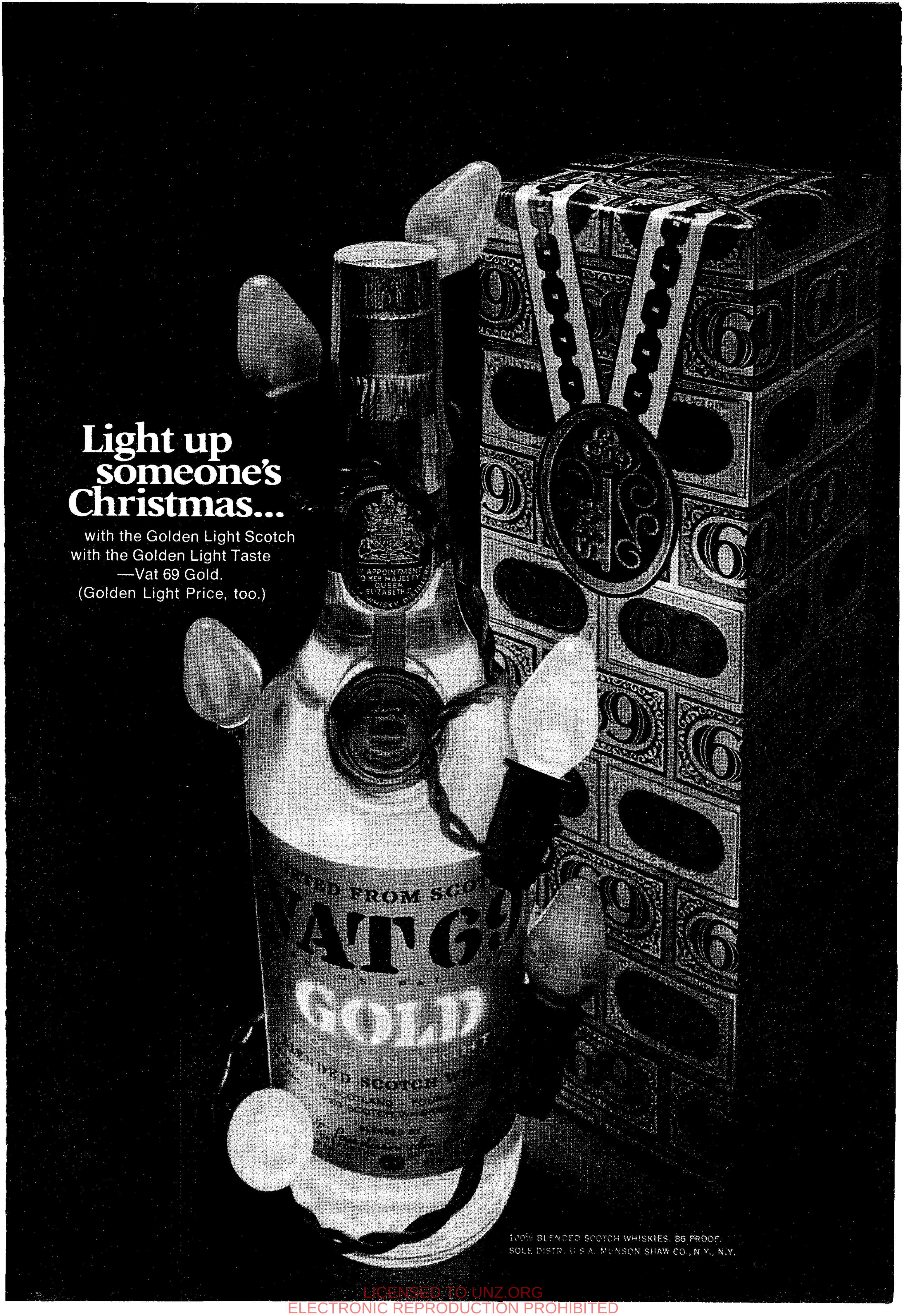
ators have ready access and great influence there. No one from the White House has come to, or even telephoned, our office in months. If the President had these men over to the White House occasionally or called now and then to get their opinions, he would create an atmosphere that would make it difficult for them to oppose him. It's utterly stupid not to do that. The President and his staff simply don't understand the Senate—most of all, they don't understand how seducible it is. As a result, they've created a deep resentment among some of the younger Republicans here. There's a good bit of paranoia over in the White House, particularly among the more partisan staff people, and when these senators stand up to the President his aides convince him that it's all politically motivated. Actually, there has rarely been an issue here that was more completely decided on its merits than the Carswell affair."

One member of the Wednesday Club was Marlow W. Cook, a freshman senator from Kentucky, and a member of the Judiciary Committee, who had led the Administration's fight for Haynsworth, and who, it was generally assumed, would come out for Carswell, too, even if he did not actively participate in the contest. However, several people who attended the hearings noticed that while Cook bore down rather harshly on adverse witnesses during the early stages, he grew less and less willing to defend the nominee as more and more adverse testimony was given. Now, as the Wednesday Club members left the luncheon on February 4th, Cook took Goodell aside and told him that if he intended to come out against Carswell he would do well to look over the Judge's habeas-corpus rulings to support his stand. "I saw then that Marlow had doubts about the nominee's fitness," Goodell said later. "Of course, if he opposed Carswell after leading the fight for Haynsworth it would have a tremendous effect on other senators, especially other Republicans."



As it turned out, Cook did not reveal his intentions until the day of the vote, two months later. And many of his colleagues were as slow, or almost as slow, in revealing theirs. In the days before and after Goodell made his decision known, Mrs. Edelman and Verlin Nelson, of the A.D.A., her companion in this struggle almost from the start, visited several senators' offices to see where they stood on the nomination. The first stop was at the office of Senator Thomas F. Eagleton, a freshman Democrat from Missouri, who had opposed Haynsworth but had publicly stated that he was inclined to vote for Carswell. Since the Senator wasn't in—or so they were told—they left the scanty amount of material they had collected and went on to the office of Senator Alan Cranston, a freshman Democrat from California, where little interest was shown either in their appeal or in their material. From there, they went to the office of Senator Harold E. Hughes, a freshman Democrat from Iowa, one of whose aides told them that the Senator was considering making a statement against the nomination but hadn't enough facts to base it on. "We realized then that we needed some more material for these people," Nelson recalled afterward. "About this time, Brad Brasfield, of the U.A.W., joined us, and the three of us kind of stumbled along, getting stuff together and passing it out to anyone who showed any interest." But even after they had compiled several more documents—including an impressive study of Carswell's civil-rights record on the bench, which was drawn up by Mrs. Edelman's assistant, Seymour, who had uncovered the golf-club incorporation papers—they had little more success in gaining recruits. At each office they went to, they were told, almost always by an aide, that the senator was reluctant to oppose another nomination unless there was more conclusive evidence than had been brought out so far to justify such a stand, and that, in any case, he wouldn't make a move so early. "Our reception was generally good, and it was clear that most of the people we saw wanted to go into the matter in depth," Nelson said later. "But the water looked cold, and nobody was willing to jump in."

Finally, Mrs. Edelman, Nelson, and Brasfield discussed the problem, and Mrs. Edelman suggested that with the combined forces represented they might bring Scott around if they threatened to oppose him during his fall election campaign. Since Scott had been reëlected in 1964—a disaster year for Republicans generally in the Goldwater debacle—partly through the dogged efforts of



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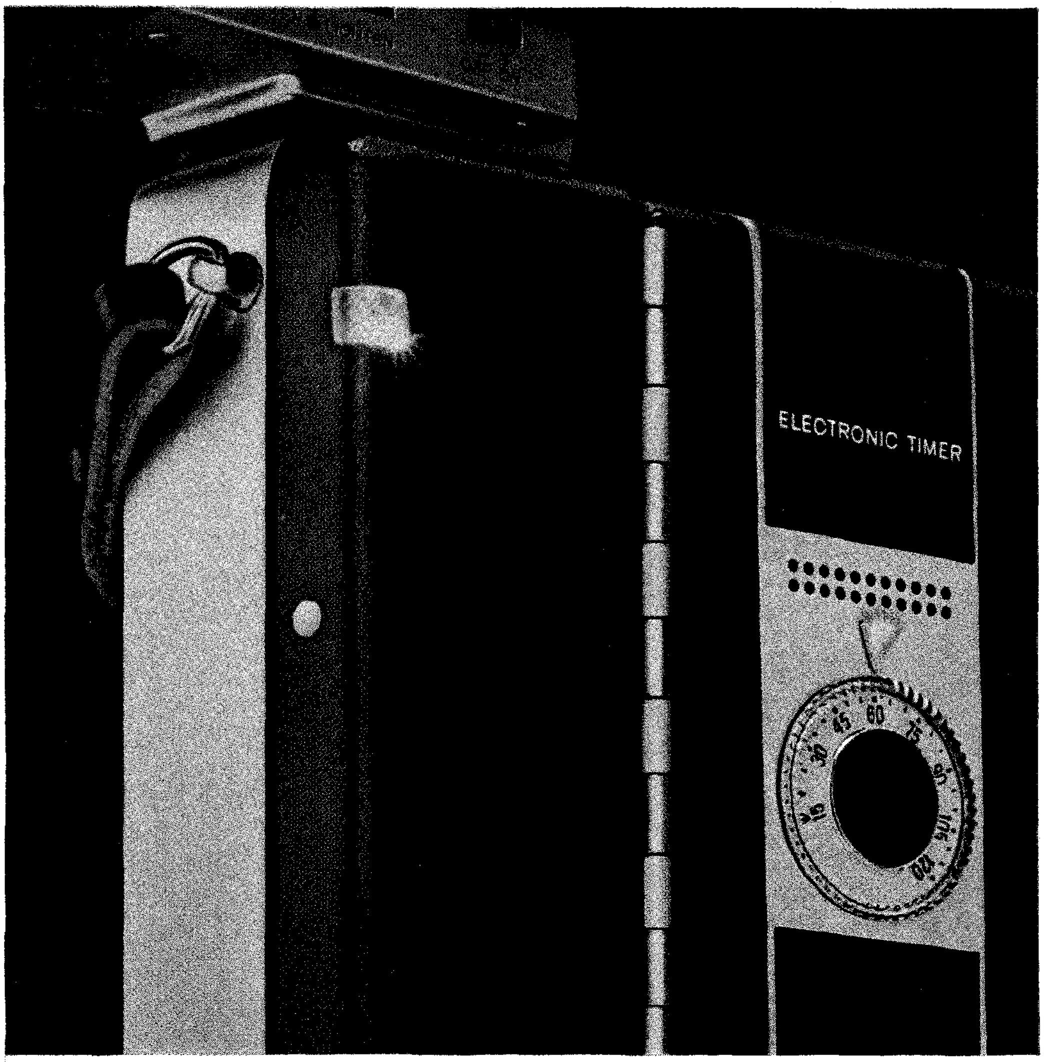

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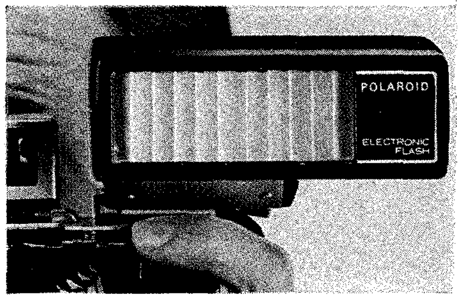

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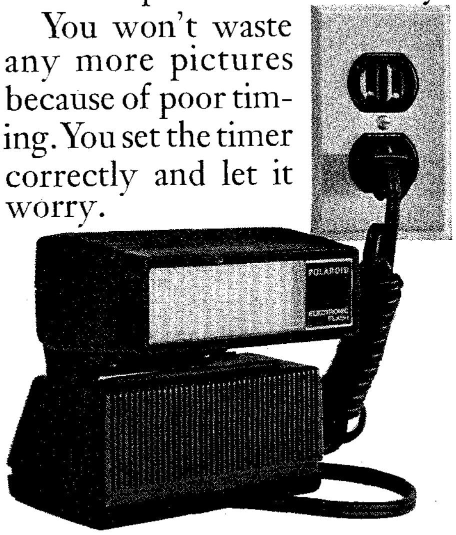

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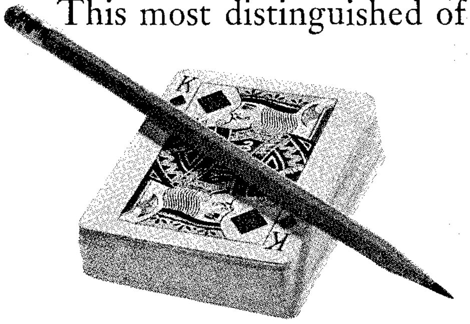

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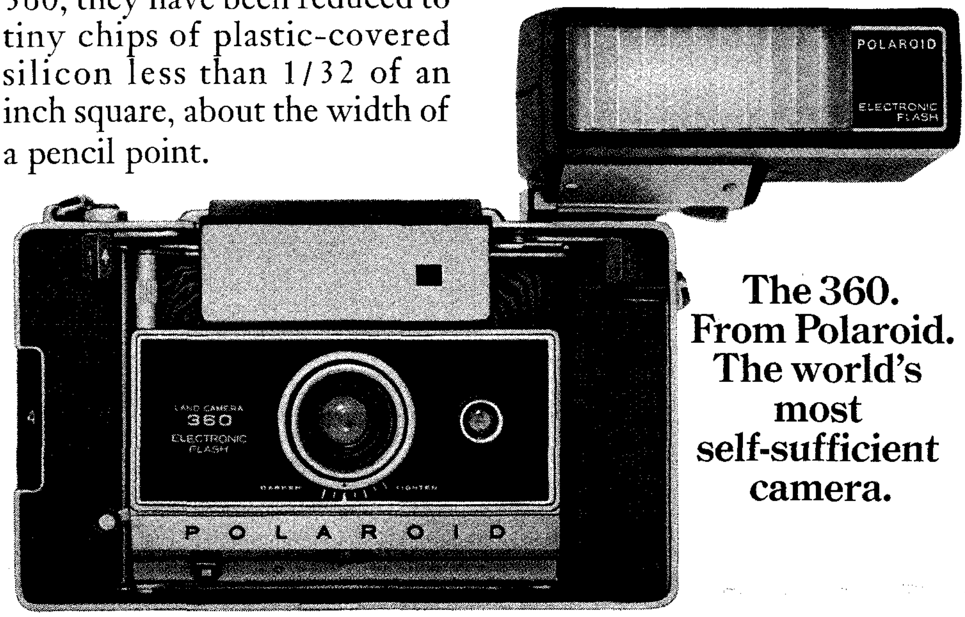

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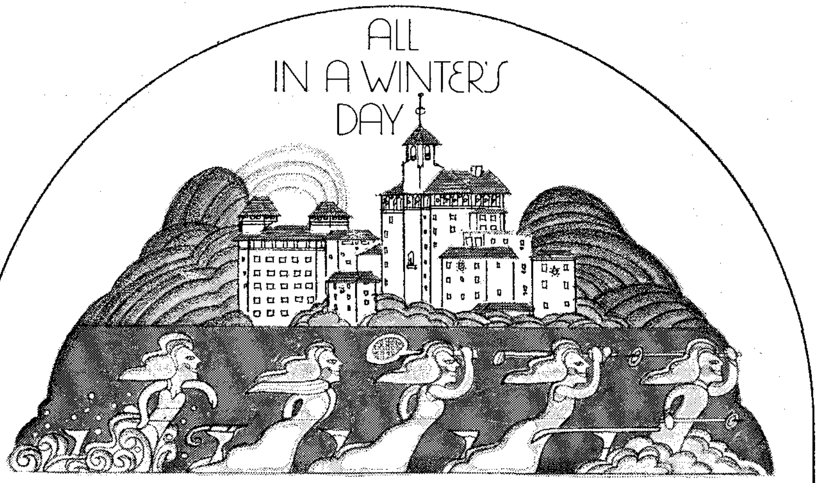
Clarence Mitchell and his followers, who persuaded black voters in Pennsylvania to split their ticket and return Scott to the Senate as a reward for his twenty years of fighting for civil-rights progress, the threat that Mrs. Edelman proposed would have had great force. But when word of the proposal reached Mitchell, who prided himself on his closeness to certain senators, especially influential senators like Scott, he was aghast at the suggestion. "I won't be a party to anything that would harm my friend Senator Scott," he kept saying. The others realized that Mitchell was primarily concerned at the time about the fate of the Voting Rights Act, which he had shepherded through Congress in 1965, and which he and Scott were now desperately trying to save from the Administration's attempts to weaken it. While Mrs. Edelman shared their concern on this score, she felt that the battle for the Voting Rights Act could be waged simultaneously with the battle against Carswell; both, she argued, involved the same principle, and they should be given the same attention.

With this in mind, Nelson and Brasfield went to one of Tydings' aides and asked to have a meeting with the Senator to discuss the possibility of his taking over the leadership of the move to defeat the nomination. Tydings wanted to know where Mitchell stood on the matter—since he had long been known on Capitol Hill as Mr. Civil Rights—and when word of the men's visit reached Mitchell it had a galvanizing effect. As a friend of Mitchell's said later, "Clarence had a temper tantrum when he heard about it. He rushed off to the Hill to talk to what he calls 'my senators.' If anybody is going to do anything about civil rights here, it's going to be Clarence." After some thirty years in Washington, Mitchell was as fussy about protocol as an ambassador's secretary, and he went down the line of liberal Democrats on the Judiciary Committee by seniority until he got to Tydings, who tentatively agreed to take over, although, as he later remarked, "there seemed depressingly little to take over."

Mitchell's commitment meant that there was far more to take over than there had been before. Without his help, Carswell's opponents would have had no hope; with it, they had some. Despite his resentment over any interference in his province, his involvement in the Carswell case had been as early and as deep as anyone's. After the first meeting held in Bayh's office following the nomination, it was clear



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that he was close to tears. "But he saw he had zero support," one of the participants said later. "He kept trying to get others involved, but he became so emotional that they stopped listening. Still, he went on trying, and when things got moving his mood was decisive. In the end, it was Clarence more than anybody else who turned on the big guns in the labor movement." Mitchell went at things with the single-minded intensity that had brought success to so many of the civil-rights battles he had fought over the years. "The most important thing I was troubled by in the beginning was that senators who had voted against Haynsworth and who were up for reëlection didn't want to take the political risk of voting against another nominee if there was no chance to win," he said not long ago. "The big problem was how to convince them that there was a chance. For that, we needed time. Second, the White House had painted a picture of Carswell as a moderate and had succeeded in convincing people who ordinarily aren't likely to be taken in—men like Scott and Griffin—that it was a fair representation. We had to show them that he not only wasn't a moderate but wasn't even a conservative, that actually he was an outright reactionary. And, third, many senators felt that since they had rejected one nominee, they didn't want to overplay their role as advisers and consenters. We had to convince them that the safety of the nation was at stake."

AS Rauh saw it at this stage, the most crucial need of all was time—first, so that further investigative work could be done to see if there were any more black marks on Carswell's record, and, second, so that a large enough grass-roots campaign against the nomination could be planted to convince members of the Senate that it would be riskier for them to vote for Carswell than against him. Once again, the Voting Rights Act was to play a crucial role. The previous December, the Senate had agreed to make the debate on the revision of the act its first order of business on the first day of business after March 1st. Now Carswell's foes saw a chance to buy a sizable chunk of time—at least a month—if they could delay the floor debates on the nomination until after that date. This task fell to Tydings, and when the hearings ended and the Judiciary Committee went into executive session to consider the nomination, on February 3rd, he immediately moved that Carswell be called back to answer the charges that

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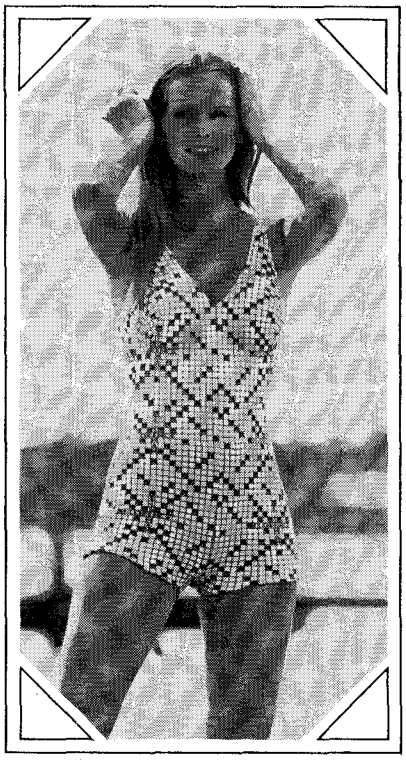

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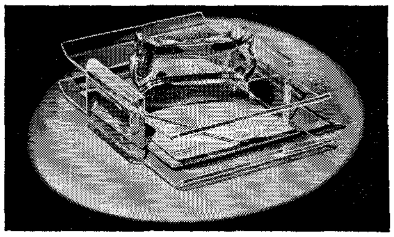

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had been made since his appearance before the committee—chiefly those made by civil-rights lawyers who had testified about his treatment of them in court. Most of the committee's members were anxious to dispose of the nomination before it became any more embarrassing politically, and the motion lost by a vote of nine to six. In its place, a motion was approved to dispatch a letter to Carswell asking him to reply to the recent accusations in writing. (This time, Carswell simply ignored the questions that had been raised and repeated his contention that he was not a racist.) In an unexpected move that appeared to undercut Tydings' efforts, Bayh, who was more optimistic about getting his direct-election amendment through than he was about defeating Carswell, tried to use the nomination to dislodge the amendment by calling for a package deal—a vote on Carswell in committee on February 9th, less than a week away, and a vote on direct election by April 24th. If Carswell's friends had accepted this motion, their man would almost certainly be on the Supreme Court today, since the time needed to build up resistance to the nomination would have been lost. But Senator Thurmond, who probably believed in Carswell more fervently than anyone else in the room, immediately and unwittingly set out to defeat the nomination. First, he moved that the Bayh proposal be tabled; since the other supporters of Carswell wanted to get the nomination to the floor for a vote, they turned down the Thurmond motion by a vote of twelve to four. That automatically made Bayh's proposal the pending order of business, whereupon Thurmond, having set a neat trap, jumped into it. To the delight of Carswell's foes and the dismay of his friends, Thurmond set off on a ranting filibuster, which went on until Eastland cut him off by adjourning the meeting, subject to reconvening at his call. Tydings planned to use the committee's unique "right of holdover," a parliamentary device by which any member could ask for a one-week delay on any vote, which was granted automatically. Tydings' opponents were aware of his intention, and hoped to force him to use the holdover before February 5th, for otherwise it would postpone a vote until February 12th, the beginning of the four-day recess for Lincoln's Birthday. To this end, they finally induced Thurmond to drop his filibuster when the committee met on February 4th by persuading him that it was harming Carswell far more than Bayh. Once the aid of this im-

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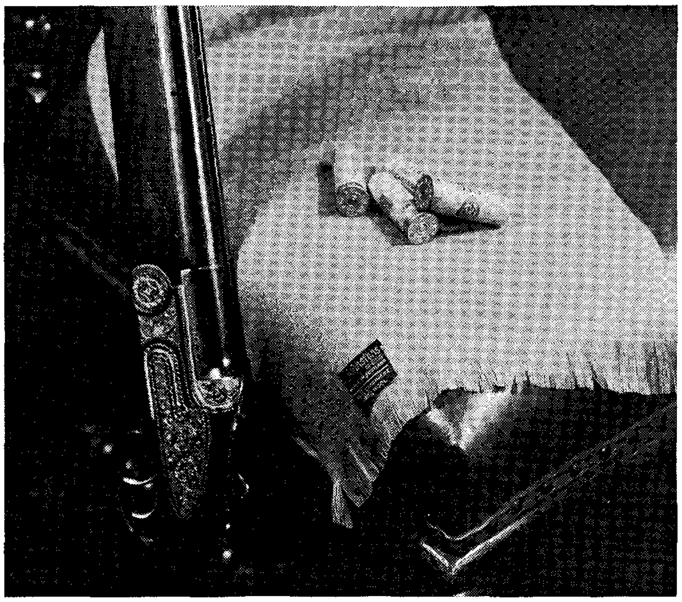

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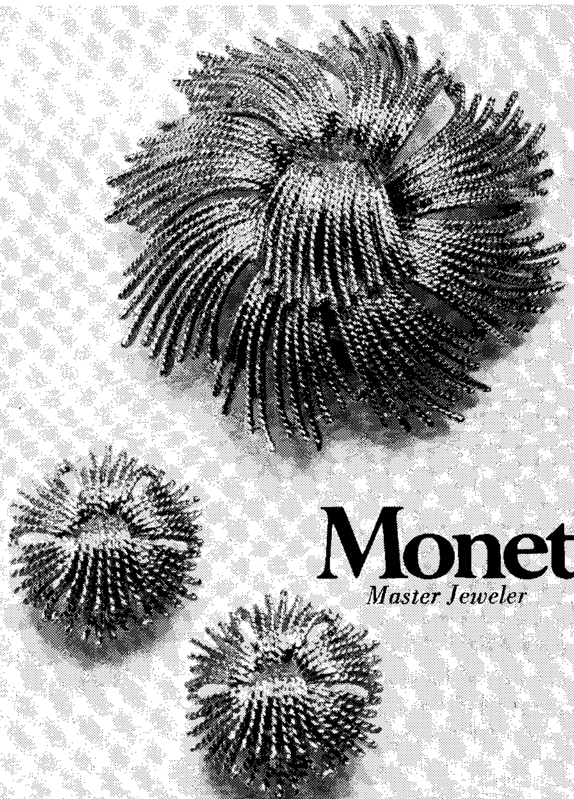

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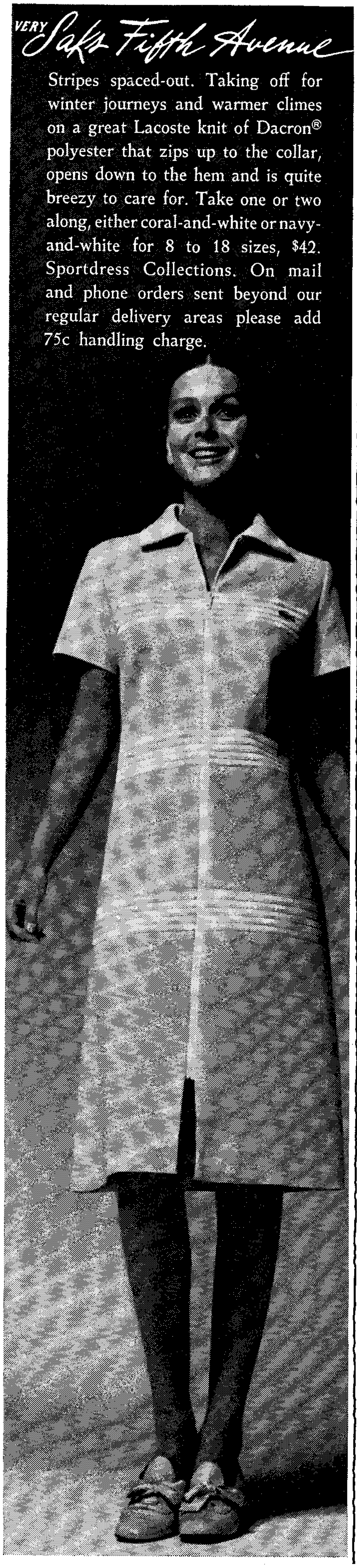

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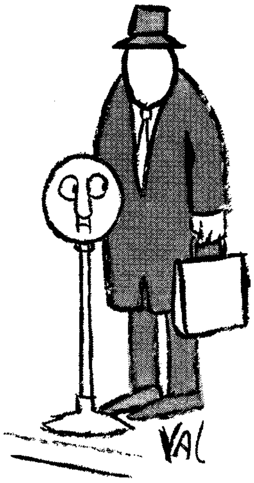
probable ally was lost, Hart and Kennedy took over and let it be known that they would object to any committee meeting that day while the Senate was in session—another parliamentary device that is automatically granted on request. At this, Senator Eastland announced that he would wait until the Senate adjourned in the afternoon or evening and then reconvene the committee. Tydings thereupon threatened to keep the Senate in session all night if necessary—by way of a filibuster of his own—to stop the committee from meeting. Outmaneuvered, Eastland and his allies gave up, and when the committee met on February 5th, Tydings used his right of holdover as expected. Before adjourning, the committee approved a revised version of Bayh's earlier proposal—to vote on Carswell on the first day after the Lincoln's Birthday recess, February 16th, and on the direct-election amendment by April 24th.

With that, the committee debate came to a close, and shortly afterward Bayh left town to fulfill commitments he had made to speak at several colleges in southern California. Most of them were small places—junior and community colleges where surfing, rock music, and the latest in sports cars ordinarily took precedence over even the most pressing national concerns. To Bayh's surprise, he found that the students and faculty members at each school were deeply upset by the prospect of Judge Carswell's becoming Justice Carswell. To test the depth of this mood, Bayh began attacking the President's choice—in a region that was strong Nixon country, since he was born and still spends much of his time there—and was even more surprised by the strength of the favorable reaction to each attack. In fact, he found that the stronger his attack the stronger the response in favor of it, so, like any politician who finds that something works, by the end of the tour Bayh was throwing haymakers at Carswell with both arms. "The audiences loved it," Keefe, who accompanied him on the trip, said later. "I think that convinced him there was grass-roots sentiment of great potential just waiting to be used." That impression increased when Bayh stopped off, on his way back to Washington, in Kansas City to address the local bar association. He wanted to talk about direct election, but his audience wanted to hear about Carswell, so he drew on the arguments and rhetoric that had proved most effective in California. The lawyers—a conservative lot, by and large—listened attentively, applauded each time he made a telling point, and gave him a standing ovation when he finished.



ALTHOUGH opposition outside the Senate was necessary, it meant nothing, of course, without comparable opposition inside that body. As the days passed after the hearings ended, Mrs. Edelman and Nelson grew increasingly discouraged as they tramped from one senator's office to another only to be met by the same responses. The experience was so dispiriting that finally they left the Senate and went across the Capitol grounds to see what help they could get from members of the House. The first stop was at the office of Representative Don Edwards, Democrat of California, who was chairman of the Democratic Study Group, a loose collection of around a hundred and twenty liberal Democrats. The D.S.G. has often been of crucial influence in the House, and although that body has no say in executive nominations, Edwards felt that this one was of such importance to the nation that his group should do whatever it could to stop Carswell from reaching the Court. To this end, he immediately drafted a statement, got approval of other key members of the group over the telephone, and issued a press release while the two were still there. Mrs. Edelman and Nelson then went to the office of Representative John Conyers, a Negro and a Democrat from Detroit, who had testified against the nomination at the hearings, in the hope that he might have some ideas, particularly about how they should go about preventing Minority Whip Griffin, who was also from Michigan, from going all out for Carswell, and how they might persuade Brooke, who was then still evaluating the situation, to break his silence. Conyers heard them out, and then, to their surprise, eagerly said, "Let's hold a meeting." He knew that Griffin could not hope to hold on to his leadership position if he opposed the nomination, but Conyers suspected that the Senator

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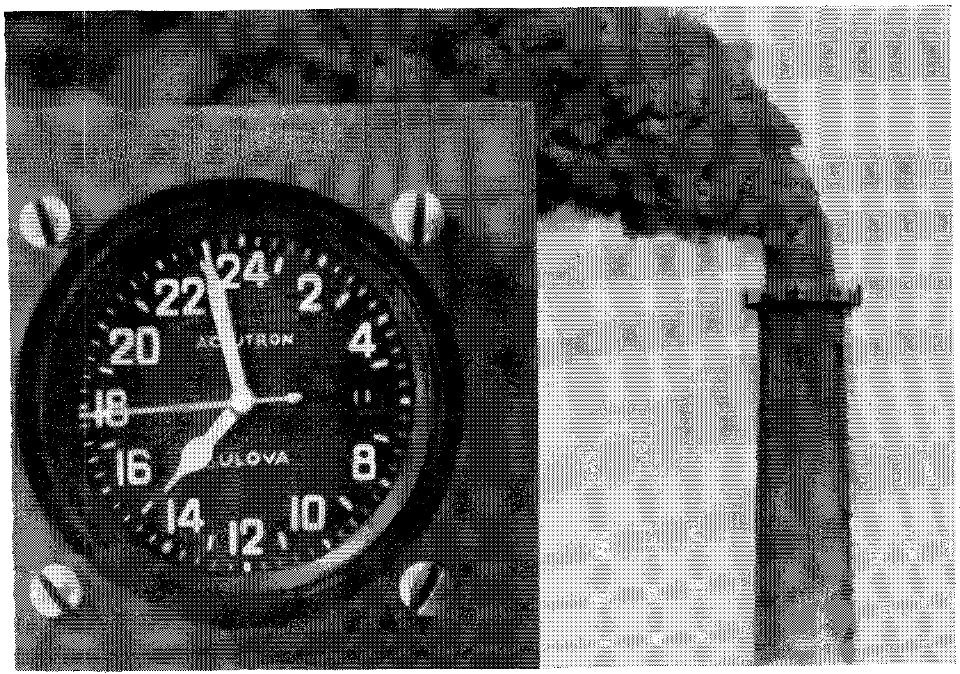

By Paul Rubenstein

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could at least be scared into working for Carswell out of the public view, which would at least limit his effectiveness. The meeting, which was attended by Mrs. Edelman, Nelson, Brasfield, and aides to the four Democratic senators involved, was largely devoted to a discussion of how the small anti-Carswell faction that existed could be broadened, how citizens' groups could be set up, and how the press could be sufficiently tempted by the case to do some more investigative work of its own. Conyers turned out to be angrier about the nomination and more determined to fight it than anyone had expected. "I wanted to make it a precedent that any nominee to the Supreme Court who is a segregationist must automatically be rejected," he explained afterward. "When Carswell's name was sent to the Senate, everybody said, 'Let's be realistic and accept the fact that he can't be defeated.' I didn't share that view at all. You can't be an American who is trying to bring about reform in a place as resolutely archaic as Congress and think that way, because everything you do is unrealistic in ordinary terms. We had to fight. And we all saw that members of the House could bring pressure on members of the Senate—on men like Griffin and Brooke—and that this could be effective. Anyway, I knew that I couldn't walk away from it when I believed that Carswell was a terrible choice and that most senators didn't fully realize it."

One of the group's first efforts was to bring Brooke around, but at the start that looked hopeless. "Brooke was really bad," one of the men who worked on him from the outside said later. "He wouldn't even talk to us. Nobody could get through to him except Clarence Mitchell, and he was too sympathetic to push hard. When Brooke's staff learned what we wanted to talk about, they wouldn't let us in to see him. Finally, Roger Wilkins, Roy's nephew and formerly a high government official, got to Brooke's top aide, who told him that the Senator had been very impressed by a letter he had seen from a man who had been a shipmate of Carswell's in the Navy during the war and who said that Carswell had always been decent to the Negroes aboard. Why shouldn't he have been? In those days, the Navy was segregated and Negroes served mostly as messboys and cooks, and he had the same relationship to them as he'd had to his own family's servants back home—that is, treat your 'niggras' decently but keep them in their place. The letter was

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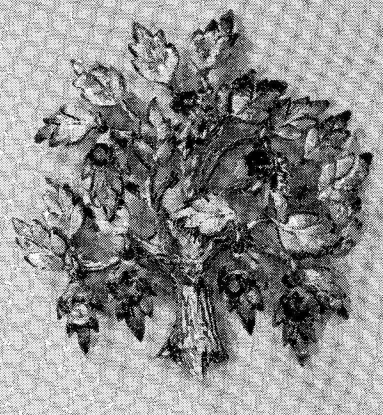

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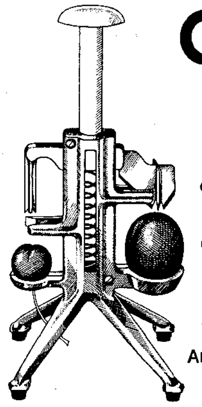

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nonsense, and Brooke, who had been in a segregated unit in the Army, must have known it. Using it as a justification for not opposing Carswell made it look very much as if Brooke were trying to get off the hook." To impale him firmly on it, the group asked for support from black ministers and activists, along with sympathetic labor leaders, in Massachusetts, and as the mail, telegrams, and telephone calls began to flow into Brooke's office he gradually stopped talking about Carswell's shipmate.

On February 15th, Conyers released the text of an open letter he had written to Senator Griffin, which was reprinted by the tens of thousands and distributed throughout Michigan. Pointing out that the Senator had opposed Haynsworth because of the revelations about his financial conflicts of interest, Conyers demanded that Griffin now "speak out against the racism of Judge G. Harrold Carswell," went on to remind him that at the last N.A.A.C.P. banquet in Detroit he had allied himself with the aspirations of that group, and added, "I wonder what kind of remarks you are going to bring us this year." (As it turned out, Griffin did not attend that banquet, but sent his regrets.) The day the letter was released, Conyers was at his home in Detroit when Stephen Schlossberg, general counsel for the U.A.W. and a leading participant in the movement to defeat Carswell almost from the start, telephoned him and said, "John, we've got to get ripping on this Carswell thing." Conyers agreed, and after a lengthy discussion the two men decided to set up an outfit called the Michigan Committee Against Racism in the Supreme Court—the first of the grass-roots lobbies against Carswell—in the hope that it would generate interest and help among influential citizens, concern on the part of the general public, and, finally, action by the press. "We organized it practically overnight and put together a fantastic coalition," Conyers recalled not long ago. The coalition included such disparate individuals and organizations as a district chairman of the Republican Party, a vice-president of the International Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union, the president of the Interdenominational Ministerial Alliance, the president of the Detroit chapter of the American Trial Lawyers' Association, the president of the Wolverine Bar Association, a member of the National Council of Catholic Women, and the executive director of the Metropolitan Detroit Jewish Community Council. Hundreds of

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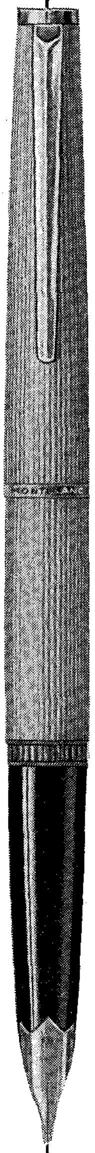
thousands of broadsides headed "We Call on Senator Griffin to Oppose Carswell" were sent out, along with letters to members of the committee's component organizations urging them to "write, wire, or visit Senator Griffin in an effort to prevent the confirmation of G. Harrold Carswell." Not long afterward, Conyers said, "Griffin was under such pressure at home that he wanted out. I understand he appealed to the White House to be released but was told that he couldn't back down on this one." For Griffin's own part, he later claimed that while the campaign had hurt him badly in Michigan, he had not been cowed by it, and said, "I don't see how I could have worked any harder for Carswell." Others felt that he could have worked a lot harder if he had not found it necessary to work covertly in order to avoid letting his constituents in on what he was doing.

A couple of days after the Michigan committee had a sufficiently imposing number of sponsors, Conyers held a press conference in Washington to announce its formation. Reporters had to be cajoled into coming, since committees of one kind or another seem to be set up there every three or four minutes, and the bait was not the new group itself but, rather, the rumor that Senator Daniel K. Inouye, Democrat of Hawaii and Assistant Majority Whip, would appear to declare his intention to oppose the nomination. At the time, the campaign against Carswell had bogged down listlessly, and his opponents were desperate to get some news favorable to their side reported. As it happened, Inouye had let them know some time before that he would vote against confirmation, and they had asked him to hold off his announcement until a time when it would help most. That time having arrived, Inouye told the reporters on hand that the nominee was "at best mediocre and at worst a slap in the face of the judiciary," and added, "The only good thing I've heard about Judge Carswell is that the next nominee will be worse." The severity of this remark put it on television news broadcasts that night and on the front pages of many newspapers the next morning, and the importance of Inouye's leadership position all but assured that his stand would bring half a dozen other senators to the anti-Carswell side.

IN the long run, few of the countless forces that pull and push at senators are stronger than the influence of their staffs. While influence is not the same



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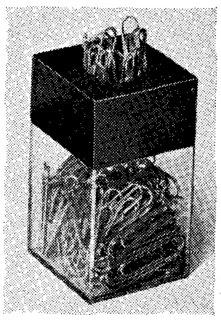

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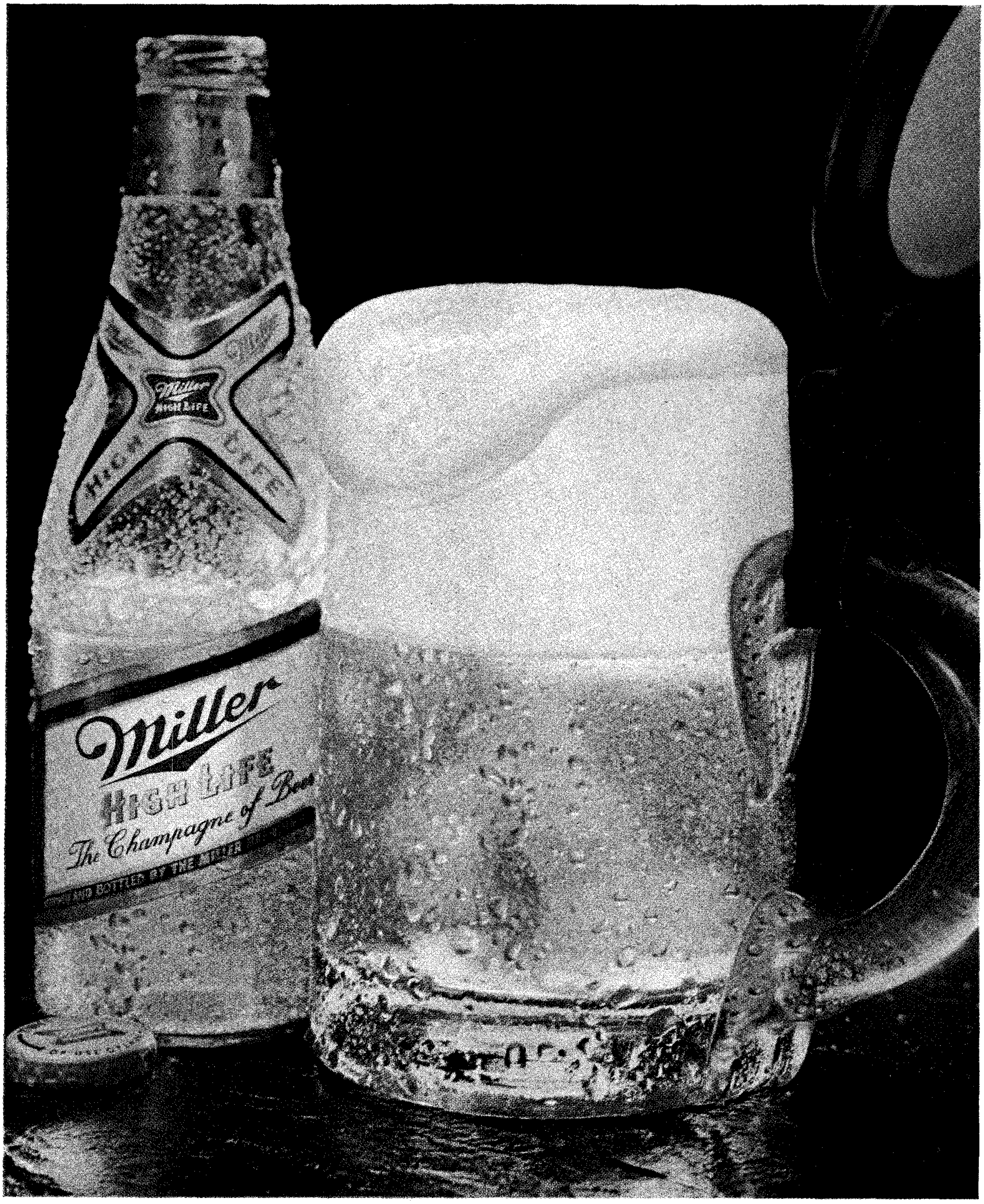
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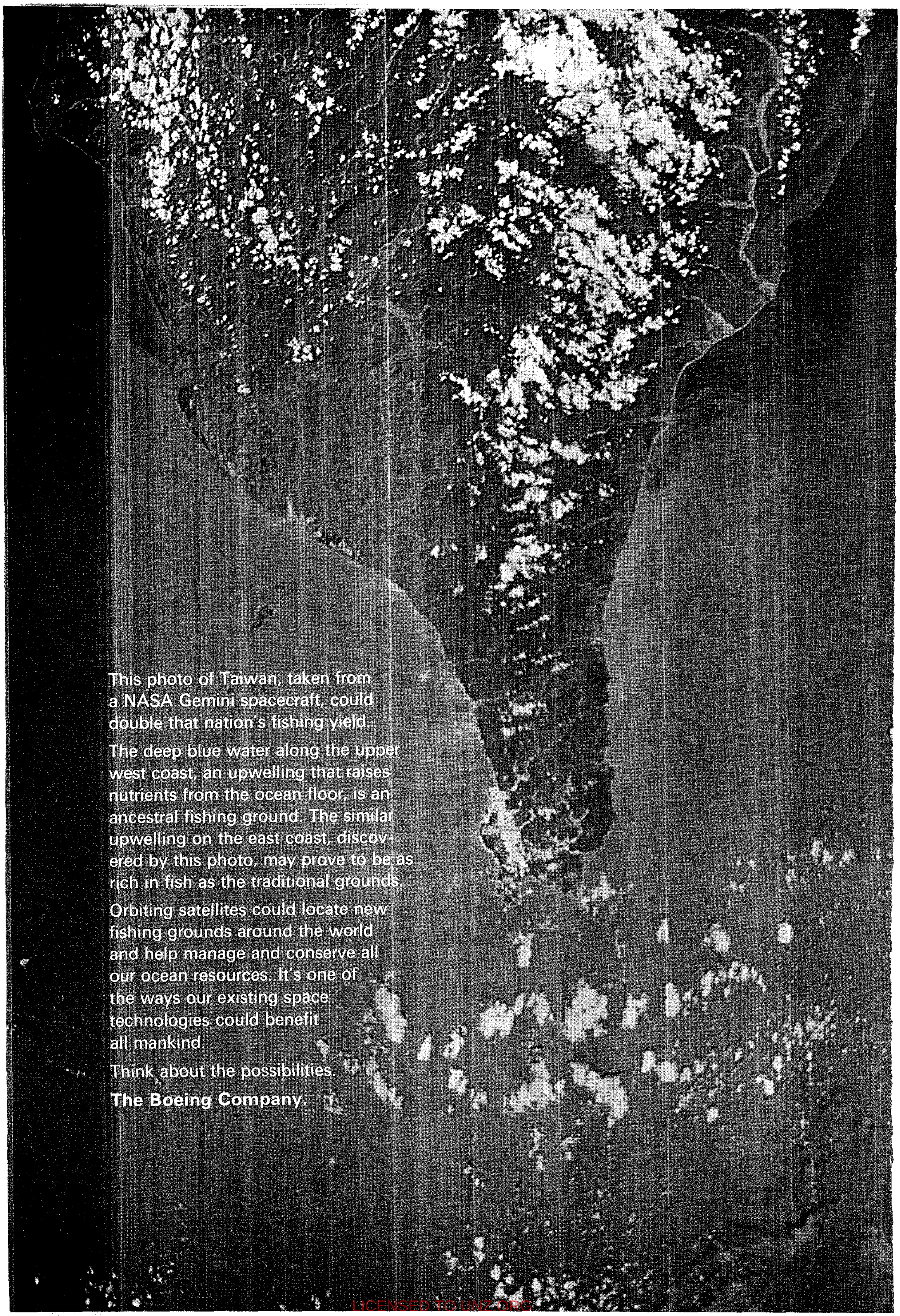

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as power, at times strong aides can make the two seem identical. To a great extent, the protracted and bitter quarrel over Judge Carswell's nomination to the Supreme Court was carried on by senatorial aides, and to an equally great extent the outcome was determined by their work. All this is not to say that any of them told their employers what to do, or even suggested a course of action openly; senators are far too vain and crotchety a lot for that. Also, experienced aides are aware that the consequences of a political decision for a politician are far different from what they are for someone who helps him reach it, and they are usually reluctant to press their man too hard. For the most part, staff members exert influence by carefully marshalling and presenting facts on both sides of an issue and by making sure that one side prevails; the most adroit of them also have an acute awareness of which direction their senator may be leaning in at any given moment and a sharp sense of timing. As the days and weeks passed, the efforts of assistants to the early leaders of the fight against the nomination had an increasing effect on their counterparts in other senators' offices, and these colleagues began to have an increasing effect on the senators *they* worked for.

A week after the hearings ended, Flug set off the first small explosion calculated to create this kind of chain reaction when he telephoned Thomas Bennett, legislative assistant to Senator Gaylord Nelson, Democrat of Wisconsin, and suggested that it might be a good idea to call a Monday Morning Meeting to talk about Carswell. The Monday Morning Meeting—similar, on the staff level, to the Wednesday Club—consisted largely of a group of legislative assistants to liberal Democratic senators who discovered shortly after the 1968 election that the usual sources of information from the executive branch were closed off and decided that they could be of help to each other if they got together from time to time and discussed the major legislative issues before the Senate. Bennett agreed that it would be a good idea to call a meeting, and also agreed with Flug that it be billed as a frankly anti-Carswell session, to protect any aides who might not want to attend such an affair if it might seem to commit their senators to one side when they were uncommitted. Despite this, nearly thirty aides showed up for the meeting, which was held not on Monday but on Wednesday, February 4th, in a large room in the Old Senate Office Build-

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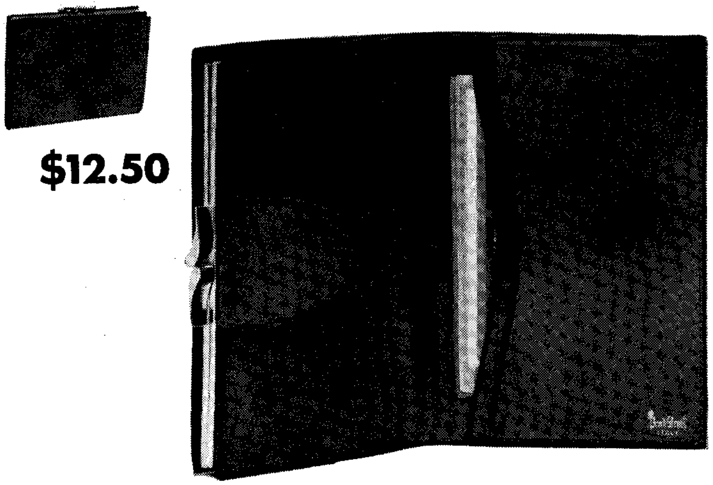

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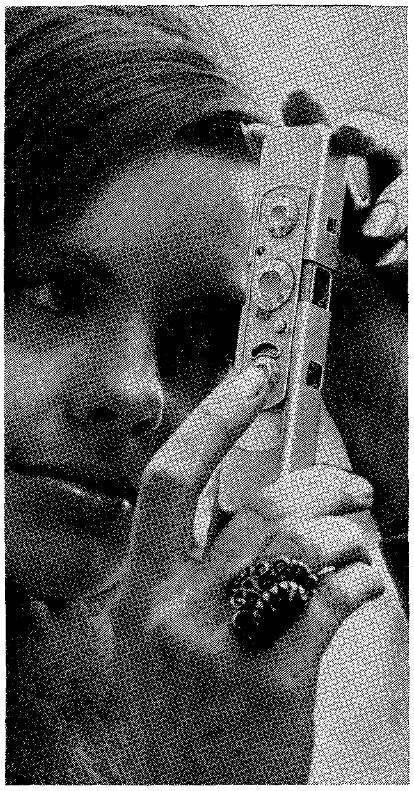

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ing that was otherwise used only on Tuesdays, by senators' wives who gathered to roll bandages for the Red Cross. Rauh was on hand to present the case against Carswell, and in the opinion of several participants he was extremely persuasive. "Joe is a very passionate advocate, and by the time he was finished cutting up Carswell the Judge could have used the entire supply of bandages prepared by the ladies the day before," one of them said later. "Most of us had been unaware that a case of that magnitude could be made." When Rauh completed his presentation, Flug got up and went through the same head count that he had sent Kennedy. "That was dangerous, since no guy likes to be told how his boss is going to vote before his boss has voted," Flug said afterward. "But it worked, because after Rauh spoke and everybody saw that Carswell was a terrible choice and then the theoretical vote count showed he could be stopped, no one cared about a small matter like that. In fact, it was remarkable how little everybody cared throughout the fight about who got the credit, who was running things, or any of the other little sensibilities that often cripple this place."

In the opinion of some others who attended the meeting, its effect ranged from crucial to irrelevant. Probably the most balanced impression came from Bennett, who said later, "As a legislative assistant, you have such great demands on your time that you have to set priorities, and usually you set each one on the basis of how short a fuse a given issue has. Rauh presented his case so convincingly that it got those who were present to think about it seriously. Before that, they figured their bosses wouldn't go for it, but he exposed them to the basic facts—that Carswell was worse than Haynsworth, that the civil-rights people were dead set against him, and that he was not of the calibre to be on the Court. That got their attention and gave them information, and then Flug's head count, which may have seemed rather inflated at the time but still possible, made it look worthwhile. The upshot was that the meeting put Carswell on their agenda as a priority item."

Another participant, Douglas Jones, a former professor of economics who was legislative assistant to Senator Mike Gravel, Democrat of Alaska, found the affair helpful but by no means decisive. "My inclination toward Carswell was negative when I got to the meeting, but I hadn't made a judgment yet," he said afterward. "The main effect of the session was that it provided a bib-

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liography of the material against Carswell. Then, gradually, the material I got afterward convinced me that my boss would probably want to oppose the nomination." Gravel was the only Northern Democrat to vote for Haynsworth, and it was generally assumed that he would also support Carswell. But no one, including Jones, had any idea of where he stood on the second nomination, because he had been out of town since it was announced. To prepare background information for him to read on his return, Jones obtained more material from Flug and then worked with other members of Gravel's staff to put it together. "The principal question we faced was: If it is the right position, on the merits, to vote against Carswell, how does one go about marching, in a political sense, from a vote for Haynsworth to a vote against Carswell?" Jones explained recently. "We had to find a way to move logically from a yes vote to a no vote. We began by going over why the Senator had voted for Haynsworth. In that case, there had been three major concerns—judicial ethics, judicial stature, and the race issue. Senator Gravel felt at the time that while Haynsworth's sense of ethics could raise certain misgivings, they were not compelling enough to justify voting against him. On the question of judicial stature, the Senator felt that although Haynsworth was not the most eminent judge in the country, he was highly competent. As for the race issue, that seemed just not legitimate. Then we measured Carswell by these standards. In his case, the race issue clearly had been properly raised. And on ethics we felt that this includes a lot more than simply finances. For example, how does one use one's office? It was apparent from the hearings that Carswell's treatment of Northern lawyers working on voter registration was improper, and his behavior and demeanor in court suggested a lack of ethics in this sense. After that, we had to consider the importance of Senator Gravel's having been the only Democrat from the North to support Haynsworth. If the Senator came out against Carswell, he would probably create a similar inclination among some other senators who had also voted for Haynsworth, because they would conclude that here was someone who had voted for Haynsworth, showing there was no sectional bias involved, but who just couldn't take Carswell. That meant Senator Gravel's vote would amount to several votes, not just one."

When Gravel returned to the capi-

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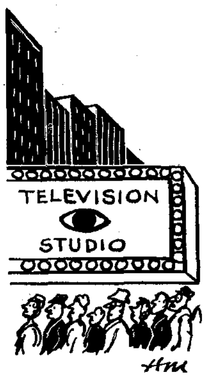
tal, Jones gave him the memorandum the staff had prepared, along with a speech to accompany his announcement if it turned out that the Senator agreed with the staff's conclusions. Aside from these documents, there was little in the way of pressure on Gravel. During the entire seventy-nine days from the nomination to the final vote, his office received only seventy-five letters, postcards, and telegrams concerning Carswell—against him by a ratio of eight to one. To be sure, some union people phoned and stopped by, but they had little or no effect on him. Nor did the personal lobbying on the opposite side by Senator Ernest F. Hollings, Democrat of South Carolina, who took the opportunity offered by his daily association with Gravel as his jogging partner to ask him to support Carswell. In fact, the only effective appeal from the outside was a letter from Roy Wilkins, which Gravel found solidly persuasive. Gravel spent most of his first weekend back in town going over the staff memorandum, the transcript of the hearings, Wilkins's letter, and a number of speeches made in the Senate during his absence. As Jones expected, the Senator found the evidence against Carswell so compelling that he decided he had to oppose the nomination, whatever the political implications. And, like a surprising number of other senators, he decided the issue solely on its merits. "This was one of those cases where most senators were statesmen," Jones remarked later. "In the privacy of the night, they thought about the Republic." While Gravel's decision was statesmanlike, the timing of his announcement was political. When Bayh and Kennedy learned that he was prepared to vote against the nomination, they got in touch with him and asked that he hold off making the statement on his stand until a propitious time. Gravel agreed and said that his speech was all ready.



On the day that the Senate recessed for Lincoln's Birthday, the Washington *Post* ran a long and minutely detailed editorial on Judge Carswell's civil-rights record—written by James Clayton, who was to compile a remarkable amount of original research for use in the battle against the nomination. After recounting, step by step, Carswell's judicial efforts to obstruct school desegregation in the South, Clayton concluded, "He proceeded as slowly with desegregation as any judge could without courting brutal rebuffs from above and even then he was reversed consistently. He refused to speed things up when higher courts and national policy required a speedup. He protested when the Fifth Circuit entered a specific order in a case going back to a judge who was known as an opponent of desegregation. This is a record of delay, postponement, resistance, almost all across the line." By this time, Herblock was directing his political cartoons against Carswell almost daily, and other political cartoonists and editorial writers across the country began joining the anti-Carswell forces in increasing numbers.

WHEN the Judiciary Committee convened on February 16th to vote on the nomination, Carswell's opponents had no expectation that he would be defeated in the committee, but they had some hope that the division would be narrow enough to impress any senators who might still be undecided when the time came for a final vote on the Senate floor. This hope rested mainly on the uncertainty about which way Republican Senators Cook and Mathias, along with Quentin N. Burdick, Democrat of North Dakota, might go, since all of them had privately expressed misgivings about the nominee. But in the end all three went with the majority, making the tally thirteen to four. The first vote, that morning, was twelve to four, with Cook abstaining. He had twenty-four hours to make up his mind, which he did by that afternoon. Still, his few hours of hesitation encouraged Bayh and the other dissenters about the prospect of bringing Cook around before the final vote. The hearing record was published that day, and Rauh was surprised to find that although it had been closed officially by the chairman at the end of the hearings, except for the addition of Carswell's letter, it now included a twenty-four-page letter from Hruska purporting to answer Rauh's testimony on the final day. When Rauh read the letter, he saw why Eastland had not permitted him an opportunity to offer a surrebuttal, for the document, which had been prepared by the Justice Department and revised in Hruska's office, was a concoction of inaccuracies and half truths. However, Rauh was greatly cheered when he noticed that Hruska alone had signed the letter, whereas in similar circumstances in the

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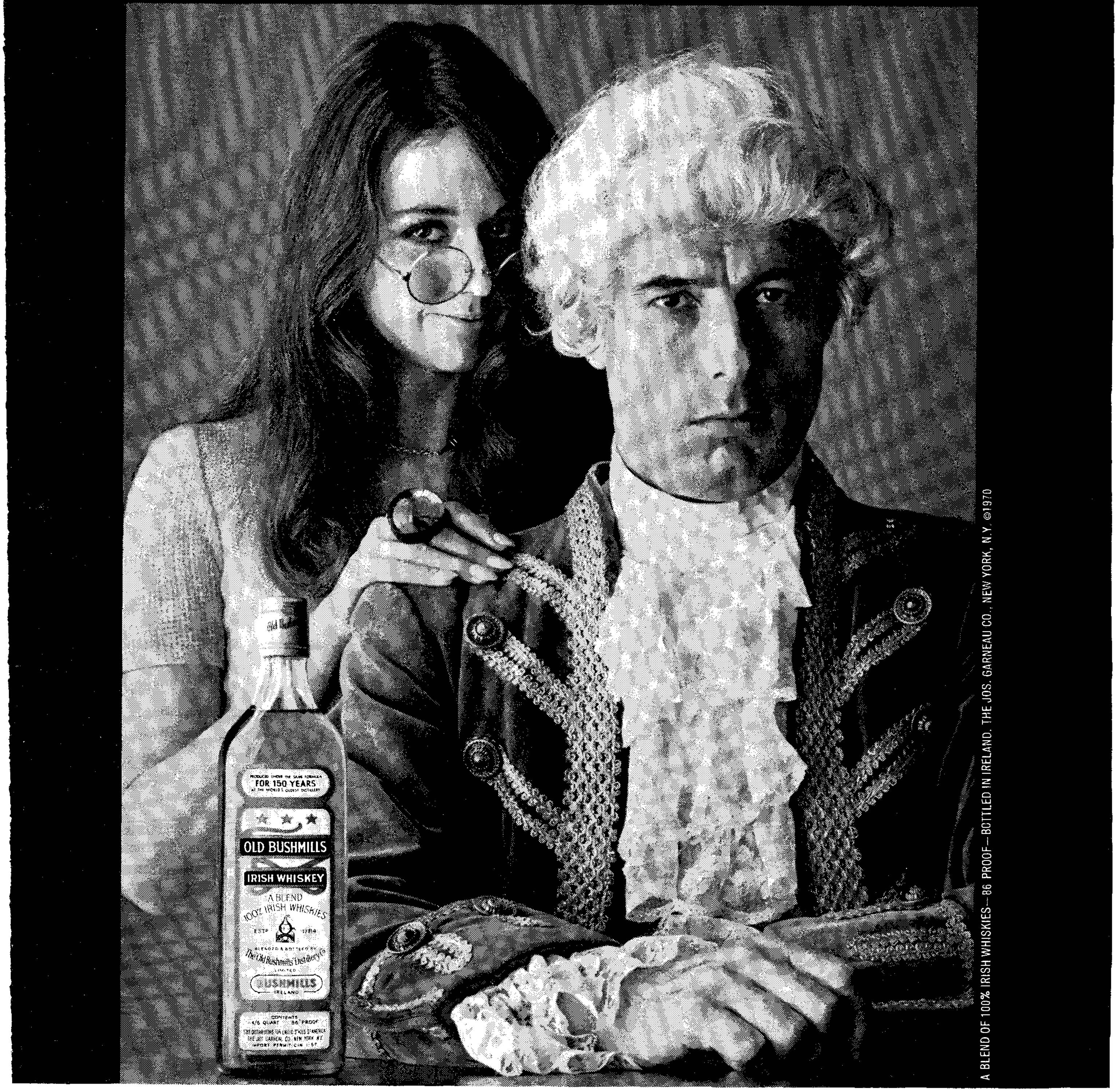
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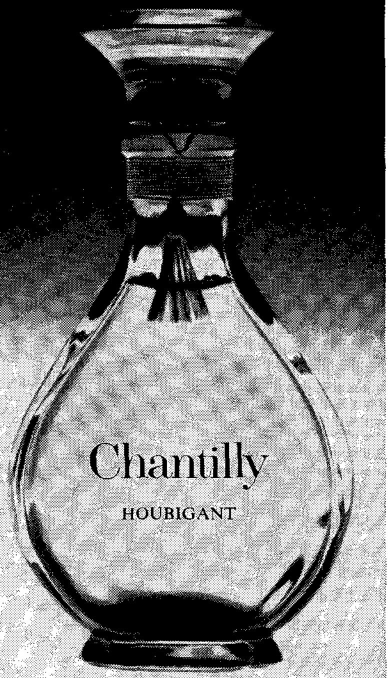

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Haynsworth case he had signed a joint letter with Senator Cook. "When I saw that, I gave a whoop, because it meant that Cook was still loose," Rauh said later. "So there was hope after all." That hope rose a couple of days later after Cook told reporters that despite his vote in the committee, he intended to "reserve decision" on the final vote when the nomination reached the floor.

Under an agreement reached by members of the Judiciary Committee, the minority report on the hearings was to be filed ten days after the majority view was submitted. To start the clock running, Hruska submitted it the day the committee voted out the nomination. Bayh and the three other opponents were slightly encouraged to see that Cook hadn't signed the document and that Mathias and Burdick had filed separate views expressing some reservations about the nominee. But the four were discouraged by the speed with which Hruska had acted, for it meant that the debate on the nomination would reach the Senate floor on the morning of February 27th—that is, in front of, not behind, the Voting Rights Act. On the following day, though, Senator Mike Mansfield, of Montana, the Majority Leader, announced that the nomination probably would not be brought to the floor until after the Voting Rights Act was disposed of. This made it clear that he intended to use the nomination as a procedural device to expedite passage of the Voting Rights Act. If the act reached the floor first, its opponents would not try to filibuster it to death, as they otherwise would have, because they did not want to delay the vote on Carswell. By this time, it also appeared that Mansfield had begun to see that the forces lining up against the nominee were not as feeble as he had thought. One day during this period, Charles Ferris, general counsel for the Senate Democratic Policy Committee, ran into Flug and asked how his cause was shaping up. Flug said he thought they had forty-four votes, and when Ferris laughed at the claim Flug pulled out the tally sheet he always carried with him and went down the list. Unable to find anything wrong with the count, Ferris sobered at once. Later, he reported this encounter to Mansfield, who also seemed impressed.

Although liberals outnumber conservatives in the Senate, ordinarily conservatives are far more effective, largely because they are more willing to paper over their differences for the sake of unity, whereas liberals insist on em-

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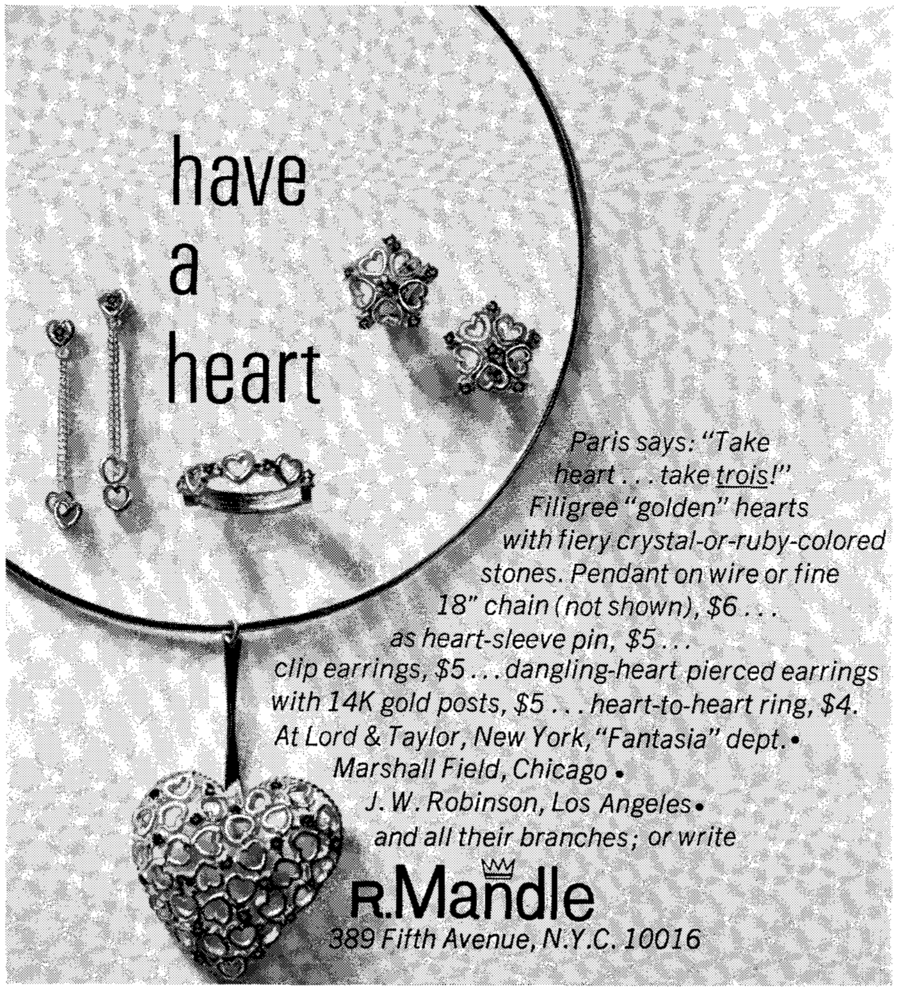
phasizing the palest shades of difference in their various positions to demonstrate for the record that they are thinking for themselves. By February 20th, the four dissenters' aides had completed a draft of the minority report on the hearings. To heighten its impact, they put it in the simplest form—a brief introduction stating that while the signatories opposed the nomination for varying reasons, they agreed on the major points, which then followed. The draft was submitted to the four senators that day. "Late that afternoon, everything fell apart," one of the authors said later. "It was a circus. The Senate was still in session, and the four got together just off the floor to go over the draft. They all refused to sign it unless it was rewritten as they wanted, and they all wanted something different. One of them wanted to play up this point and play down another, while the second wanted to do the reverse, the third wanted to emphasize something entirely different, and the fourth was dissatisfied with the whole thing. Also, the report was very tough and very purple, since it was a first draft, but apparently they thought it was the final version. They realized they would be signing a very strong document without sufficient evidence—for instance, on the subject of Carswell's evasiveness before the committee, which hadn't been corroborated yet—and they just refused." The impasse seemed unbreakable and, to the report's authors, a disaster from just about every point of view. To begin with, they knew that if the four senators didn't sign the same report, there would be no chance of getting other senators to line up with an obviously fragmented opposition. Moreover, without a cohesive report signed by all four, they couldn't hope to persuade outsiders to lobby against the nomination. Members of the press were watching closely, too, and if a weak and inconclusive report convinced them that the effort was not serious and united, they would stop covering the story. And, finally, Mansfield was the key man, and if he concluded that the four senators were squabbling among themselves rather than working tightly together for maximum effect, he wouldn't bother helping them out in all the large and small ways open to him as Majority Leader. To avert these calamities, two of the aides revised the report, excising the more inflammatory prose and unsubstantiated points, like the matter of Carswell's candor before the committee. That done, they presented the result—a pale document by



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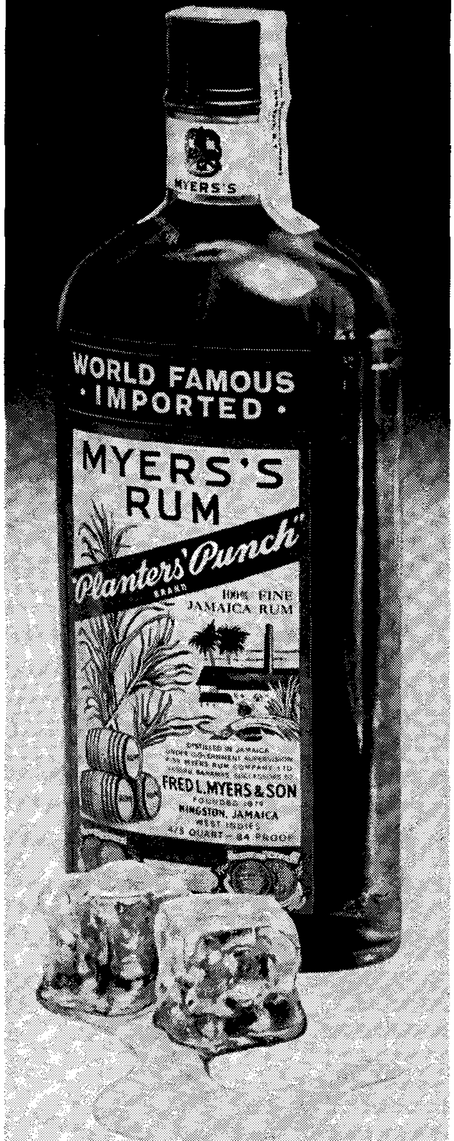

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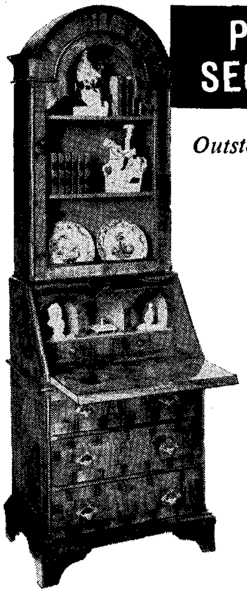
any measure—and after Kennedy spent an hour and a half persuading the others to accept the document they finally signed it, late on the afternoon of February 26th, the deadline for its submission. "We had hoped for a really stinging report that would catch the attention of other senators and the press and create a rallying point for the opposition," one of the aides said later. "The final version was about as stinging as oatmeal, but at least it concealed the division within our ranks. That helped."

Another bit of help turned up the next day, in the form of a *Times* story describing in detail how shortly after Carswell became a U.S. Attorney he helped organize the Seminole Boosters, an all-white club set up to raise funds for the Florida State University's athletic program. "The story wasn't a big one, but it kept things alive," Flug said later. "A lot of senators were scared by then that there would be a real bombshell, and the Boosters kept them scared. That stopped many of them from coming out for Carswell early and locking themselves in." While the possibility of a bombshell may have stopped some members of the Senate from announcing their support for Carswell, it did not prompt any of them to announce their opposition. Five weeks after the nomination was made, only nineteen senators had come out against it. Of these, only three were Republicans—Goodell, Brooke, and Jacob Javits, of New York (who held off until after the New York *Post* had editorially chased him around the block several times and Brooke had made his speech).

The most encouraging development for Bayh and his colleagues that week was the organization of a small group of some of New York's most eminent lawyers who decided to do what they could to stop Carswell from taking a seat on the Court. Led by Samuel I. Rosenman, once a speechwriter for President Franklin Roosevelt and a former president of the New York City Bar Association, the group was made up of Bethuel M. Webster, another former president of that bar association; Francis T. P. Plimpton, the current president; and Bruce Bromley, a former judge of the New York Court of Appeals and now a leading Wall Street lawyer. "We were stunned when we learned what they wanted to do," Bayh's assistant P. J. Mode said later. "About the last thing we expected was that men who were so much a part of the Establishment—in fact, they *are* the legal establishment—



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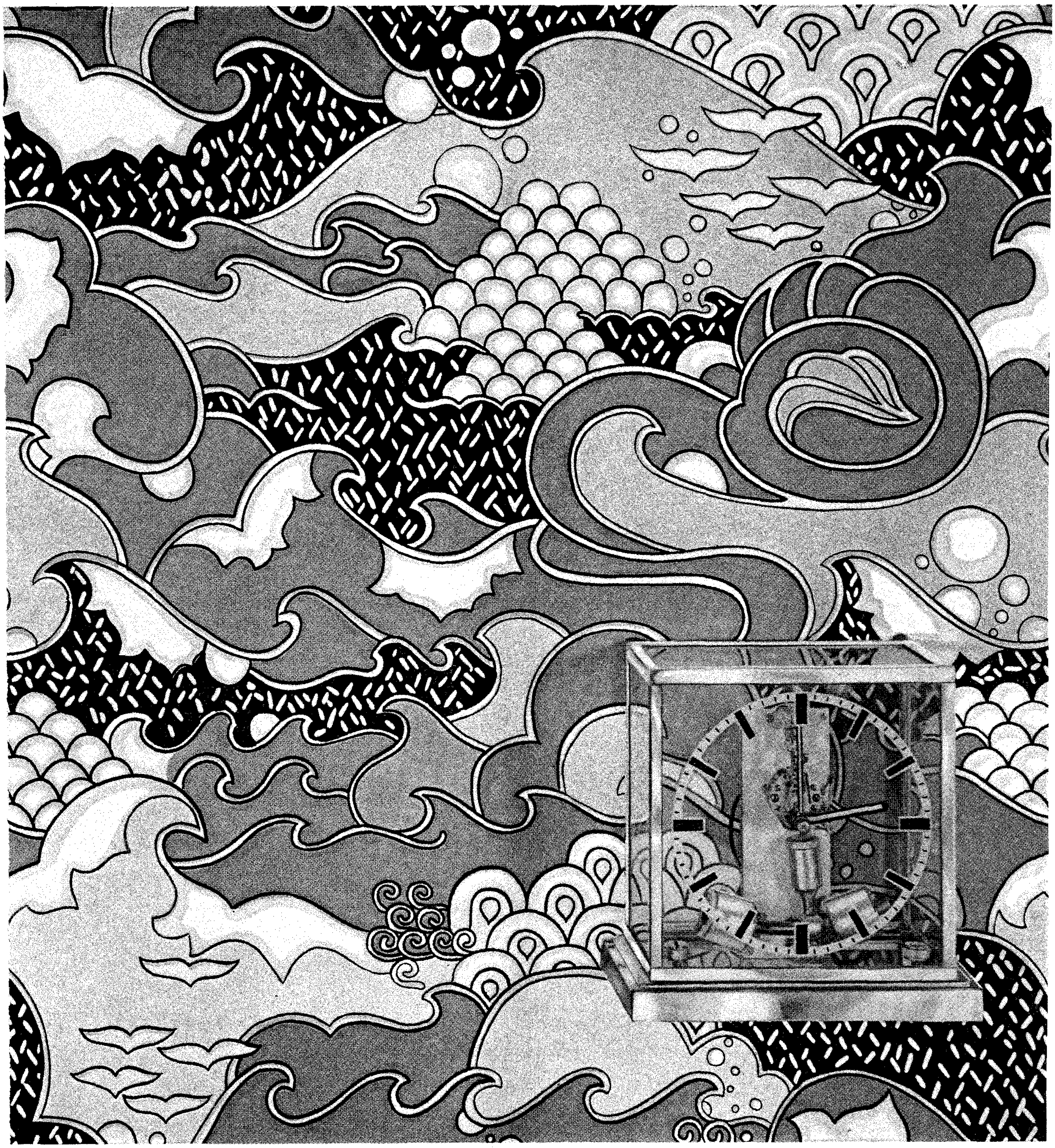

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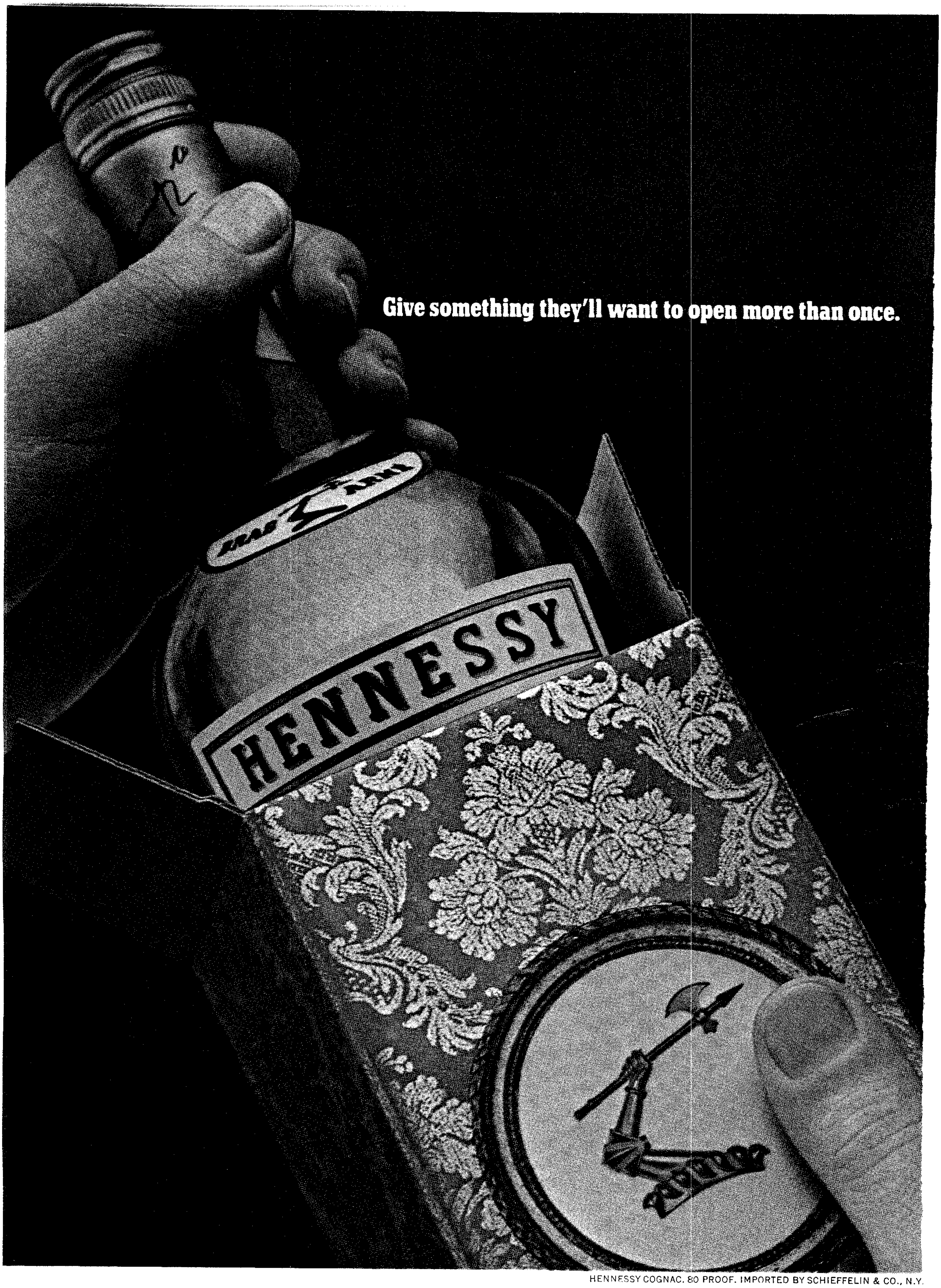
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would be willing to attack a Supreme Court nominee without any prodding from anyone." Rauh was surprised, too. "Men like these are generally moderates, but most of the time they avoid getting embroiled in such affairs, and their acquiescence ultimately gives support to the conservatives," he explained. "Now they apparently saw that they couldn't stand by any longer if moderation—not to mention the system—was going to be preserved in this country." Mode quickly got in touch with the Rosenman group, and when he learned that they planned to sign a letter urging Carswell's defeat in the Senate and place it as a full-page advertisement in the country's largest newspapers he suggested that it would be far more effective if they persuaded other leading attorneys to sign the letter, too. In the Haynsworth case, there had been little opposition on the part of lawyers—perhaps half a dozen law professors made public statements against that nomination—but Mode saw that their help could be invaluable.

Although at this stage Bayh had not yet decided to take active leadership of the anti-Carswell movement, his staff realized that he was days, or perhaps hours, from it. In anticipation of this step, Keefe, Bayh's chief aide, met with Mrs. Edelman, Nelson, and Brasfield on the day the minority report was filed, to go over what they had been doing and to give them whatever help and encouragement he could. Above all, they needed encouragement. "Despite all of our work, we still had only nineteen firm votes," Mrs. Edelman recalled not long ago. "It just killed us." The three had set up a small office—with the space supplied by the A.D.A., a clerk and a secretary by a private lawyer who was concerned about the nomination, and the postage by the U.A.W.—and had prepared the first of what they hoped would be an increasingly impressive series of broadsides called "Facts on the Nomination." The three also reported that they had some studies of Carswell's judicial history almost ready for distribution, and Mrs. Edelman added that she had been getting in touch with friends and acquaintances who taught at law schools in the East and urging them to turn on whatever pressure they could to persuade uncommitted senators from their states to commit themselves to the anti-Carswell cause. Most important, the group told Keefe of their efforts to get mail campaigns going in various key states, and said that they hoped the unions and the civil-rights groups, which had networks for that kind of opera-

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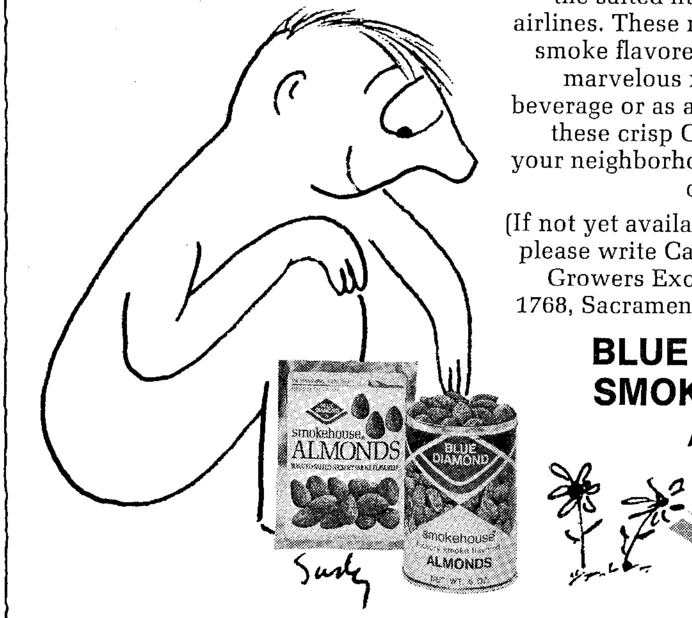

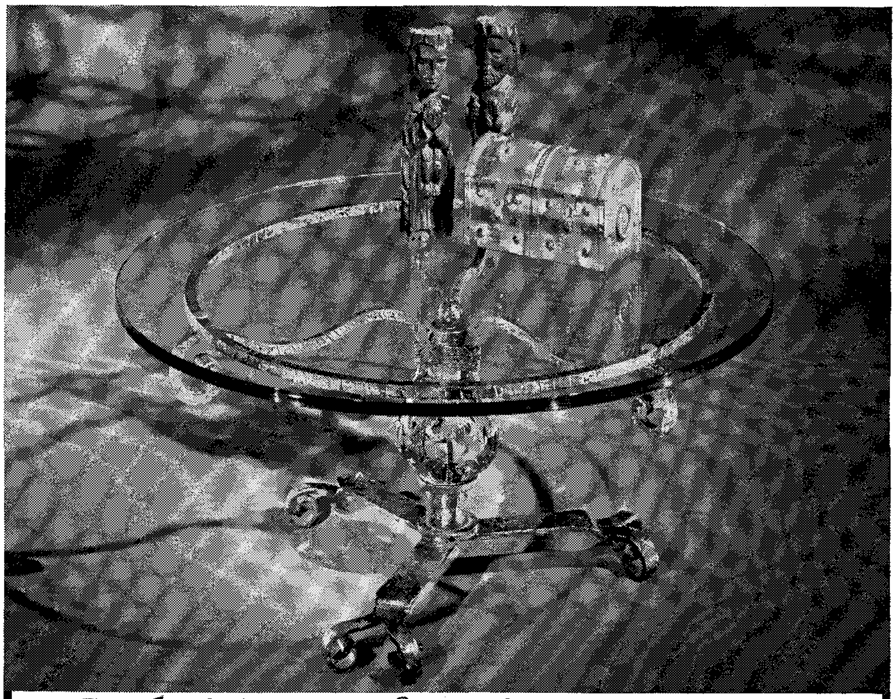

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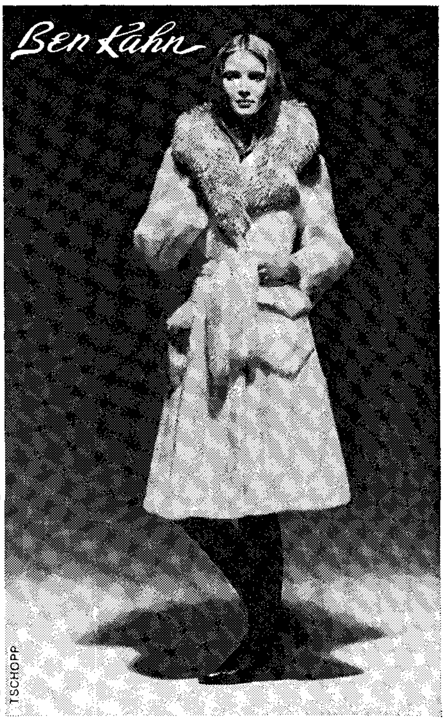
tion, would take over. "Mail was very, very important," Mrs. Edelman explained. "For example, Senator Eagleton was inclined to come out for Carswell quite early. I heard that his staff was pressing him to turn around but that he wasn't getting any mail and wouldn't listen. So we went to work, and when I ran into him at a dinner party several weeks later he told me that the mail in his office was running three to one against Carswell and was voluminous. I asked him where he stood, and he said that while he wasn't going to make it public just then, I didn't have to worry. So we added him to our head count."

That same day, Congressman Conyers held another meeting—the largest so far, with Senate staff members, several Democratic members of the House, and the usual group of outsiders—to devise the next moves. The chief problem was how they might line up more state and local outfits to work against the nomination, and after some discussion the standard list of labor, civil-rights, and civic organizations was drawn up and parcelled out among the participants. Conyers asked his House colleagues to do what they could to generate opposition to the nomination in their districts among professional—particularly legal—groups and civic organizations. (Representative Abner Mikva, of Illinois, persuaded seventy Chicago lawyers to sign a telegram opposing Carswell, and Representative William F. Ryan, of New York, persuaded the city bar association to pass a resolution calling for defeat of the nomination.) And everyone agreed to do what he could to get the press, which so far had had little to say against Carswell, involved and working on investigations of his background and his record. Then someone suggested that more should be done in the way of getting help from law schools around the country to broaden Mrs. Edelman's efforts. Conyers promised to appeal to the deans of the four leading law schools in Michigan. (Ultimately, he lined up all four of them.) As it happened, Professor Lowenthal, who had testified at the hearings, had called Mazaroff in Tydings' office just a couple of days earlier to ask what more he could do to help. He had already done a great amount of work by enlisting the support of law-school deans and professors to defeat the nomination. Mazaroff suggested that he serve as liaison between the Rosenman group and the Senate, and told him that the group planned to hold a large press conference as soon as they had enough



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signatures on their letter to make an impressive showing; they also intended to bring along Dean Derek Bok, of the Harvard Law School, Dean Louis Pollak, of the Yale Law School, and Dean-elect Bernard Wolfman, of the University of Pennsylvania Law School, who would be ready to discuss the nomination with any senators who wanted to hear their side, and Mazaroff asked Lowenthal to coördinate this effort, too. Mazaroff had mentioned this conversation to Lee Miller, another Tydings aide, who now reported it to those attending the Conyers meeting, and they agreed that Lowenthal would be the ideal man to oversee the contacts made with the legal academic community.

BEFORE Carswell's nomination, most members of the Senate apparently felt that a Supreme Court nominee's political philosophy was his own, and the President's, business, and that they had no right to include it in their considerations of whether a man should be confirmed. A number of them changed their minds when their attention was called to an article in the March issue of the *Yale Law Journal* entitled "A Note on Senatorial Consideration of Supreme Court Nominees." Its author, Professor Charles L. Black, Jr., emphatically disagreed with the prevailing opinion. "If a President should desire, and if chance should give him the opportunity, to change entirely the character of the Supreme Court, shaping it after his own political image, nothing would stand in his way except the United States Senate," he began the article. "Few Constitutional questions are, then, of more moment than the question whether a senator properly may, or even at some times in duty must, vote against a nominee to that Court, on the ground that the nominee holds views which, when transposed into judicial decisions, are likely, in the senator's judgment, to be very bad for the country." If one argued that senators had no such right, Black went on, then one gave the President a power disproportionate to what the Founding Fathers had intended. Early in the Constitutional Convention, he explained, the participants agreed to give the Senate the exclusive power to appoint all judges, and not until later was the President given any role in the process, which, Black wrote, "must have meant that those who wanted appointment by the Senate alone . . . were satisfied that a compromise had been reached, and did not think the legislative part in the process had been re-

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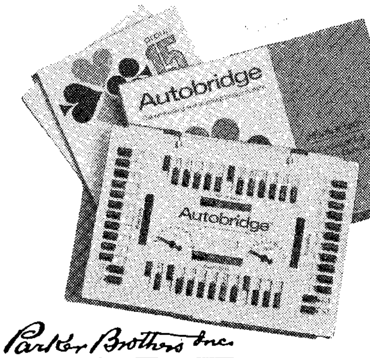

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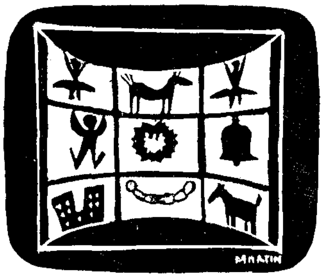
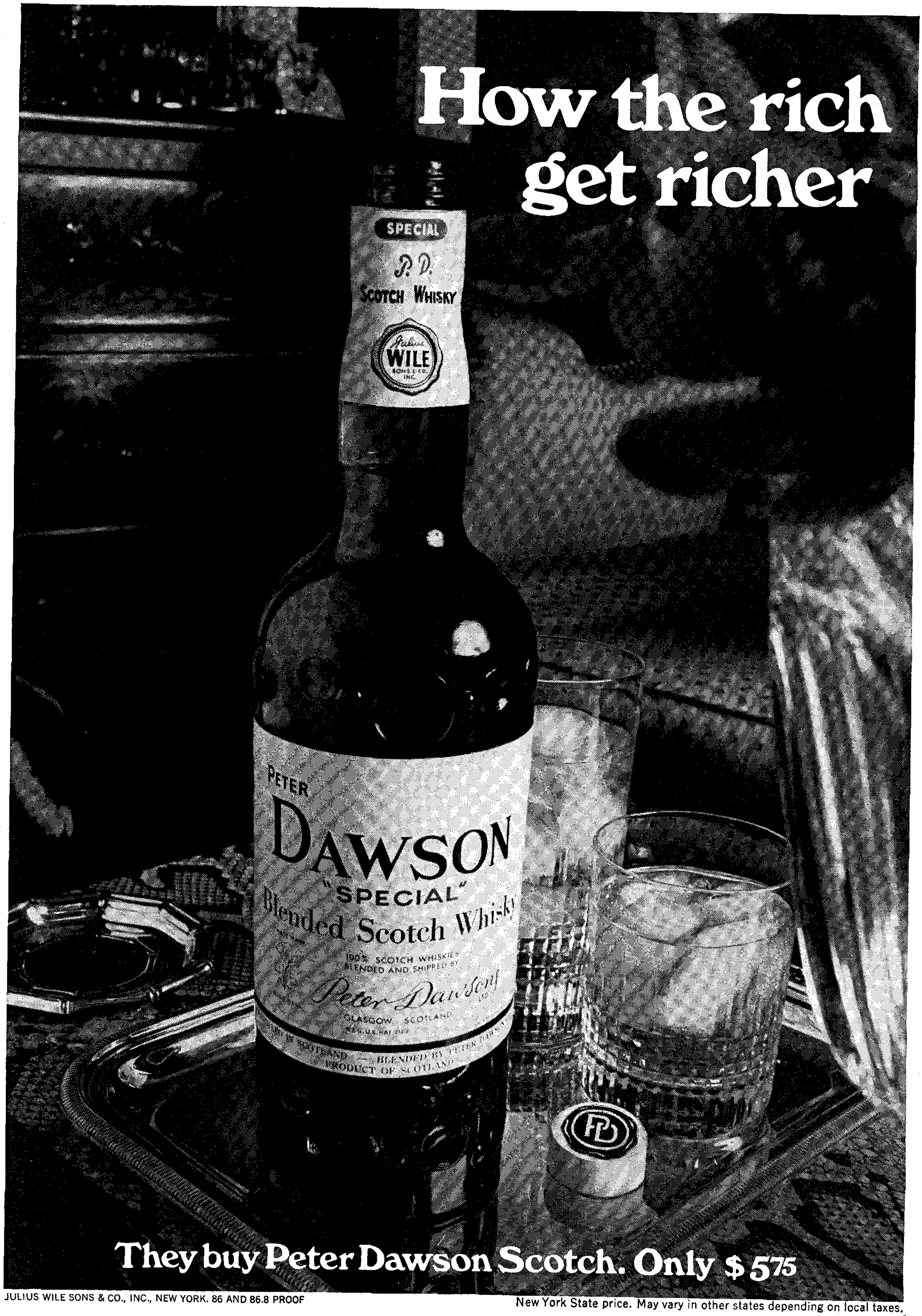
duced to the minimum." In "The Federalist," he continued, Hamilton had observed that the Senate's veto power over any selection "would be an excellent check upon a spirit of favoritism in the President, and would tend greatly to prevent the appointment of unfit characters from state prejudice, from family connection, from personal attachment, or from a view to popularity." Moreover, Black asserted, "In a world that knows that a man's social philosophy shapes his judicial behavior, that philosophy is a factor in his fitness. If it is a philosophy the senator thinks will make a judge whose service on the bench will hurt the country, then the senator can do right only by treating this judgment of his, unencumbered by deference to the President's, as a satisfactory basis in itself for a negative vote."

Black's article was distributed among members of the Senate who were uncommitted or were believed to be having doubts about the nominee's fitness for the highest court. Some of them were sufficiently impressed to go back to studies of what those who attended the Constitutional Convention had in mind when they gave the President the power to nominate and the Senate the power to accept or reject a nomination. Senator Richard S. Schweiker, a freshman Republican from Pennsylvania, who was to play a key role at the end of the contest over Carswell's nomination, was greatly influenced by these documents. Schweiker had come out for Carswell immediately after Hruska's briefing on the day of the nomination, and everyone assumed that he would stick to his decision—chiefly because of his relationship to Senator Scott, his senior colleague from Pennsylvania. As Minority Leader, Scott would be subject to attack within the Senate by those who wanted his job if he couldn't keep even his own junior colleague in line. And since Scott was up for reëlection, a defection on Schweiker's part would open Scott's flank to attack from outside the Senate by liberals and moderates back home, who would be sure to point out that the case against Carswell was so compelling that even a freshman senator who had every reason, politically speaking, to vote as Scott did couldn't bring himself to. And, finally, Schweiker hoped to wipe out the effect of his votes against the A.B.M. and Haynsworth, both of which the Administration and conservatives back home deeply resented. "I wanted to vote for Carswell, and at first I decided that the charges against him were more political than real," Schweiker said later. "But after reading Black's article and the studies on the Constitutional Convention and seeing what the Founding Fathers intended, I concluded that my first decision had been based on a misunderstanding of the Constitution. Having already made a mistake, I didn't want to repeat it. I literally forced myself not to get fixed in an inflexible position. Then, the deeper I got into the facts, the more I realized, first, that I had a terrific responsibility and hadn't been fully aware of the Constitutional aspects of it. Second, I realized that Hruska's assertion about Carswell's being highly qualified was untrue. And, third, I realized that with human rights making up such a crucial part of our problems today and his having been reversed unanimously seventeen times in that area, he just wasn't a man for our time."



THE Hruska-Eastland camp still had two days—Friday, February 27th, and Saturday, February 28th—in which to push the nomination onto the floor ahead of the Voting Rights Act, but Mansfield announced that any request to postpone floor action on the nomination for a day would be honored, as tradition dictated, and that no session would be held on Saturday except by unanimous consent. Since Bayh and his allies were prepared to request postponement and object to a Saturday session, that held off the debate until March 1st, when the Voting Rights Act became the first order of business. Senators Scott and Hart had drafted and co-sponsored a compromise revision of that law designed to deflect the Administration's efforts to weaken it, and they were confident that the Southerners who opposed the act would be forced to see that a delay on the compromise bill would mean a delay on the Carswell nomination. Since the Southerners did not have the votes to defeat the compromise, it was assumed that they would reluctantly accept action on it so that they could get on to confirming their nominee. Also, Easter came early this year, with the recess for it beginning on March 27th, and since the Senate had to get through the debate on the act and then the debate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on the nomination before Carswell could come up for a final vote, it was clear that a delay of even a couple of days might postpone that vote until early April. At the outset, Carswell's opponents had hoped for a month more to build up opposition, and Thurmond had given it to them when he filibustered against the direct-election amendment in the Judiciary Committee. Another month was desperately needed, but no one had much hope of gaining it until Senator James B. Allen, a freshman Democrat from Alabama, rose and began filibustering against the Voting Rights Act—not with any hope of defeating it but merely to show the voters back home that he had tried. In the end, that gave the anti-Carswell forces slightly more than another month. (When it was all over, Senator Tydings asked, "You know who defeated Carswell?" and he answered, "Thurmond and Allen.")

On March 2nd, an Associated Press poll showed that thirty-seven senators were for Carswell, with eight more leaning that way. According to the poll, the number of opponents was twenty. Discouraging as this was, the opposition doggedly pressed on. (Its members would have taken great comfort if the A.P. had picked up a story that was published the next day in the Atlanta *Constitution* revealing Judge Tuttle's withdrawal of his offer to testify at the hearings on Carswell's behalf. United Press International also missed it, so the account didn't reach Northern newspapers or the Bayh group. However, it apparently reached Carswell's friends in the Senate, for senators who had repeated, day after day, the importance of Carswell's having the firm support of eminent jurists like Tuttle suddenly stopped mentioning it on the day the story appeared in the *Constitution* and never brought up the subject again.) By this time, the work done by Mrs. Edelman and Professor Lowenthal began to produce results, as twenty-five professors at the U.C.L.A. Law School and nineteen professors at the University of Virginia Law School, the academic home of the Southern aristocracy, signed formal protests against the nomination. And then Senator Robert W. Packwood, a freshman Republican from Oregon, who was widely expected to back Carswell, privately told Bayh that he would oppose the nominee. Packwood also told Bayh that he did not want his decision revealed, because he hoped to avoid the kind of arm-twisting he had suffered after letting the White House know that he meant to vote against

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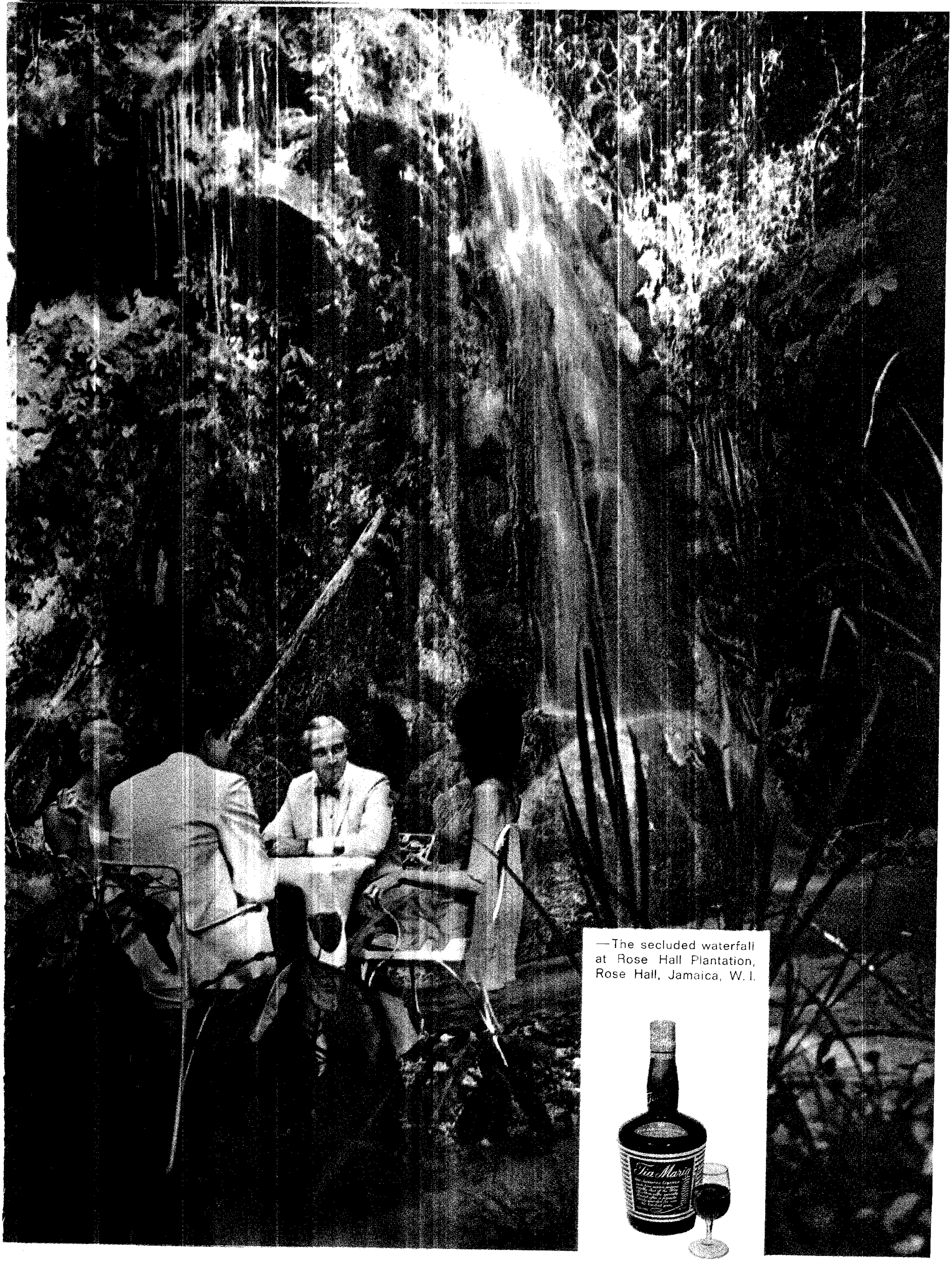

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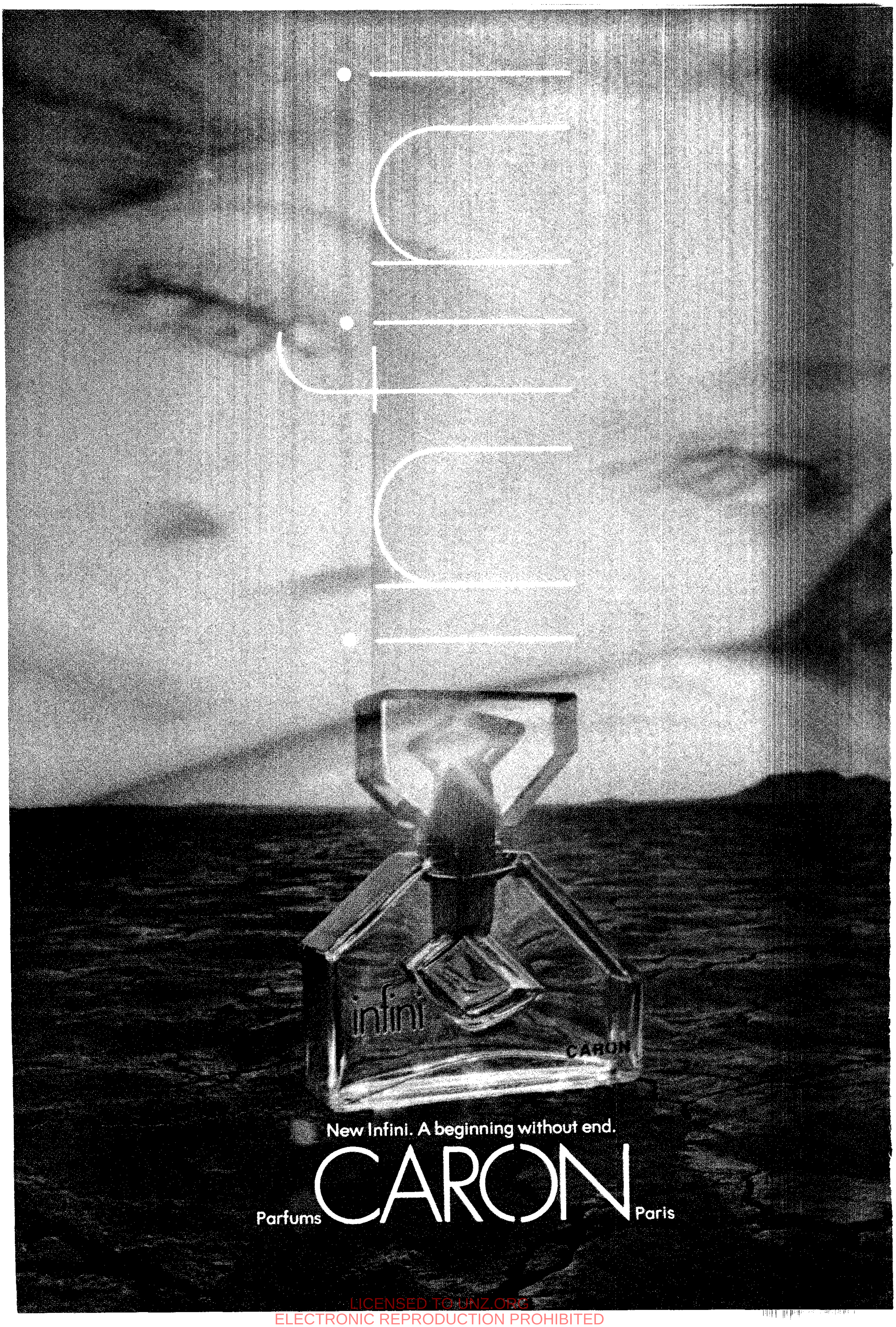
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Haynsworth. In that fight, the Administration had openly threatened members of its own party with reprisals if they opposed Haynsworth—strong opponents in their next primary campaigns; cutoffs or slowdowns of funds for dams, bridges, and patronage; and complete loss of access to the President or anyone else in the White House. That strategy had backfired deafeningly. For instance, when a high official of the Department of Agriculture called a Midwestern senator and warned him that agricultural subsidies to his state would be cut back if he opposed Haynsworth, the senator, who was assumed to be ready to back Shirley Temple if the President named her to the Court, became so angry that he voted against Haynsworth. Members of the White House staff learned from this kind of experience that bullying didn't always work, and when it came to Carswell they relied—until nearly the end, anyway—on polite inquiries about where a given senator stood and on quiet persuasion when they found that he was uncertain or had decided to vote against them. While participants in the contest later attributed Carswell's downfall to a variety of causes—Thurmond's and Allen's filibusters, the work done by Mrs. Edelman and other outsiders, the influence of the legal community, the effect of Senate aides—perhaps the central cause was the White House staff's flailing incompetence. As a number of Republican senators observed afterward, the only thing that was worse than the White House's lack of courtesy toward the Senate was its bumbling intelligence system. Packwood, for one, had learned from the Haynsworth case that the staff there couldn't be trusted even in the most elementary ways. When he let the White House know that he meant to oppose it then, he was asked to at least not announce his intention, so that other Republicans wouldn't be influenced by his decision, as is often the case when senators have similar constituencies and backgrounds. Packwood agreed to that, and he also agreed to be accommodating when the time for the vote came and he was summoned off the floor by a telephone call from a White House aide who breathlessly told him that the result was going to be very close and asked him to hold back his vote on the first roll call to make the margin look even narrower, which might persuade others that a bandwagon was on its way and that they had better clamber aboard. To Packwood's bitter embarrassment, the bandwagon turned out to be rolling off in

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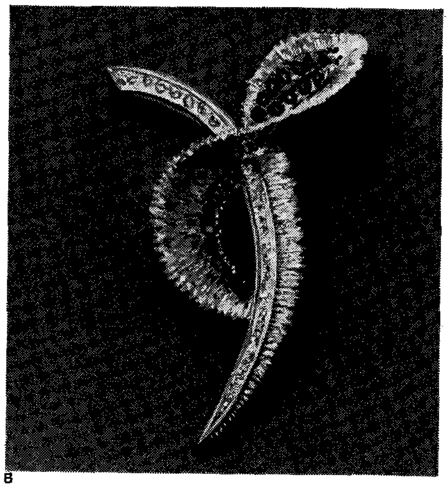
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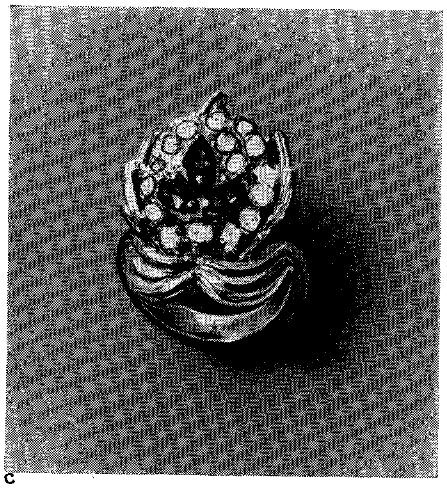
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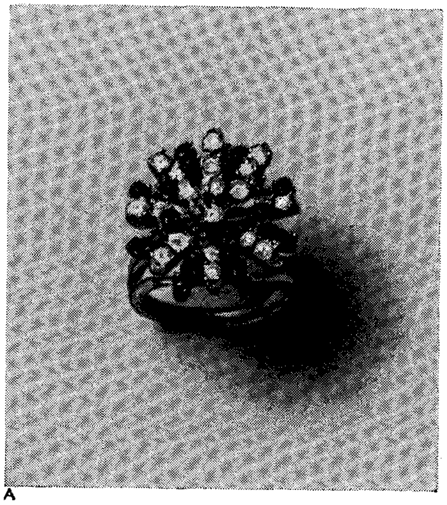
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In the meantime, all kinds of things will be happening in the Garden itself. For starters, here's the line-up of Knicks and Rangers games for the rest of the month:

Knicks	Rangers
(5) Buffalo	(6) Vancouver
(8) Portland	(13) Los Angeles
(12) Philadelphia	(16) Buffalo
(15) Cleveland	(20) Vancouver
(19) Chicago	(23) Pittsburgh
(25) Buffalo*	(27) St. Louis
(27) Baltimore (1:30 P.M.)	(29) Oakland
(30) San Francisco (1:30 P.M.)	

*Plus The Fabulous Magicians at 6 P.M.

And if you're in the market for still more exciting rink and court action, there are the E.C.A.C. Holiday Festivals with top college hockey teams meeting on (21) and (22) and their basketball counterparts taking over on (26), (28) and (30). Plus a special game featuring the fabulous Harlem Globetrotters this Sunday afternoon (6).

If you hurry, you can cash in on a great evening of Country Western music featuring the great Johnny Cash this Friday (4).

Cassius Clay, a.k.a. Muhammud Ali, fresh from his convincing triumph over Jerry Quarry, returns to the Garden this Monday (7) live and in person vs. rough, tough Oscar Bonavena. And on the same card, the newly-crowned world lightweight champ Ken Buchanan tangles with Canadian welterweight king Donato Paduano.

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the opposite direction, for without his vote the final tally was fifty-four to forty-five against the nomination, which made him look not only like an opportunist but like an opportunist who couldn't count. The Bayh-Brooke forces considered the White House their staunchest ally in the fight over Carswell, and this appraisal was concurred in by most Republican senators, ranging from conservatives to liberals. For instance, after the fight Senator Robert Dole, a conservative Republican from Kansas, who fought hard for Carswell, described the White House aides as "those idiots downtown."

By the time the floor debate on the nomination got under way, a group of students at the Columbia University Law School had spent several weeks compiling a collection of Judge Carswell's published decisions (mostly from the *Federal Reporter*, which includes only those decisions that federal District Court judges themselves submit for publication), on the off chance that this might help stop him from sitting in the chair once occupied by Oliver Wendell Holmes. John Adler, an associate of a prominent Wall Street law firm, had learned about their work and had put them in touch with the Ripon Society, a liberal Republican youth group that had offered to serve as their publicity outlet if they came up with anything startling. As it turned out, the results of the students' compilation were so startling that the Ripon Society called a press conference in Washington on March 5th, at which it revealed that of Carswell's eighty-four published decisions nearly sixty per cent had been reversed, or more than twice the average rate of the other judges in the Fifth Circuit District Courts. That produced headlines around the country, and Attorney General Mitchell immediately responded with the charge that published decisions constituted only a small part of the total and were obviously an invalid measure. The Columbia students challenged him to withdraw the nomination if an examination of *all* Judge Carswell's decisions showed that he fell below a percentile to be chosen by Mitchell. Mitchell ignored the challenge. The students went ahead anyway, and completed a monumental study—covering some fifteen thousand cases—that showed that Carswell had been reversed more than forty per cent of the time, or one-third more often than the average of all his fellow-judges; of the sixty-seven judges in that circuit, only six had worse records. More or less in passing, the study also revealed that the longer Carswell had

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been on the bench, the more often he had been reversed. All this demonstrated that whatever else Judge Carswell was, he was not the "strict constructionist" of the Constitution that President Nixon claimed him to be.

ON the morning of March 10th, the day that Bayh instructed his staff to crank up for an all-out fight against the nomination, another debate over who was going to lead the opposition was just being resolved in another Senate office. Tydings' aides had been urging him to assume this role for some time, and at almost the same hour that Bayh finally decided to take it over Tydings did, too. Exultant, his aides set out to arrange a meeting Tydings wanted called, to be attended by Bayh, Hart, Kennedy, Brooke, and Javits, along with their aides, and by Rauh, Clarence Mitchell, and a couple of labor lobbyists, with Tydings as chairman. In the meantime, however, another of Tydings' staff men convinced him that an even more important occasion than the vote on Carswell would be the upcoming election in November, and persuaded the Senator to hold a press conference immediately in Baltimore, where he was expected to run rather poorly, on a pressing local matter. Half an hour before the anti-Carswell group was to meet, in Room 207, just off the Senate floor, Tydings decided that it was vital for him to go to Baltimore, and left. The aides who had called the meeting in his name were disappointed at his departure, but they finally collected themselves as the other participants gathered outside the conference room, and tried to edge Hart into the room first, in the hope that he would then take the chair and inherit the leadership. Hart's aide saw what they were up to, and edged the Senator away from them. The two aides then moved toward Kennedy, whose aide moved him away, too. Finally, the whole group entered the room willy-nilly, and one of Tydings' men, grasping for a way out of the debacle, took the floor and explained some of the problems involved in such a fight. Since everyone there knew the problems as well as or better than he did, he quickly fell into an embarrassed silence. No one spoke for a long time, and it appeared that the meeting was about to collapse, when Bayh suggested that it might be helpful to form two teams, one headed by a couple of Democrats and one by a couple of Republicans. He added that he would be willing to serve as one of the Democrats, whereupon a Tydings man suggested his boss as the

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other. Then Brooke said that, of course, he would take one of the Republican posts, and Javits agreed to take the fourth slot. That settled, they discussed which senators might be called on to make lengthy speeches to hold the floor, and what strategy should be followed to insure that the opposition didn't outmaneuver them and call for a vote before they were ready. When the meeting broke up, it was tacitly agreed all around that Bayh would be the leader.

As it happened, Bayh and his aides were unaware that any question of leadership was involved, and they had already begun to scout for senators who would take part in the debate, which was expected to begin in a couple of days, and help hold off the pro-Carswell forces until after the Easter recess. Bayh had asked a couple of his aides to prepare a speech for him to deliver, and to "get plugged in" to such outside groups as the Leadership Conference, the A.D.A., labor unions, and any organizations that might help them do the necessary legal research on Carswell's record. "We soon learned that one of our biggest problems was bum dope—unfounded rumors and misleading tips," Mode recalled not long ago. "We got a lot of these, and had to chase down every one. Obviously, the other side could have blown us out of the water if they caught us making a false charge. At the same time, the pressure on us to come up with something new was terrific. Reporters had to be fed new material constantly to keep interest alive. And staff guys from other senators' offices kept begging for that one thing that would bring their wavering bosses around." According to an outside lawyer who came to Bayh's office with what he believed was evidence that Carswell had been involved in a financial project of a questionable nature, the lack of legal help available there was shocking. "I had expected cubicle after cubicle filled with lawyers equipped with fine-tooth combs when I went to Bayh's suite," he said later. "But all they had was one lawyer working on this incredibly complicated stuff, and even he wasn't on it full time." Actually, his expectations were unreasonable, for most senators do not have the funds, the staff, or even the space to conduct such investigations. To make up for this, Wise, Bayh's press officer, who had been a Washington correspondent for *Life* before moving to the Hill, set out to get the press interested in the story. "National magazines like *Life*, *Time*, and *Newsweek*, along with big-city newspapers and TV networks,

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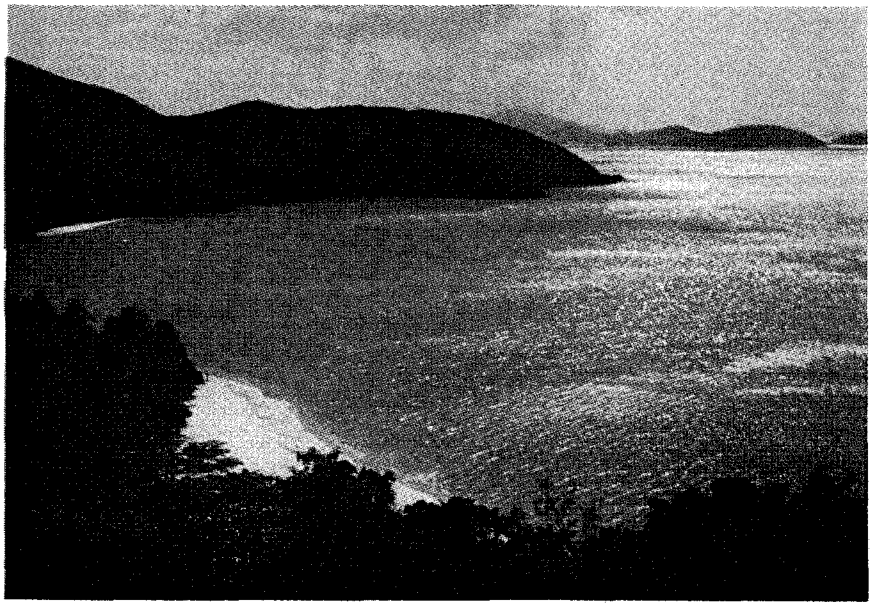

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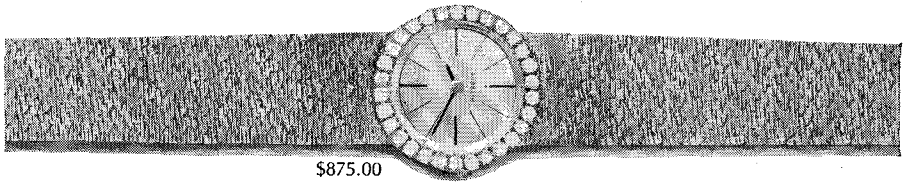
have enormous resources—far more than a U.S. senator can command—and I knew from my experience as a reporter that they can often be persuaded to act as a senator's investigative arm if the story looks big," he explained recently. "So I arranged to give them all the tips we got, and they ran down ten blind alleys for every payoff." Wise also kept in daily, and sometimes hourly, touch with television and radio networks, keeping them slightly ahead of the game so they would be prepared if something new broke.

The day after Bayh took over as leader of the small band of senators who had declared their opposition to the nomination—only twenty-two in all, including himself—a petition was released bearing the signatures of over five hundred professional men and women from ten government departments and agencies who called on the Senate to reject Carswell because of his "utter lack of qualifications as a jurist." It is not at all uncommon for members of the executive branch to covertly undermine the President they supposedly serve, but it is exceedingly uncommon for them to undermine him openly—especially in the case of President Nixon, who has been known for his swift reprisals against dissension in the ranks. Then, later the same day, Rosenman, Plimpton, Webster, and Bromley, accompanied by the deans of the Harvard, Yale, and University of Pennsylvania Law Schools, held a large press conference in Washington and released their letter, which was signed by three hundred and fifty lawyers, including some of the nation's most distinguished judges, law professors, heads of bar associations, former high government officials, and private attorneys. "The outpouring of sentiment against Carswell from men in the highest positions in the legal world was astonishing," Bayh said later. "And it was most effective." One effect was that it stopped Carswell's backers from claiming, in the words of one of them, that the opposition was made up entirely of "South-haters, knee-jerk liberals, and Nixon-baiters." But a far more important effect was that the stand taken by these lawyers encouraged others to join them; within a few days a hundred more had signed the letter, and additional hundreds of lawyers around the country began working locally to drum up opposition to the nomination.

When the press conference broke up, the three deans went off to meet with a dozen or so senators, from both



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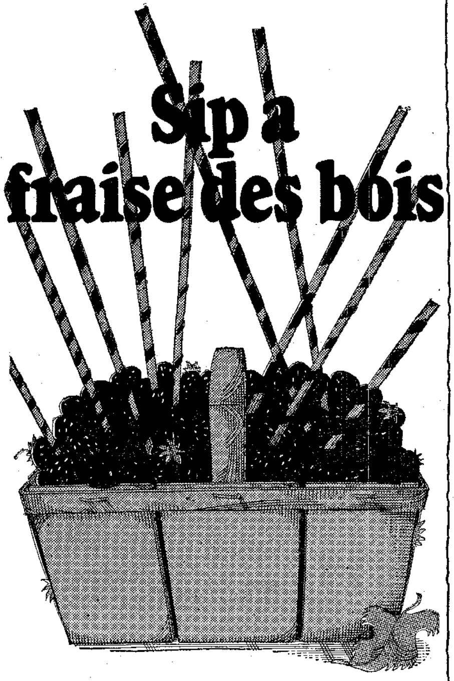
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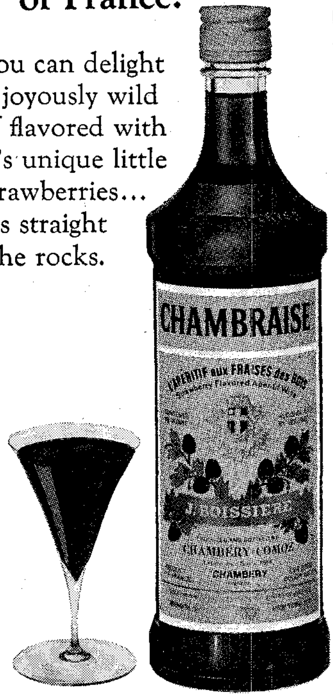

sides of the aisle, who either hadn't made up their minds or had decided to oppose Carswell and wanted to get additional arguments to justify their votes. Senator Schweiker spent nearly an hour with the three, and listened attentively as they went over Carswell's judicial record in detail—the kinds of reversals he had had, his lack of scholarly work, the poor quality of his opinions, and the lack of respect shown for him by many of his peers. Afterward, Schweiker said that he had been deeply impressed by these arguments. His reaction was encouraging, but the very short roster of Republican senators opposing Carswell was becoming more and more discouraging to Bayh and his colleagues. Although Flug still held to his count of forty-four votes against the nominee, Bayh's staff put it at only forty, which meant that if all one hundred senators were present eleven more votes would be needed—most, or perhaps all, of them from Republicans; at the time, only four were committed to the opposition. To persuade others to join them, Bayh prevailed on Senator Clifford P. Case, Republican of New Jersey and one of the leading members of his party in the Senate, to announce his decision to oppose Carswell on the day that the Rosenman letter was released. It was hoped that Case's prestige would help convince other Republicans—mainly men like Schweiker and Mathias, who were leaning in the same direction—that the only honorable course was to follow him.

An event of even greater significance occurred that day when an assistant in Tydings' office who was going through the mail came upon a letter from Atlanta containing a clipping of the *Constitution* story about Judge Tuttle's withdrawal of his offer to testify on Carswell's behalf. This was rushed to Tydings, and he telephoned Tuttle, who confirmed the report but, for the time, refused to make his position known publicly. The next morning, Tydings' aide Miller took a copy of the article to a strategy meeting in Bayh's office, and the participants discussed whether this might be the "one more thing" that so many senators were waiting for to justify a vote against Carswell. But since Tuttle refused to confirm the story, no one could figure out what use it might be put to. After the meeting broke up, Flug returned to his office to find a telephone call waiting from Joseph Kraft, the Washington *Post* columnist, who asked if anything new had turned up. Flug told him about the clipping and suggested that he call the *Constitution* to see if he could get more information on the story.

Late on the afternoon of March 13th, the Senate passed the amended Voting Rights Act, and the nomination of Judge Carswell became the pending order of business. Since the time for adjournment was near, little of significance happened in the way of debate. What was of great significance, though, was that Scott repeated his endorsement of the nominee and Griffin announced his—both with obvious reluctance, to be sure, but still with the assurance that they meant to stand by the President's choice. Some of Carswell's opponents in the Senate had hoped that the record built up against him since he was named would persuade both men to refuse to support him, but that hope was more fond than real, for it was clear that neither man could take such a stand and hope to retain his leadership post. However, both of them were angry at the way the Administration had failed to warn them at the start about the kind of opposition from civil-rights and labor groups that was bound to arise. After Scott reconfirmed his position, one of his Republican colleagues shook his head and muttered, "Hugh just committed political suicide." But others maintained that it was a case of political homicide, committed by the White House.

On the morning of the first full day of debate on the nomination—Monday, March 16th—Kraft's column in the *Post* recounted the story of how Judge Tuttle had telephoned Carswell and withdrawn his offer to testify for him at the hearings. By that time, Tydings had finally prevailed on Tuttle to confirm the story, and had received a telegram to that effect over the weekend. Apparently, Carswell's friends in the Senate learned of this and put counter-pressure on Tuttle, for he sent Tydings two more telegrams, each weaker than the one before. Even so, the substance of the final wire was that he had withdrawn his support and had told Carswell so. On Tuesday, Tydings inserted the telegrams in the record during the floor debate, over the fran-

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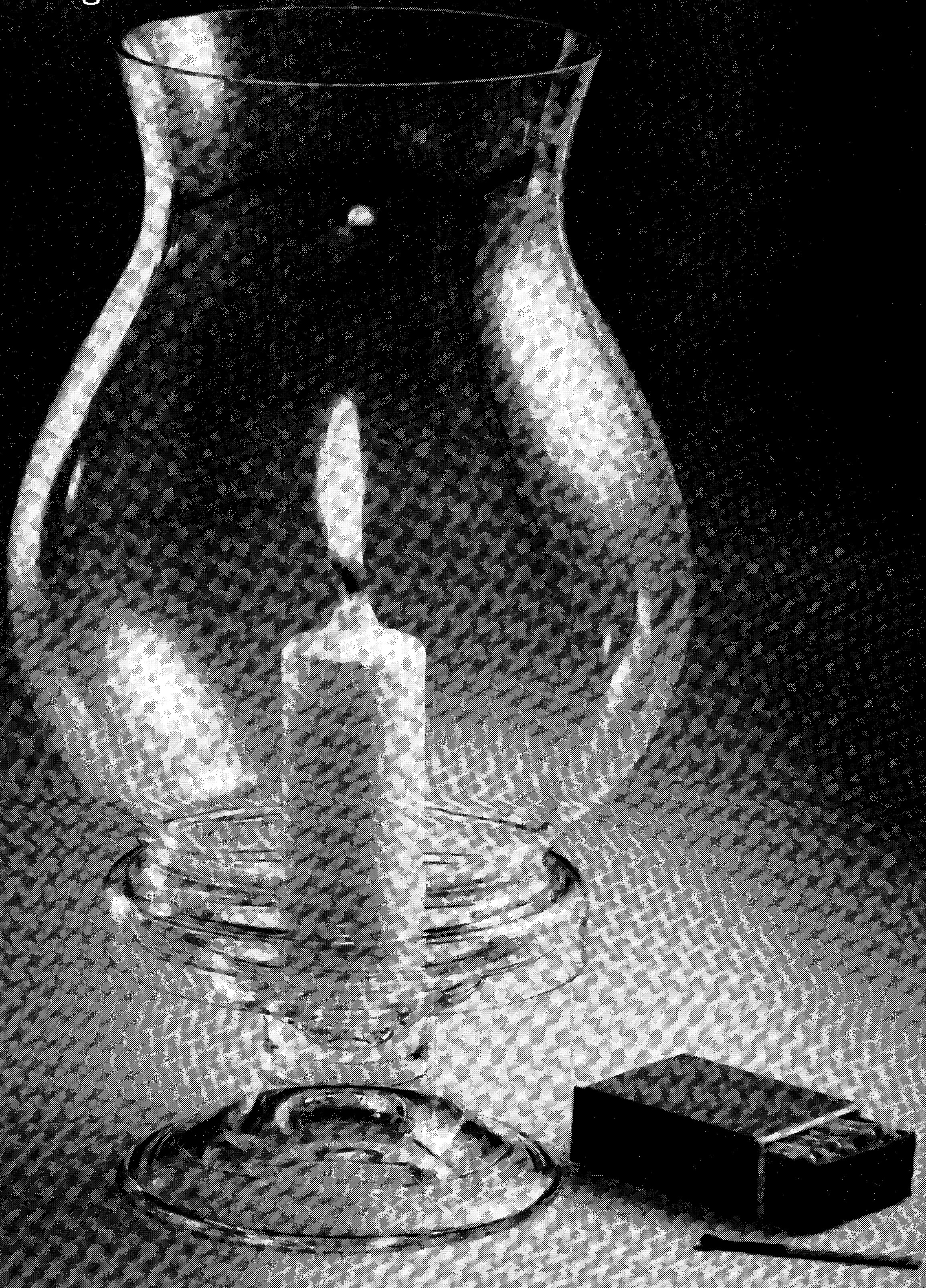

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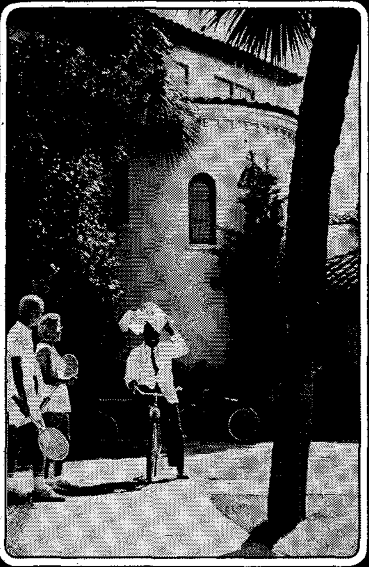

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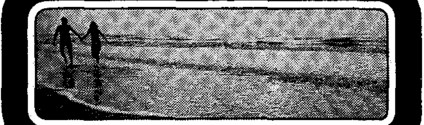

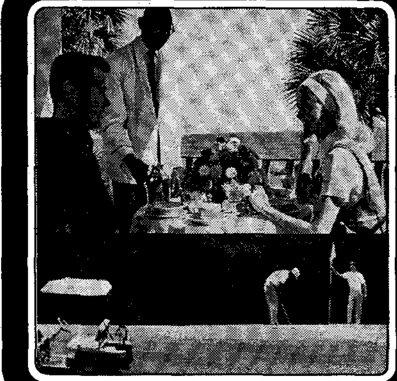

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tic protests of Hruska, who argued that Tuttle hadn't withdrawn his endorsement but had merely been unwilling to state it publicly. Griffin, for one, refused to join in this futile exercise, and told reporters, "It doesn't help when a respected jurist like Tuttle withdraws his support." The blow to Carswell's chances sent Hruska reeling off the Senate floor. He was met by a radio interviewer, who recorded the Senator as he made his famous statement "Even if he were mediocre, there are a lot of mediocre judges and people and lawyers. They are entitled to a little representation, aren't they, and a little chance? We can't have all Brandeises and Frankfurters and Cardozos and stuff like that there." To some, that there stuff meant Jews. In any case, the remark was to go down as one of the greatest political blunders in the history of the Senate, and, in the opinion of those most intimately involved in the battle over the nomination, it contributed as much as any other factor to Carswell's defeat. Throughout the country, lawyers and laymen, high and low, arose in indignation at the idea that a man whom his own supporters apparently considered mediocre should be elevated to the Supreme Court, while editorial writers and political cartoonists had a field day unequalled since William H. Vanderbilt said, "The public be damned."

For some time, a rumor had been making the rounds in the capital that Tuttle was not the only one of Carswell's colleagues on the bench to doubt his fitness for a seat on the Supreme Court. Judge John Minor Wisdom, also of the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, whose reputation as a jurist matched or even exceeded Tuttle's, was said to have told another judge on that court who proposed circulating a letter of endorsement for Carswell among the court's members, "If you write that letter, I'll write a dissenting opinion." The day after Tuttle's telegrams were put into the record, in another accident of timing, Flug happened to run into Caroline Lewis, a reporter for television station WTOP, in Washington, who asked if he had anything new on Carswell. Recalling the latest rumor, he mentioned it to her, and she decided to check it out with Wisdom directly. When she reached him by telephone, she said she had heard the Attorney General intended to recommend him for the Supreme Court if Carswell lost, whereupon Wisdom laughed and replied that since Mitchell and he didn't see eye to eye, he would never fit into the Ad-

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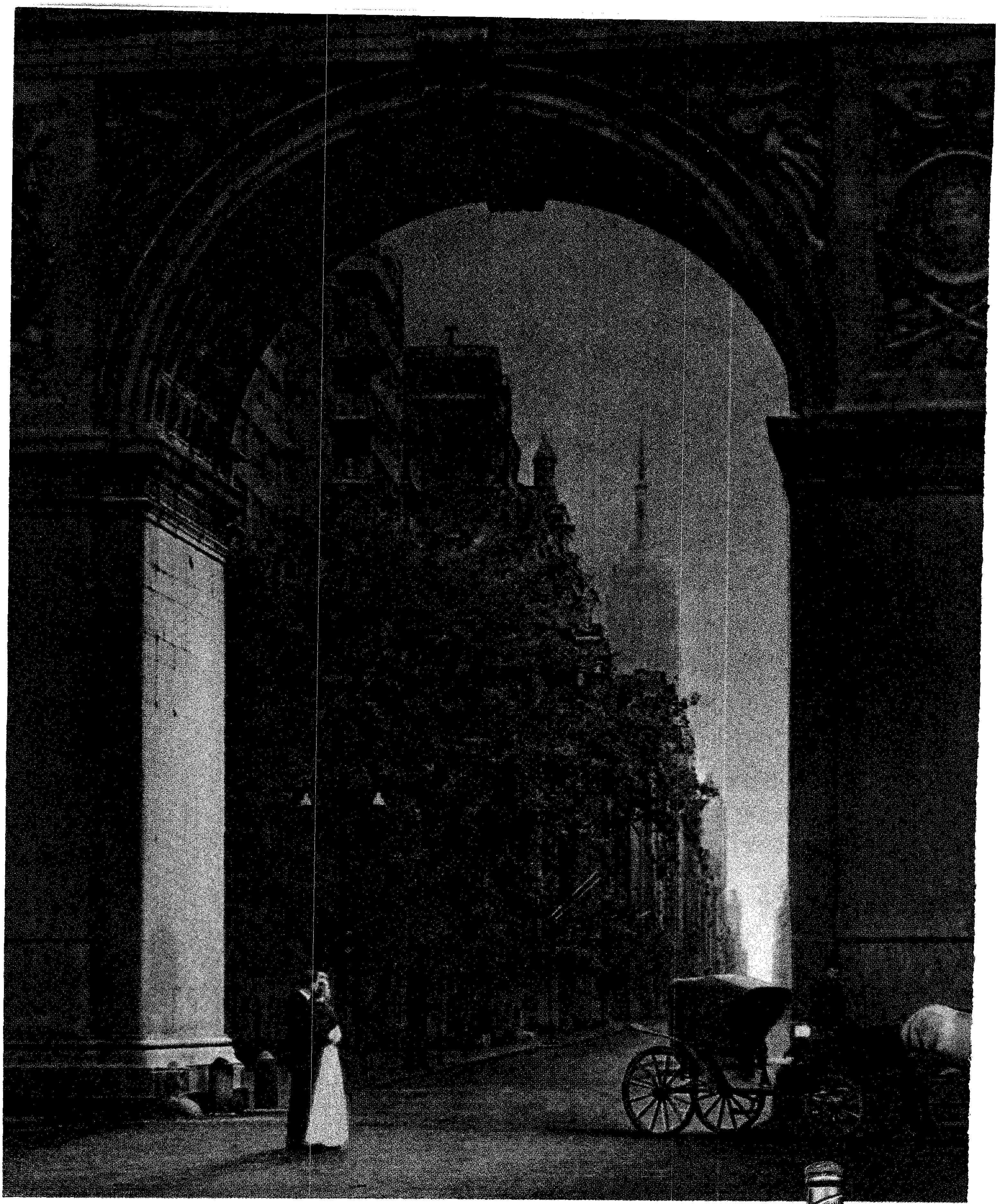

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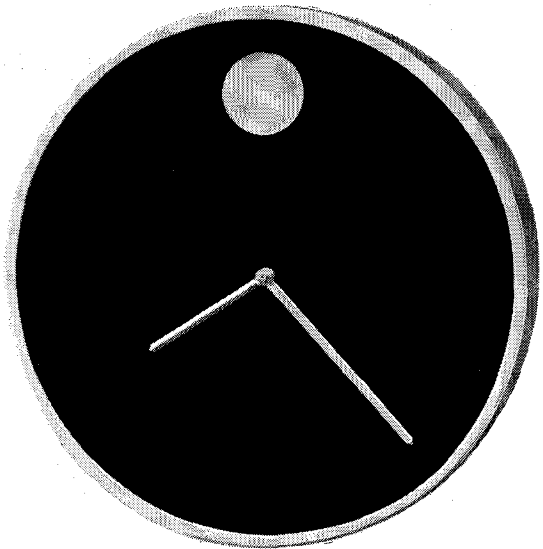
ministration's Southern strategy. Finally, she pressed him to admit that he had made the remark attributed to him, and he did, saying, "I stand with Tuttle." That evening, Miss Lewis reported the conversation on her news program, and the newspaper reporters, who had been alerted by Flug, covered the program as a news event.

By this time, Schweiker knew that he could no longer stand by his earlier endorsement. Still, he was unwilling to let that be known in too dramatic a fashion—partly because the Administration would resent the effect his switch might have on other Republicans who had also come out for the nominee, but, more important, because it would encourage Carswell's foes in Pennsylvania to step up their attacks on Scott for continuing to support him. To avoid both of these results, Schweiker arranged with an aide that word of his "reëvaluation" of the nominee be leaked to a couple of reporters in Washington. Then, the same night, while Schweiker was speaking to a high-school group in Philadelphia, newsmen there who had heard the rumor about his change of mind asked him where he stood, and he admitted that he was troubled by the legal and racial aspects of Carswell's record on the bench. Although the news of Schweiker's move onto the fence travelled from Washington to Philadelphia in a couple of hours, it took five days for the news of his confirmation of the report there to get back to the capital. When it did, Eugene Cowen, a White House liaison man with Congress, hurriedly telephoned Schweiker's office and asked for an appointment that afternoon, a Friday. However, the Senator was in New York, and the date had to be postponed until the following Monday. In the newly subdued White House style, Cowen presented the case for Carswell, and the next day William H. Rehnquist, the Assistant Attorney General for Legal Counsel, who had been responsible for screening Carswell's legal record before he was nominated, visited Schweiker and did his best to rebut the Rosenman letter and the Columbia Law School study. Schweiker heard them out, but by this time it was clear to those who were close to him that he was clambering down the opposite side of the fence he had climbed up on. His staff began to tell reporters, off the record, that he "seemed to be leaning against the nomination."

Over on the Democratic side of the aisle, a number of senators who had earlier indicated that they meant to



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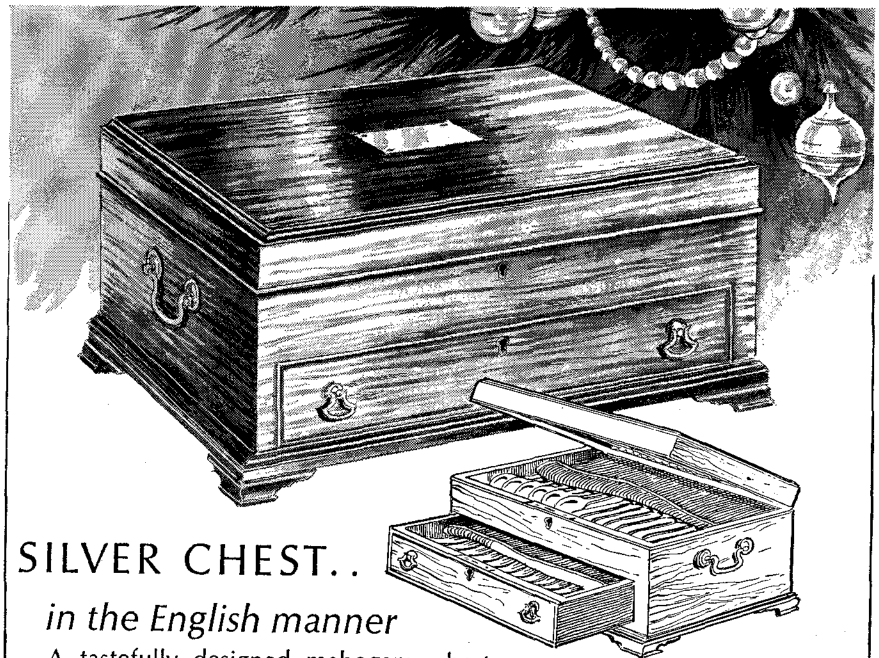

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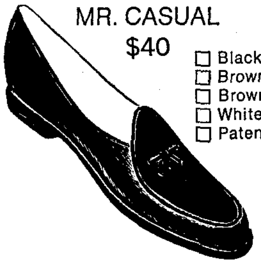

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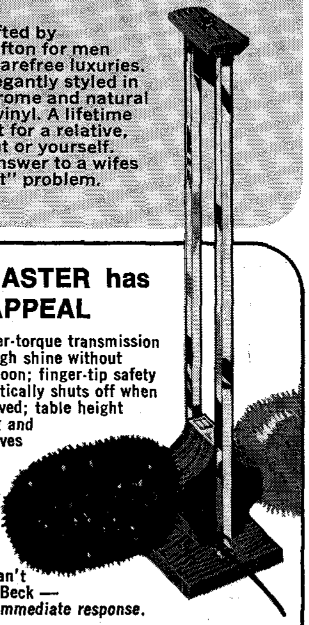

vote for Carswell were having second thoughts, too. Senator Burdick, for instance, had voted for the nominee in the Judiciary Committee, but now he let it be known that he was restudying the situation. Burdick was up for reelection, and North Dakota was a generally conservative state, with a strong Republican Party, few Negroes, and weak labor unions. Burdick knew that he had to have a large share of the Republican votes to win, and he also knew that the voters, and even the newspapers, back home were generally unaware of what had been revealed about Carswell, except for the 1948 speech, and, like many other senators, he considered that no more than an ordinary bit of campaign expediency. "I wanted to vote for Carswell," Burdick explained later. "In the hearings, he had the endorsement of the Bar Association and purportedly of Tuttle and Wisdom, and for me that was prima-facie evidence that he was qualified, so I voted for him in committee. But then it turned out that he had this huge reversal rate, that Tuttle had retracted his support, and that Wisdom had apparently refused to back him from the start. If those outstanding jurists who knew his work at first hand couldn't go for him, it had to mean that he wasn't qualified after all. That's when the torture set in. I really agonized. There wasn't much external pressure. Oh, lawyers from home wrote me, but I didn't hear from the average fellow. I got some burning from pro-Carswell senators but not much from the other side. All the pressure was from inside myself." The pressure continued to grow, right up to the day of the final vote, and no one, perhaps including Burdick, knew which part of it he would finally succumb to. "Both sides tried to get a promise from me, but I refused," he said.

In the weeks after the Senate hearings ended, the Yale, University of Virginia, and Howard law journals, twenty-one professors from the Stanford University Law School, and the American Federation of Teachers, representing some three hundred and fifty thousand people, issued statements calling on the Senate to reject the nomination. On March 19th, to just about everyone's astonishment, nine of the nineteen faculty members of the Florida State University School of Law, which Carswell had helped found, sent a letter to President Nixon urging him to withdraw the nomination. The chairman of the university's board of regents, D. Burke Kibler III, who was

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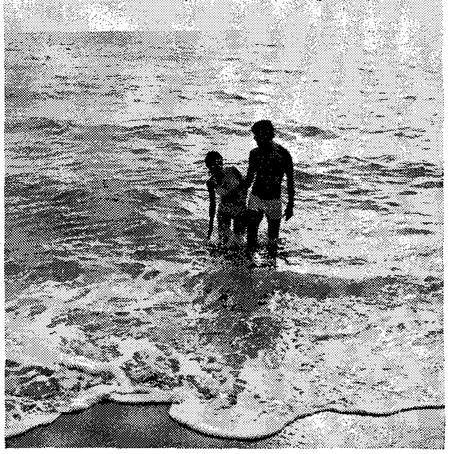

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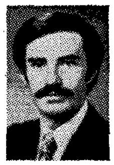

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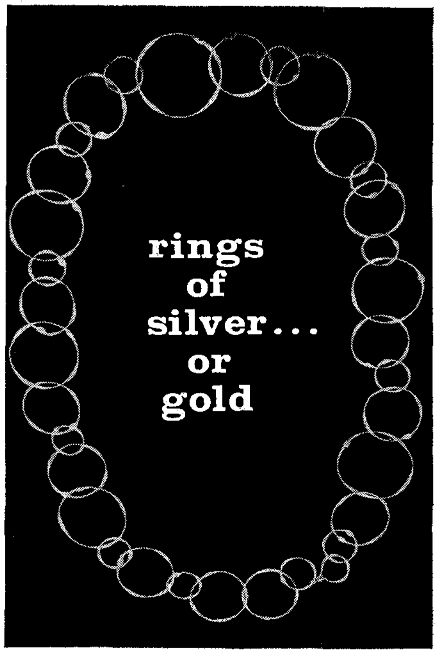

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a law partner of Senator Spessard L. Holland, Democrat of Florida, wrote to the school's dean, Joshua Morse, complaining about the faculty members' letter and saying, "I am sure you realize, Josh, how imprudent action such as this makes the task of those of us trying to get adequate funding for the university even more difficult." It was not known whether Kibler's letter alarmed the nine professors, but it didn't seem to have much effect on the rest of the university, for subsequently four hundred and fifty of its students and faculty held a rally to protest the President's choice.

Paradoxically, while opposition to that choice was growing outside the Senate, opposition inside it seemed on the verge of collapsing. Few senators who were engaged in the anti-Carswell side of the debate had much hope that they could prevail, and they were reluctant to put their staffs through the arduous business of writing long speeches and themselves through the risky business of delivering them and arousing the ire of powerful constituents back home—all in a lost cause. Probably the opposition's greatest frustration was its inability to persuade moderate Democrats to share the work load. For instance, Senator Edmund S. Muskie, of Maine, announced his opposition to the nomination very early, but he refused to take an active part in the fight against it. In any event, Bayh's chief aide, Keefe, and *his* aide Rees were becoming increasingly desperate. "We were booking two-hour slots for the senators who were willing to help out—in effect, creating a filibuster, and yet trying not to let it look like a filibuster," Rees said later. "All we were doing was trying to hold the floor. But you need three or four senators at a time to make it work properly, so they can engage in colloquies and at least give the impression that a genuine debate is going on. For example, Senator Bayh had a ten-page speech, and, with colloquies and all, it took him four hours to deliver it. But in general liberals aren't at all good at that sort of thing, because they don't have the practice at it that the Southerners have, and the notion of anything resembling the hated filibuster embarrasses them. Also, we had practically no organization, and most of our men got up and read mail from home and dreary stuff like that. On the eighteenth and nineteenth of March, we had only one man at a time on the floor. It was damned difficult, and for a time there it looked hopeless. Fortunately, our opponents still thought

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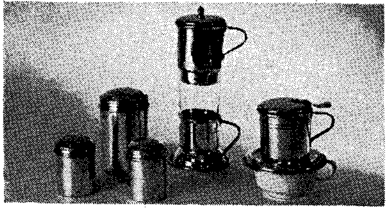

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they had plenty of leeway, and didn't push for a vote. If they had, that would have wrapped it up."

On the nineteenth, it appeared that the affair was to be wrapped up summarily when an article, by Warren Weaver, Jr., appeared in the *Times* stating, in part:

> The campaign to block confirmation of G. Harrold Carswell for the Supreme Court bogged down on the Senate floor today as critics of President Nixon's nominee had trouble sustaining a debate. Confident supporters of Judge Carswell did not feel required to keep a spokesman in the all-but-empty chamber most of the day as Senator Jacob K. Javits of New York, for the Republicans, and Senator Harold E. Hughes of Iowa, for the Democrats, droned through long readings of critical material.... In the light of the day's lack of activity, it appeared doubtful that the Carswell opponents would be able to extend debate beyond next Wednesday or Thursday.

"The Weaver piece was very accurate, but it made us mad as hell," Keefe said afterward. "If senators read it and got the impression that we were just wasting everybody's time, we were through. And, even more important, if it convinced Mansfield that our bad showing meant we couldn't keep our team together, we had no chance. It was already clear that he was beginning to lose interest." Although the Weaver piece nearly destroyed the anti-Carswell cause, in the end the article provided just the spur that was needed. The rest of that day, aides engaged in the fight scoured the Hill looking for some senators who would probably vote against the nomination and who might be persuaded to announce their intentions in advance to give the lagging movement a push. Two unexpected recruits joined up—Vance Hartke, Democrat of Indiana, who was up for reëlection, whose state was conservative, and who was thought to be in some trouble; and Gale W. McGee, Democrat of Wyoming, who had much the same problems. To make it appear that they were merely the first ripples in a rising wave of opposition, Bayh's office called Gravel and told him that the propitious time they had been waiting for had arrived, and he immediately went to the floor to deliver the speech he had been waiting to use for several weeks attacking the nomination. That was expected to have a strong effect on Mansfield, who would see at once that the switch of the only Northern Democrat who had voted for Haynsworth would probably bring about switches by others who had taken the same course. Then word that Burdick and Schweiker were hav-

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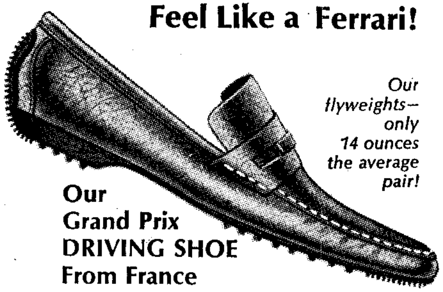
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ing second thoughts about their earlier support of Carswell began circulating on the Hill, followed by rumors that four Republicans who had indicated they would vote for Carswell—George D. Aiken and Winston L. Prouty, both of Vermont, along with Marlow Cook, of Kentucky, and Hiram Fong, of Hawaii—were also reconsidering their position, and that Senator J. William Fulbright, Democrat of Arkansas, had almost decided to come out against the nomination. Aiken was the senior member of his party in the Senate and a person of great influence on both sides of the aisle; Fulbright had never backed a civil-rights bill until he supported the Voting Rights Act a few days earlier, and his opposition to Carswell might encourage other Southerners to break loose; and Cook, who had led the fight for Haynsworth, might persuade senators from both the South and the North to join him if he now defected. Cook was the only one who was willing to answer reporters' questions about the rumors. "I could enthusiastically work for and openly endorse the nomination of Clement Haynsworth to the Supreme Court," he told them. "I have not felt that degree of enthusiasm for this nomination." To convince other senators—Mansfield most of all—that the campaign against the nomination was serious, Bayh lined up the dozen or so of his colleagues who had participated in the debate and persuaded them to divide up into teams, each with a captain, and to order their staffs to prepare long and detailed speeches for delivery according to a set schedule.

Tydings took over the largest share of this tedious and inglorious work, and stayed on the floor for hours at a time to make sure that the debate was conducted crisply. He also took the opportunity whenever an uncommitted senator wandered in—usually not to listen but to get away from the daily office grind—to do some quiet lobbying, chiefly among those who were known to be the least susceptible to the standard forms of political pressure. The first member he approached was Senator Fulbright, whose recent break with the South over the Voting Rights Act seemed an encouraging sign. Tydings had been a U.S. Attorney before coming to the Senate, and his courtroom experience had made him a tough and forceful debater, but in this case he dispensed with that kind of approach and relied instead on gentle persuasion. After pointing out the graver flaws in Carswell's record, he reminded Fulbright of the vital role the Supreme

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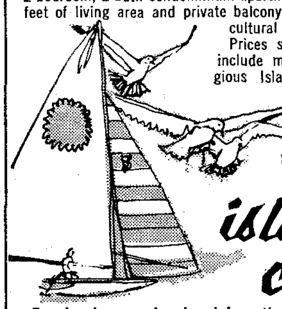

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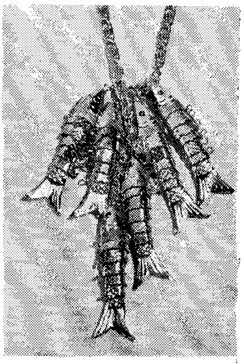

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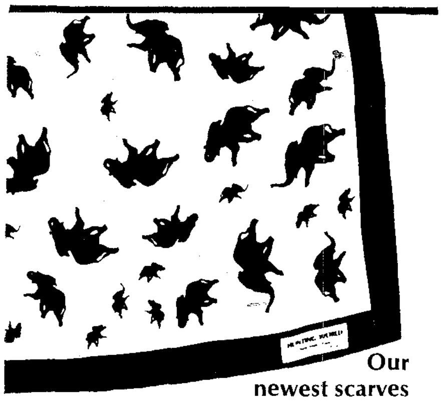

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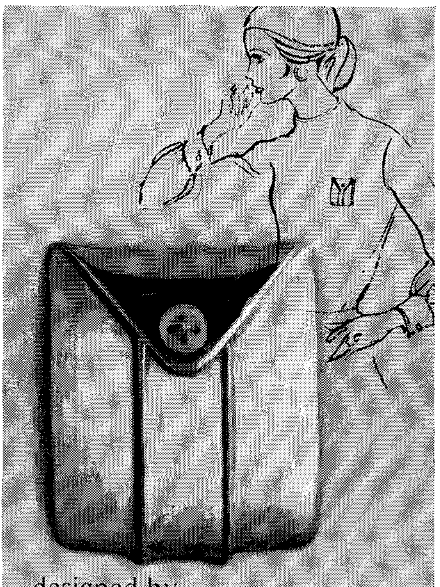
Court played in a critically divided society and of the responsibility that each senator had under these circumstances to cast his vote as conscience, not politics, dictated. Fulbright listened attentively, and afterward he conceded that Tydings' arguments had impressed him. Brooke had asked everyone on his side not to approach Senator Margaret Chase Smith, the redoubtable lady from Maine, because she resented any intrusion when she was faced with a decision of this magnitude. But Tydings decided to take the risk. Sitting down with her one day, he began talking about the time, a few years back, when Edward Kennedy had sponsored the nomination of a Boston politician named Francis X. Morrisey to the federal bench. At the time, Tydings told her, he had been scheduled to go abroad with Kennedy shortly after the Senate voted on Morrisey. But then the nominee began, as Tydings put it, "to smell a little," and he decided that perhaps it would be wise to leave on the trip early, to avoid the dilemma of either voting for Morrisey and betraying his own conscience or voting against him and betraying his friendship with Kennedy. Finally, though, Tydings attended the hearings on the nomination, and decided that Morrisey wasn't fit to be on any bench. "I saw that I couldn't dodge it then, so I told Ted I would have to vote against him," Tydings said to Mrs. Smith. "In my opinion, Carswell is worse than Morrisey, and none of us can avoid facing our responsibility." Mrs. Smith seemed moved by the story, but, as always, she remained noncommittal. (Carswell's backers also used the Morrisey case to defend *their* side. At one point in the debate, Senators Gurney and Dole engaged in a colloquy designed to remind their colleagues that while Senator Kennedy was a leading opponent of the present nominee because of his alleged lack of credentials, the Senator had been the leading proponent of the Morrisey nomination despite that candidate's proved lack of credentials. Kennedy was in the cloakroom, and when he was told what had been said he hurried out to the floor and joined the debate. As it happened, he had intended to bring up the Morrisey episode himself, and now he took advantage of the opening provided by Gurney and Dole and told them that when a large number of senators opposed that nomination he had withdrawn it, on the ground that it was bad policy to put a man on the bench if so many senators were against him. Now, with a broad smile, Kennedy suggested that the opposing side might follow



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the same course. Morrisey was not brought up again.)

Ordinarily, speeches on the floor of the Senate during such debates have little effect, since few members attend these rhetorical exercises, and those who do rarely listen. However, one speech that was made during this debate had a marked effect, not on one of the participants but on the presiding officer—who is usually a freshman senator unless the Vice-President himself is in the chair. Late on a Friday afternoon, a week and a half before the final vote was taken, Senator Goodell, who had been waiting for over an hour to fill his slot in Bayh's schedule, finally got the floor. "By then, I realized that just about everything I had planned to say had already been said," he recalled not long ago. "Since Mansfield had announced that we would adjourn when I finished, there was no need for me to make the speech just to hold the floor, which was the main reason I was there, of course. So I decided to mention a couple of things I hadn't heard said and insert the rest of my speech in the record. I was just about to do that when I looked up and saw that Marlow Cook was presiding. So I made a four-minute speech aimed at him. My main point was that Carswell could still be on the Supreme Court in the year 2000. When I said that, Marlow jumped straight up in the air."

—Richard Harris

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

•

Fairfax, Va. (UPI)—The "bunny man" first appeared two weeks ago when he smashed the window of a car and told the astonished couple inside they were trespassing.

Now, the 5-foot-8 man-in-rabbit's-clothing has struck again. A guard in a housing project under construction told police he came upon a figure in a white bunny suit with floppy ears chopping away with a hatchet at the porch post of an unfinished house.

When the guard approached, the bunny man said: "You are trespassing. If you come any closer, I'll chop off your head."

The strange figure then turned and hippity-hopped off into nearby woods.

Police say they have no clues to his identity. So far, they know the middle-aged appear to think only that they are searching for a 20-year-old 5-foot-8 rabbit with a hatchet.

—Atlanta Journal.

Yeah, and the middle-aged tend to be quite reliable.

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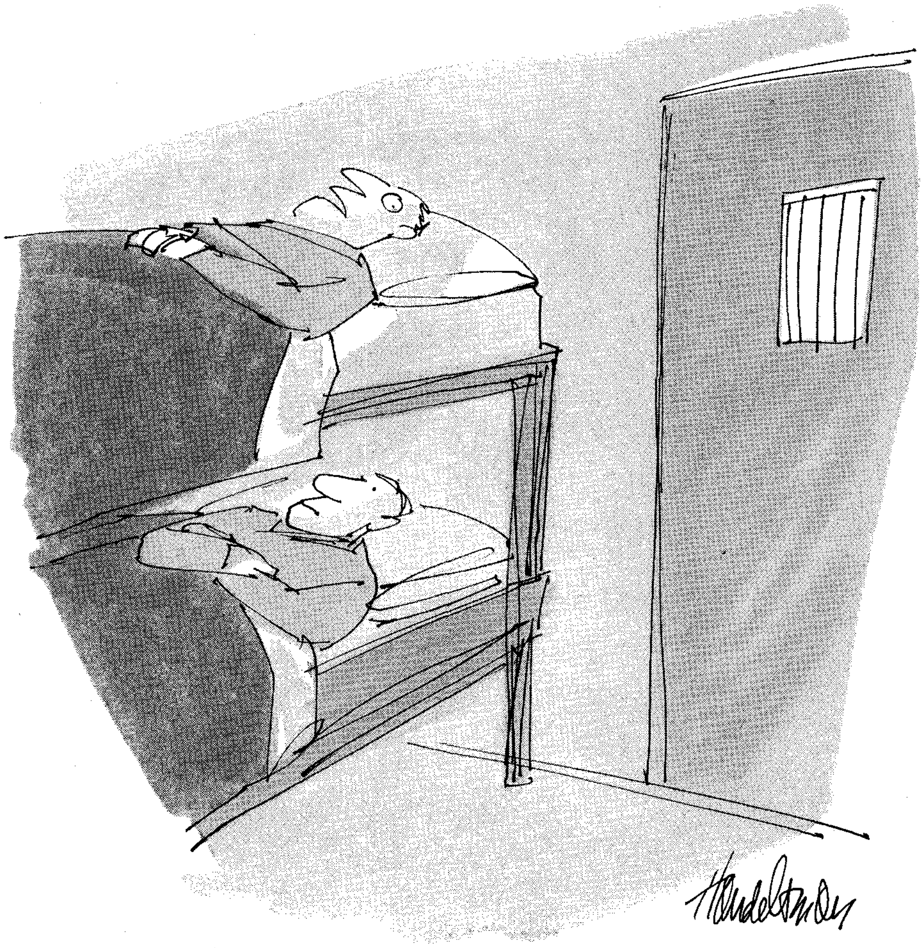
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

"ODODO," with words by Joseph A. Walker and music by Dorothy A. Dinroe, is the first offering this year of the Negro Ensemble Company and is yet one more embittered attempt to tell the story of the black man in America. I must say right off, and with the greatest regret, that it does not work, except perhaps as a showcase—if such a frivolous designation can be used to describe anything this intense—for the entirely new company down at the St. Marks Playhouse. Does not work as a whole, that is, although a few of the numbers are effective, a few of the songs are good, and many of the costumes (by Miss Dinroe and Monica Myrie) are absolutely beautiful. At the beginning, there are scenes in Africa, and then come scenes aboard a slave ship, scenes on a plantation, and, finally, scenes in Harlem—all of them apparently compulsory in a project of this sort, with allusions to the villainy of Abraham Lincoln, and with many threats and considerable leaden irony ("All black people just love watermelon"). Yet "Ododo"—the title means "truth" in Yoruba—is neither a stylistic abstraction nor a play about people. It is scarcely a play at all; nothing is truly dramatized. It may well be that the subject of slavery—the once-removed memory and the agony and fury it still engenders—is just too big to be encompassed by any drama. Even LeRoi Jones missed it in "Slave Ship," although he certainly came closer than Mr. Walker does.

The performance should be stirring and harrowing, but it is not. The young players, with their simulated anger, work up quite a head of steam onstage, but the audience at the N.E.C. (ordinarily among the most responsive and sensitive in town) remains apathetic throughout—or did at the preview I attended. Nevertheless, in number after number the show, for all its flaws, does give us a chance to meet the new troupe. There are no program credits for individual parts—the cast is listed in alphabetical order—but I'm sure that as time goes on the sturdy young fellow who does a funny routine about his mama standing at a subway station on Lenox Avenue and ticking off the eligible girls she sees there for the benefit of her son, and the tall, commanding man who plays an African chief at the start and at the end, and the slim young beauty with snow-white hair, and many others will become names as dear to all of us as Moses Gunn and Rosalind Cash and Samual Blue, Jr., and David Downing and Hattie Winston and Arthur French and Judyann Elder and William Jay and many others in the original company.



"What's so great about due process? Due process got me ten years."

"THE CANDYAPPLE," which came and went, was a foolish and amateurish farce in which the characters never stopped calling one another by name—an unfailing signal of dramatic ineptitude. Even so, I laughed aloud several times, and I felt that Arlen Dean Snyder, as a priest about to quit the Church for marriage; Joy Garrett, as his girl and motorcycle passenger; and John Beal, as his surprisingly approving father, made quite a lot out of almost nothing.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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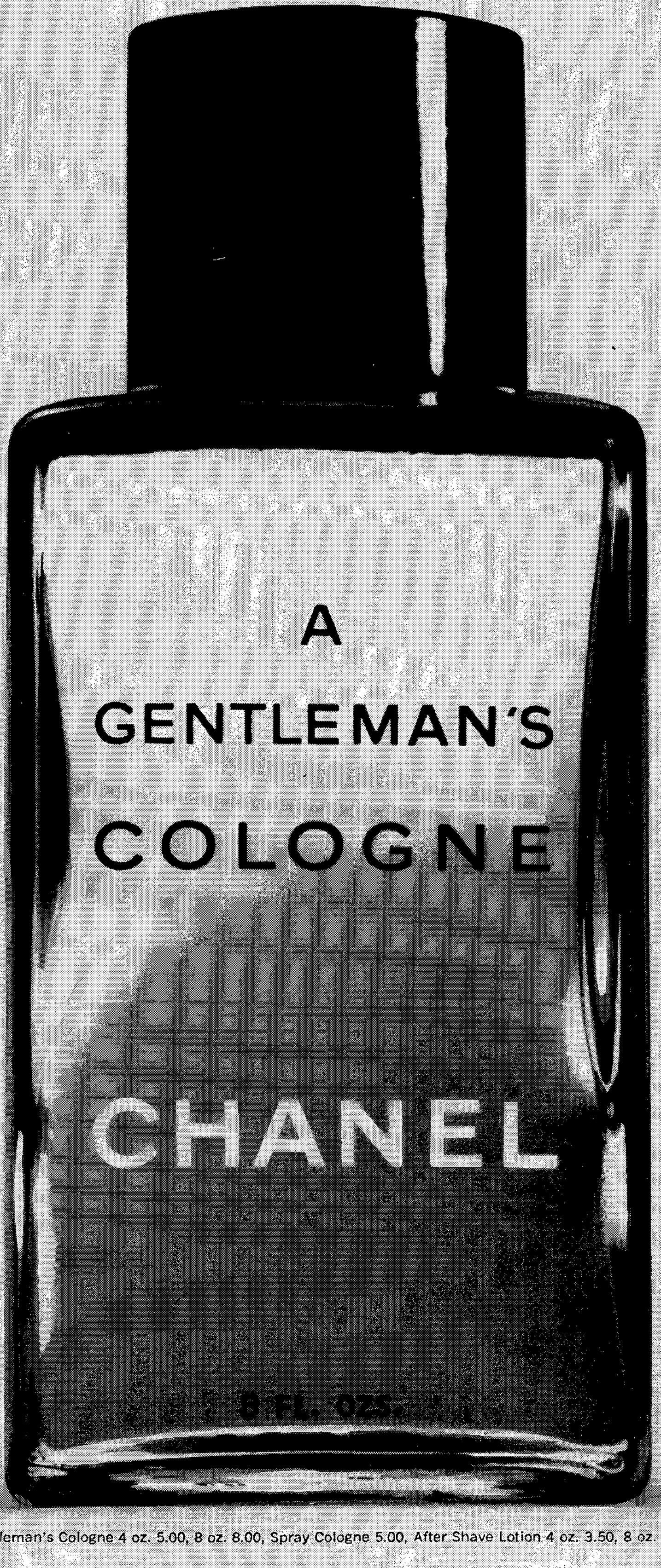
The Mark of a Man.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FOOTBALL

Up the Giant Causeway

THE surprise was not that someone thought of a way to restrain Ron Johnson but that the someone to do it was the Eagles, who, moving desultorily through their schedule, have rarely been known to bother anyone. But on that bitter Monday evening in Philadelphia two weeks ago, the Eagles laid out a defense that would, one of them said later on, "keep him running to the inside," and Johnson managed to average only two yards a try in his sixteen runs. That, and a Giant pass that just missed becoming the winning touchdown, and a couple of other accidents, put the Giants down, 23–20, and so their journey back to where they belonged (at the top) before the Jets were invented came to a stop. Last Sunday, against the Redskins once again, things, and Johnson, went rather better—Johnson to the outside, where he clearly enjoyed the smell of fresh air, and Frederickson up the middle, and Tarkenton's arm and Gogolak's foot moving the ball through the air. Johnson up the middle, too, after the Redskins had grown accustomed to seeing him elsewhere. Johnson eventually bent an ankle, but Duhon carried on for him, and a kick by Gogolak two minutes before the end broke the tie and made it 27–24. For the Redskins, Jurgensen, after fourteen years in the big league, was never better, even if his linemen were never worse; they gave him, to cite one of many delinquencies, no time at all to get off the last-second pass that might have done in the Giants for the season.

IT was a great afternoon for Tarkenton and Jurgensen, and a not very good weekend for some other field generals. Theismann, who pitched his final game for Notre Dame, against the University of Southern California, had a hard time of it out on the Coast, and it was plain that doom was at hand when he could be seen—on camera—dodging about in his own end zone until a pair of huge paws descended upon him and, in the process, removed the ball from his hands. As it lay on the ground, someone fell on it for the crushing touchdown, a count of 38–28, and the finish of Notre Dame's long succession of victories. In Philadelphia, Atha, aged

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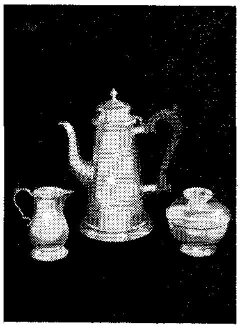

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all of nineteen, and called upon, late in the year, to run Army, tried his luck against Navy, and it was mostly bad; the initiation ceremony that Navy organized included four catches of the passes he threw, and he lost the ball when he was trying to position it for what should have been Jensen's final field goal of an eminent career. Atha, who lives almost within sight of Ohio State, would have turned up there if Woody Hayes, who is the incumbent chargé d'affaires, had been interested in left-handed passers. McNallen, three years Atha's senior, was Navy's quarterback, and the difference in age and experience was obvious. With one teammate, Schwelm, catching McNallen passes, and another teammate, Schickner, catching Atha passes, it had to be that Navy, even though it had lost nine matches in a row, would take a turn for the better—Navy 11, Army 7, in a very, very mild form of entertainment. If anyone was a hero, it was Army's Albano, putting on his final show for the Point. He was banged up enough this fall to miss four games, but in the others he snaffled fifty-four passes for six touchdowns and six hundred and sixty-nine yards. He got six passes and Army's only score against Navy, he ran thunderously on Atha's tosses, and he retires with all good wishes.

WELL, T-formation football demands a quarterback who knows more than he is apt to learn in three years of varsity play. (Not everyone comes fully equipped, like Dartmouth's Chasey, to the job.) Because he must have his hands on the ball on every play, he must, like any other human being, be permitted his quota of fumbles, and the quarterback fumbles that

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this correspondent has viewed this fall have disorganized many a well-intentioned maneuver—often fatally. Against the Redskins, Tarkenton fumbled but once; snatching the ball on the run, he had just two seconds to escape serious trouble, and he used those two seconds to flip the ball out of danger to Frederickson. Green hands—and there were plenty of them this season, in and out of the Ivy League—don't react to trouble that fast. All this can be suspected of being a proclamation in favor of single-wing football, and maybe it is. The remarkable plays that developed out of the shotgun formation (this viewer has seen only one such operation this year) have nearly been done away with, and after the monotony of pass on first down, pass on second down, pass on third down (the state of mind so prevalent among the pros) it was the delight of the week to watch the Giants spring that double reverse—and a deep one it was—against the Redskins. May I be permitted to pray that I will look upon its like again? —J. W. L.

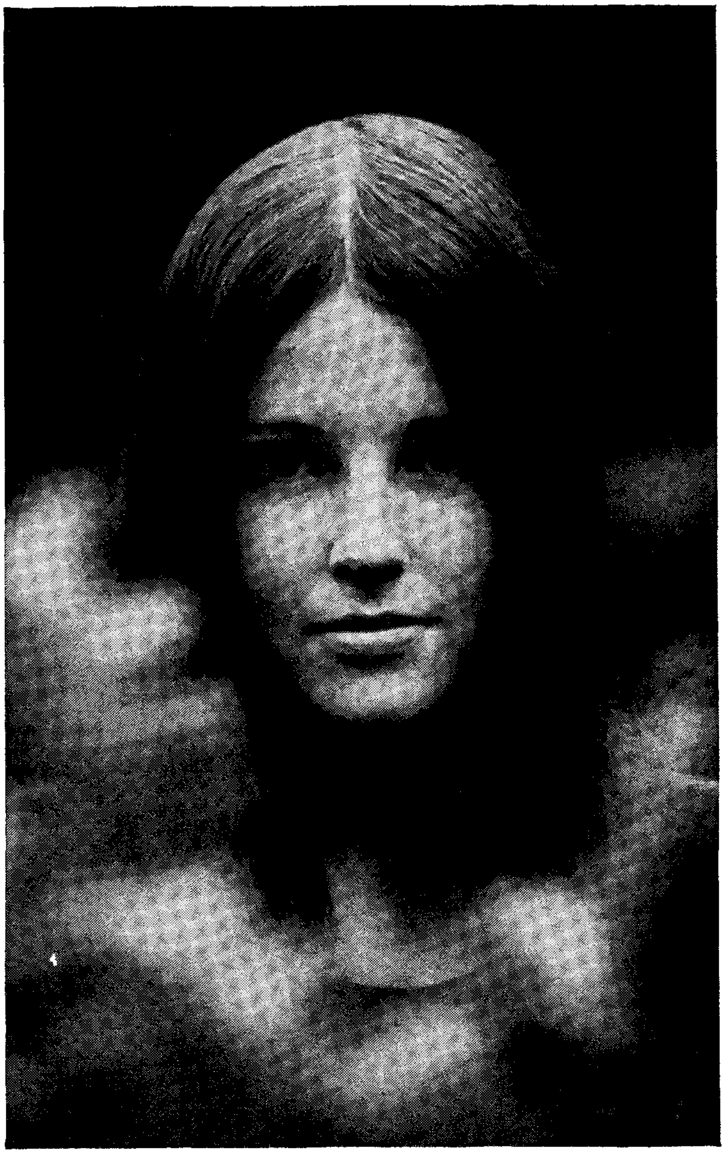
•

Efforts are moving ahead toward a comprehensive program to reduce "paperwork" in all areas of JPL. The stage for the program was set in a memo from Admiral John E. Clark, Deputy Director, when, to combat the steady rise in paper flow, he appointed a Paperwork Reduction Task Group. This group aims to reduce the effort, time, and cost that go into the creation, the processing, and the use of paperwork.

"This group is to examine as much of the paperwork of the Laboratory as possible with the aim of identifying and eliminating those items which are not essential to the efficient accomplishment of JPL's mission," Admiral Clark wrote.

Heading up the Task Group is Irl Newlan, Manager of the Technical Information and Documentation Division. Representing Flight Projects on the group are Lloyd S. Blomeyer, Kenneth G. Boline, and Bradford C. Houser. From Research and Advanced Development is Anthony Briglio, Jr.; Technical Divisions, E. G. Ted Cook, Richard K. Mallis, John W. Stearns, Jr., and Fred H. Thiel; Tracking and Data Acquisition, Richard J. Fahnestock; Plans and Programs, Keirn Zebb; Financial Management and Procurement, Norman V. Gomes, Claude Cook, and David E. Ireland; Personnel Administration and Supporting Services, Herbert O. Tice and Richard Z. Toukdarian; Quality Assurance and Reliability, Brooks T. Morris, and Director's Office, Charles W. Craven. About 12 subcommittees and three advisory subcommittees have been established to look into various aspects of the paperwork problem.—*Laboratory, a publication of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory.*

We can hardly wait for their written reports.



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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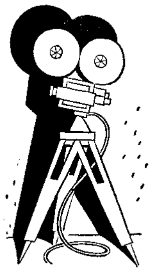
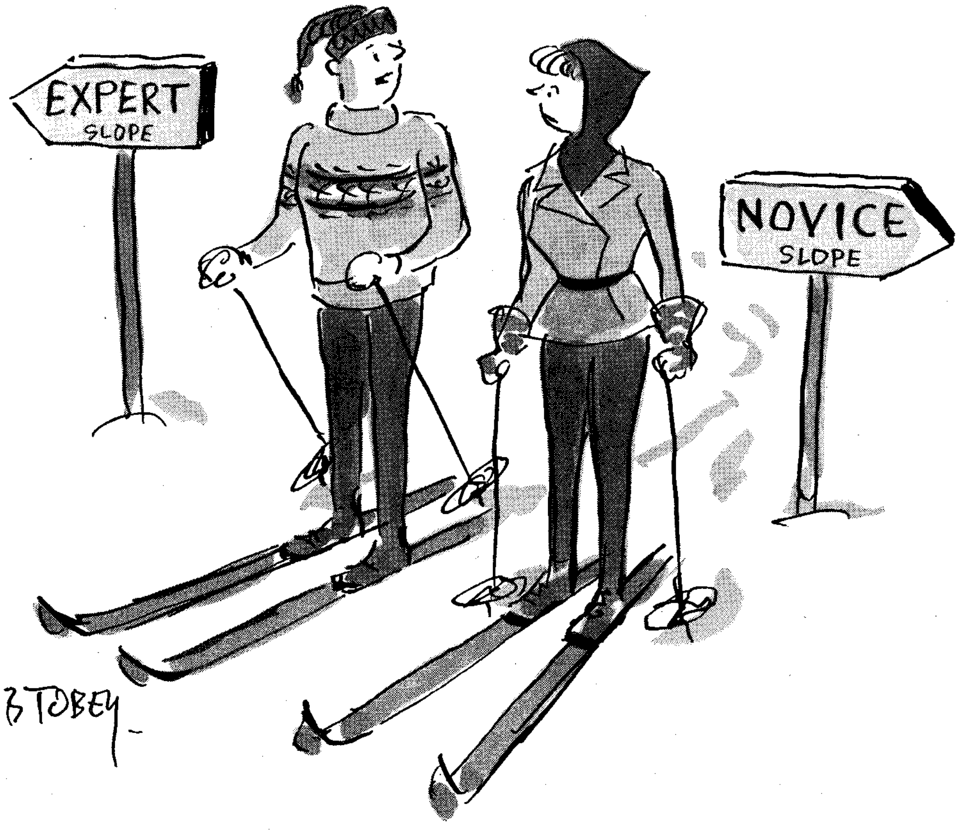


THE first groupie to reach the screen was probably Shelley Plimpton's Reenie, in "Alice's Restaurant;" she was the sniffling, flat-chested thirteen- or fourteen-year-old girl who wanted to make it with Arlo, " 'cause you'll probably get to be an album." Earlier generations of teen-age fans slept with pictures of movie stars over their beds; groupies sleep with rock stars and, it would seem, anybody connected with them they can get. Though groupies attach themselves to rock groups, in the film "Groupies" they seem much the same as the little celebrity-lovers who rolled on the lavender paper with the photographer in "Blow-Up." They're not sad, lost little girls like Reenie, they're a spooky bunch of junior hookers and hardened name-droppers.

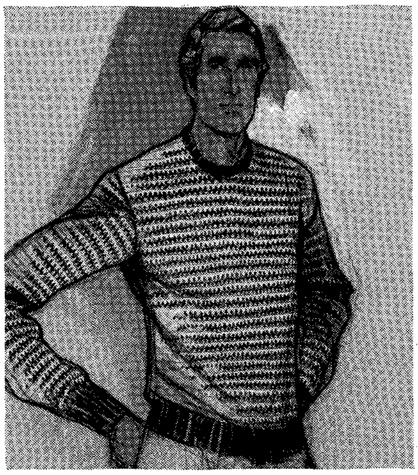
Like the documentary "The Queen," about the Miss All-American beauty contest for female impersonators held in New York City in 1967, "Groupies" reveals a way of life that has shock and curiosity value for the audience. The subject of baby band-molls is such a good one that it holds one's speculative interest even though this is a slight, badly made, and uninformative documentary. The girls who come on for the moviemakers are juvenile variants of Warhol's performers, swearing and showing off, trying to be daring and unusual; they describe everything as "fantastic." Because of their extreme youth and brazen parasitism, they themselves seem fantastic; they're gutsy little girls, but, like all hangers-on, they're depressing. Their specialized shallowness is what makes them a fascinating subject, but the filmmakers don't bring enough skill or depth to the project. The crew spent nine months photographing their prey in various cities; however, the camerawork wanders affectlessly and the images are poorly framed. The cameramen obviously didn't know when they had something worth photographing and when they didn't. The material has been padded out with footage of homosexual groupies in San Francisco and a party scene at a swank apartment, and encumbered with unrelated rock numbers, to make it a feature.

Some of the girls are falling apart and already half dead from drugs (a beat-out girl talking about past good times as she dries herself after a bath has the shrivelled belly of a scrawny old woman); some are obviously just precocious drabs—tough, cheerfully foul-mouthed baby prostitutes, unappetizing but not yet the abject streetwalkers they will probably become. Others look as if their lives might not be very different from those of earlier generations of movie-star worshippers-from-afar (who sometimes got fairly close through fan clubs and autograph collecting). Are their mothers and grandmothers those hard-faced witches who line up to get into the audience for afternoon TV shows? The plaster-casters (who make mementos of their heroes' genitals) suggest that in some ways they may be not so different from the girls who used to go out for the drudge jobs in little theatres. These girls, whose proudest possession is their plaster statue of Jimi Hendrix's phallus, still have their baby fat and seem only a couple of years past reading "Little Women." Did they skip that and go right to "The Love Machine," or do they watch the box? Do they have part-time jobs, or do their parents support them? Are groupies just the latest style in how girls become prostitutes or, sometimes, stars or mistresses or wives of stars—or do some of the groupies represent a whole new thing?

The central weakness is that we never see the girls listening to music. It's understandable that we rarely see the girls in the same backstage-life shots as the musicians (that would present legal problems, because so many of the girls are under age), but since we don't actually see them responding to any performance or to a record, or even talking about the music, we can't tell whether this music is the mechanism for changing their lives. There is one good musical number in the movie—Joe Cocker singing "Delta Lady," in which, as in his other screen appearances, the jerky movement of his hands suggests an orgiastic helplessness. This is a long way from the clean, powdered pretty-boy crooners who made fans swoon; he looks like the Three Stooges impersonating Beethoven having a fit—yet this spastic desperation is now accepted, without surprise. One wonders why the filmmakers didn't have enough feeling for the scaffolding that holds a movie together to *use* this sequence to integrate the film. For what we still want to know when we come out of the movie is whether rock music means something more exciting to some teen-agers than they can handle in the context of education and family life—in



"I'm sorry, Nancy, but this is where I say au revoir."



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which case the phenomenon of groupies is not just the latest fashion in dislocated kids' latching on to big-name free-spenders but something new. Are groupies a world apart, like the female impersonators in the Miss All-American contest, or are they the coming center? "Groupies," unfortunately, exhausts the commercial interest in a good subject without getting into the subject.

ONE of the abiding problems of movies is that success cuts off the directors and stars from contact with the audience. When they try to find their way back, they begin to think about doing something on a simpler scale—making a small, honest movie about real people. But success seems to have cost them their capacity for self-mockery. They don't think in terms of the kind of movie that made them famous (not that they should, necessarily) but in self-important, dated, penitential terms. When they actually do make these films, the results usually are either urban-elemental (typical, natural poor people crushed in the hostile city) or rural-elemental (typical, natural poor people crushed in a stark farming environment). The new John Frankenheimer film, "I Walk the Line," which stars Gregory Peck, is rural-elemental. The movie is half over while you're still wondering when it's going to start, and finally it's over but never did get started. "I Walk the Line" has gone so far in deglamorizing everything that it forgets to give you a reason for watching it. Peck, a weather-beaten, gaunt-faced Tennessee sheriff, married to well-meaning Estelle Parsons, gets tragically involved with a young girl (Tuesday Weld), the daughter of a moonshiner (Ralph Meeker). The people are homespun and dirt-poor. They look at each other expressionlessly, hopelessly, and talk in hillbilly dialect, with a pause after every line so you'll know their lives are arid.

What was good about Frankenheimer's early films was a straightforward, ingenious approach to pace and craft and entertainment values. But the man who directed the workmanlike "The Manchurian Candidate" and "Seven Days in May" now loiters over every shot trying to squeeze art into it. One might have hoped after "The Fixer" that Frankenheimer had done enough for mankind and might try to pull himself together. A director shouldn't be put down for trying to extend himself, and I don't mean to say that Frankenheimer should be a happy hack. But he needs to build on

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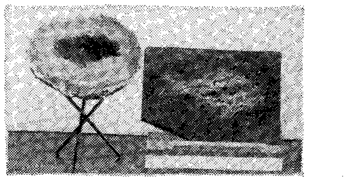

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what he's good at, and use it in new ways. He was a smart, sophisticated director; he isn't developing through these anti-audience films, he's just becoming a bore. "I Walk the Line" oozes sanctimoniousness, like his "The Gypsy Moths," and the technique is as clumsy as it was in "The Fixer." When Peck has a line of dialogue to speak, he isn't allowed just to say it; the camera has to discover him sitting on a staircase, with a piece of the banister carefully cut out to provide a frame for his haggard misery as he talks. The audience isn't suffering from success, but we're forced to do penance with the director when we have to watch a slobbering bully force himself on the lovely young heroine and shoot the dog who's guarding her. This is about as elemental as a movie can get; it's almost the primal movie scene.

There's always been a tendency for movie directors to think that the more dismally uninteresting the characters, the more honest the movie. "I Walk the Line" has a laconic hero and a girl in calico and the same kind of solemnly virtuous seriousness that famous movie directors flopped with in the twenties and thirties. Frankenheimer has persistently fallen into a big-director-trying-to-find-himself trap. There are changes in the movie business, but the persistences tell us something, too. The news magazines go on dreaming up those cover stories on how there are no stars any longer or on how the new star is utterly unlike previous stars in that he doesn't really care about stardom. Shirley MacLaine crinkles up her face and grins like Louise Fazenda, Paul Newman is getting more and more like Richard Arlen, and there is David Frost asking movie stars the same old fan-magazine questions: Who is your ideal? What would you say if your daughter wanted to follow in your footsteps and become an actress? What does love mean to you? What is the biggest thing in your life? At least, the plaster-casters would give him a plain, graphic answer.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

The children at Mt. Laurel received a very special treat this week when the Deacons of the Congregational Church in Dorset donated the delicious remnants of the Turkey Dinner that was held at the Church on Thursday. Mt. Laurel usually gets its hot lunches from the Manchester Elementary School, but we're sure that everyone is grateful to the Deacons for a change in menu.—*Hallie Smith in the Manchester (Vt.) Journal.*

They've been reading Charles Dickens?

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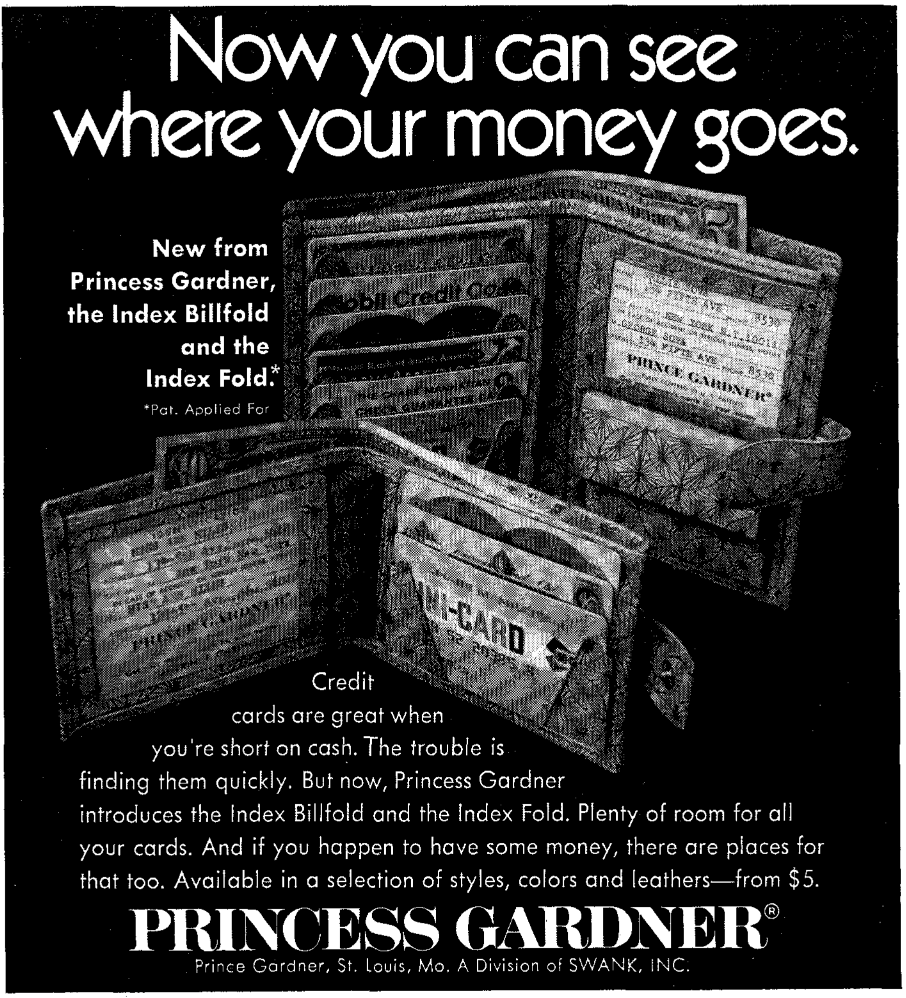
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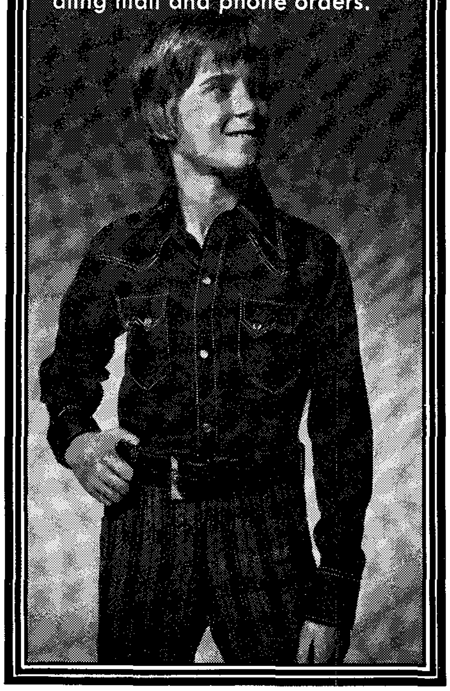
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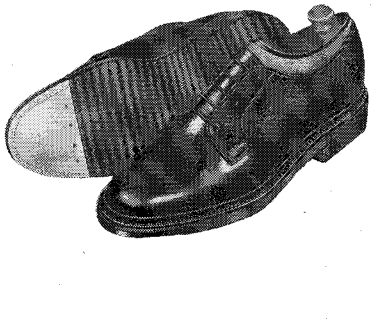
"ELEKTRA," if not Richard Strauss's most pleasant, is certainly his most powerful opera. In the course of its hour and fifty minutes, the listener is, as they say, put through the wringer and his sympathies are enlisted for the most terrible revenge, which comes, somehow, as a welcome relief. Part of this effect is due to the old play by Sophocles, part of it to the skill of the librettist, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, and a great deal of it to the music, which growls and rages with dissonance until Orestes appears, to carry out Elektra's wish by murdering their mother and her paramour, and then breaks into magnificent melody. It is a unique opera, and it is one of my favorites. To present it well, one must have an Elektra of tremendous stage presence as well as vocal force, and one must also have a Klytemnestra who is a great actress. Both these specifications were admirably filled last Friday night at the Metropolitan Opera House. Birgit Nilsson, today's reigning Elektra, sent sublime vocal tones across the footlights, and Regina Resnik was again, as she has been many times in the past, the ideal drunken, staggering insomniac that von Hofmannsthal conceived for the role of Klytemnestra. During the performance, I was reminded of past Elektras—of the heavy, terrifyingly mobile Elektra of the great Rose Pauly, and the more attractive if slightly less stentorian Elektra of Inge Borkh. Both were extremely effective, each in her particular way. Miss Nilsson differs from both of them. Her Elektra is understated from the visual standpoint, except in the opera's moments of crisis. She sits and broods; she moves with a minimum of hysterics; even her dance on Agamemnon's grave, at the end, is reserved in its movements. Yet, by sheer power of presence, she convinces you of the gnawing hunger for vengeance that has unhinged her mind. And, of course, there is the enormous Nilsson voice, which cries out over the large orchestra with almost too little effort. Miss Pauly appeared for her curtain calls with the sweat running down her big body, looking as if she had just emerged from a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shower bath. Miss Nilsson is cooler, suggesting not neurosis but psychosis. Nobody in my experience has *sung* the role better. The rest of the cast, including Miss Resnik's unforgettable Klytemnestra, was topnotch. Leonie Rysanek, in good voice, was probably singing her hundredth Chrysothemis. I remember her doing it at the Vienna Opera, long before she came to the Metropolitan. She is pretty, she has a good figure, and she can cope with the powerful high notes of the role. She makes the perfect foil for Miss Nilsson's uglier, more ravaged Elektra. Thomas Stewart proved to be the best Orestes we have had around here in a number of years—virile in looks as well as voice, and fully committed as an actor. Helge Brilioth, who had made his Metropolitan début, as Parsifal, the week before, was close to perfection as Aegisthus. The minor roles were all well taken. I hate the scenery and costumes designed for this production by Rudolf Heinrich. The archaic figurines he has made of the five serving women look ridiculous, and the atmosphere of a coal mine with which he has suffused the whole scene calls too much attention to itself instead of serving as a background to the action. The performance the other night, however, had, thank God, a professional conductor of great stature, Karl Böhm, to stir the orchestra into the proper state of frenzy.

LAST Tuesday evening, I attended the recital in Philharmonic Hall of Montserrat Caballé. The program she presented was a taxing one, in four languages, including a large group of German lieder, operatic excerpts from the works of Handel, Bellini, and Rossini, and a selection of Spanish songs to end up with. Miss Caballé has one of the most beautiful voices on display today. Its floating high pianissimos are ravishing; its *fioritura* agility is almost flawless (curiously, she cannot trill in the middle of her voice, but she trills very well high up in her range). I wish that Mr. Bing would cast her as Norma, a role to which she would bring a special ethereal beauty. She tackled the coloratura of Handel's "Oh, Had I Jubal's Lyre," from "Joshua," with extraordinary ease, and her breath control in "O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me," from "Semele," was a marvel to hear. But this is not a voice that can be forced. It is at its best in pure *bel canto*, and it lacks great power of characterization. Thus, "Trema, Trema, Tiranno," from "Ottone," was a bit pallid, and Schubert's

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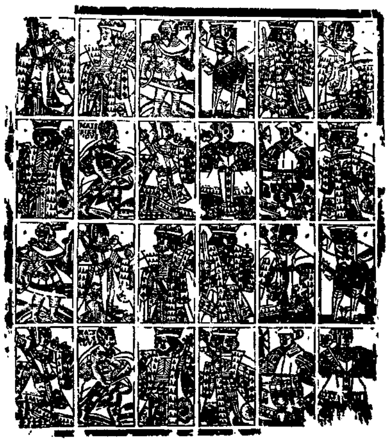
"Der Musensohn" a bit breathless, and while a brave effort toward individuation of character was made in Schubert's "Die junge Nonne," the effort did not quite pay off. On the other hand, the first note of his "Nacht und Träume" was unforgettable for its limpidity, and his "Du Bist die Ruh" was sung with a clarity of tone that is practically unmatched today. Again, in a rarely heard recitative and aria from Metastasio's "Didone" (I was unaware that the great librettist Metastasio had ever written an opera of his own), there was a certain insufficiency of force, and in Rossini's "La Pugnai!," from "Aureliano e Palmira," the descending chromatic scale was merely a scoop. To be fair, I must say that no coloratura soprano I have heard in recent years can articulate a descending chromatic scale except that phenomenon Joan Sutherland. The accompanist that evening, Miguel Zanetti, is to be particularly commended.

LAST Monday night, I went to Town Hall to hear a young Canadian pianist, Mari-Elizabeth Morgen, who was making her début here. Miss Morgen is a tall brunette in her early twenties who has won several competitions and who was trained first at the Toronto Royal Conservatory, that admirable institution from which so many gifted artists have emerged. The first part of her program indicated courage. It was nothing less than Bach's Goldberg Variations, performed entire, with scrupulous regard for all those harpsichordal ornamentations that belong to the period. The long work was brought off with superb style, clean delineation, and considerable power. There was, at this point, no doubt that Miss Morgen is an accomplished Bach player. But the last part of her program consisted of items by Chopin, and this caused some curiosity. Could a confirmed and dedicated Bach performer display the particular and very different talents required of a Chopin specialist? Well, she could and did. The Polonaise, Opus 40, No. 2, the Scherzo in B Flat Minor, Opus 31, a nocturne, and a couple of mazurkas showed that Miss Morgen is a fine all-round pianist, whose career I shall watch with great interest.

ON Wednesday night, I visited the performance of the Hindu Kerala Kalamandalum Kathakali dance company at the Hunter College Assembly Hall. This company's work is so exotic to Western eyes that it needs some explanation. The dancers, who are obvi-



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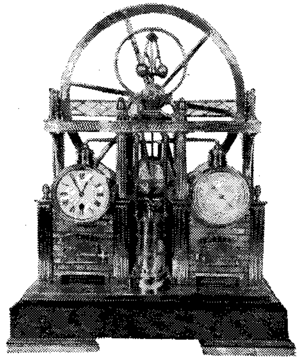

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ously tremendously skilled in their particular art, are covered with elaborate costumes and thick makeup of a wholly unrealistic kind. The good guys have green faces; the bad guys wear red beards and masks that practically obscure their faces, or else they have bulbs on the ends of their noses and upturned mustaches. There is no expression on the faces of most of the participants; indeed, their makeup is so heavy that I doubt whether facial expression is possible. Drama is expressed by movements of the hands (in an extremely intricate vocabulary of gesture) and of the arms, which shrug, threaten, or wave away disliked characters in a manner that is quite comprehensible. The Kathakali company that evening were dancing a story—specifically, that part of the "Mahabharata" that immediately precedes the great battle of Kurukshetra, in which the sons of Dhrtarashtra bite the dust, while the victorious Pandava princes go off on a pilgrimage to the Himalayas. I am familiar with this story (it is a mere incident in this Hindu epic, which I am told is more than three times the length of the Judaeo-Christian Bible), and I found the relating of it to be a pretty slow process. The dancing is very formal, and is accompanied by continuous chanting in what I took to be Hindi, along with an enormous amount of pounding on gongs and drums. One sees the crooked dice game in which the virtuous Yudhisthira gambles away his possessions, his brothers, and finally their collective wife, Draupadi, to the evil Shakuni—a wily cheat if I ever saw one, and one with white catlike whiskers. Then one wanders with the princes to the court of the King of Virata, where they undertake menial work, and where advances to Draupadi are made by the King's brother-in-law, Kichaka, until the strongest of the princes, Bhima, strangles him. Krishna, an avatar of the god Vishnu, attempts to negotiate peace between the princes and the sons of Dhrtarashtra, in vain, and the battle is on. Its most notable feature is Bhima's ripping open the belly of the evil Duhsasana and bathing in his blood. This scene is so stylized and formal that nothing really grisly is done. One gathers that rural Indian audiences are vastly thrilled by these doings. I found it all technically fascinating, but just a trifle long-drawn-out.

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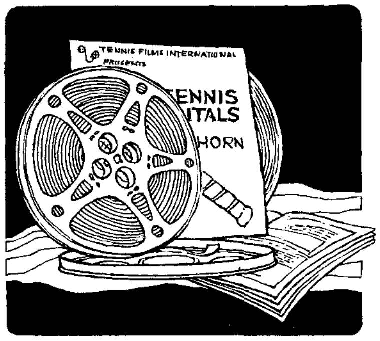

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AN ISMAILIA CHILDHOOD

THE CANAL

ISMAILIA, halfway along the western bank of the Suez Canal where it enters Lake Timsah, had once been called "the emerald of the desert," but now, seen through field glasses across the water from the east, it looked dusty and abandoned. An ominous silence had settled over it, and on the empty beach stood buildings with closed shutters. Dark dredges and cranes floated idle in the port, and there were no workers to be seen anywhere. Behind the old Suez Canal Company houses—all with balconies and tile roofs, all painted terra-cotta and beige—were untidy blocks of gray buildings, built in recent years to accommodate the population increase. Just about the only thing moving was a black-and-white buoy, midway across the Canal, that trembled gently, like the machinery of a clock. I was standing with a group of Israeli soldiers on the eastern bank shortly after the Six-Day War, and since I had originally come from Ismailia, I was able to tell them something about the city. But as I pointed out this feature or that—the hospital, approached by a steep road, that had once been administered by an order of nuns; a statue of the Virgin Mary standing on the edge of a rooftop above overgrown gardens—I realized that the Ismailia I had known thirty years ago, back in a time of order and tidiness, was made up of a million moments that had no relevance to these young men guarding fortifications, patrolling night and day, waiting, listening, staring through their glasses far inland across the flat plain at the black dots of Egyptian fellahin moving across the sands.

Among Israelis, it seemed, there was hardly anybody except members of my family who had known the Canal, now a boundary on maps of battles between Arabs and Jews, in its days of serenity and prosperity. When I was a child in Ismailia, back in the thirties, we lived on the Place Champollion, named after the nineteenth-century French Egyptologist who had decoded ancient hieroglyphics. It was the city's central square, and, as I remember it, it was dominated by two identical houses: one the doctor's house and one ours. They both belonged to the Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez, although my father did not work directly for the Canal Company. He was manager of the Electricity Supply Company, which had its headquarters in Alexandria. This appointment had been given to him when he was twenty-two, after he finished his engineering studies in France. Many public services in Egypt at that time were in the hands of Europeans, and this was a Swiss concern. A house was given with the job, and the one we lived in on the Place Champollion had balconies, running the whole length of the second floor, that were supported by narrow wooden pillars forking at the top, like giant upturned rakes. The pillars stressed the exceptional height of the rooms, built that way to suit the climate. The floors outside our windows used to creak at night, and we children would tell each other that somebody was hiding there. Most certainly it was Zamaluti, the lovable thief of Egyptian stories, who was so clever at fooling the police. Nightly, the eerie sounds brought a renewed certainty of his presence. When we were told to undress and go to bed, my sisters and I stood transfixed and listened.

Our fascination with Egyptian folklore was not usual in that environment, for the little town bore in everything the authority and taste of the Canal Company. We lived in Egypt and yet apart from it. In the administration, all senior personnel were French, although in lower echelons there were Italians and Greeks. Pilots could be anything—French, Italian, Australian. My best friend was the daughter of a Dutch pilot named Boon. We all went to French schools: my brother to the Order of Friars of Ploërmel, across the street, till the age of twelve, when he was sent to study in England, and my two sisters and I to the nuns of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul. The schools were run in the colonial spirit, with little relevance to the country they happened to be in, and not one word of Arabic was ever taught. There were French nuns teaching Ronsard, Boileau, and Montaigne, the history of France, and the glories of Romanesque and Gothic architecture. We learned all the *départements*, *sous-départements*, and *préfectures* of France along with the French rivers and the French colonies.

My sisters and I wore blue serge uniforms in winter. They were heavy and cumbersome and itchy. In spring and summer, we had blue-and-white checked-cotton uniforms, with elbow-length sleeves and white piqué collars and cuffs—all most impractical in the heat. We also wore broad-brimmed straw hats, over which Mother insisted that we wear a pale-green veil to protect our skin from freckles. I don't remember the other girls' setting out like that—or getting freckles—but Mother's authority was such that we never questioned anything she said.

Once a year, the school would undergo a thorough overhaul just before the president of the Canal Company came to visit. I remember distinctly one such visit by the Marquis de Vogüé, who was then

the president. He had white hair, and he wore spats and carried a stick with a gold knob. He was accompanied by the Canal's *agent supérieur*, the Baron de Benoist, who also wore spats. They entered each class, and we rose while they looked at us as though we were a well-bred species of pets kept by the Canal Company at a perfect standard of conventional upbringing. This girl or that would be pointed out as "the daughter of So-and-So," and, of course, we always curtsied when one of us was called forward and then was dismissed after a few questions. There were other special visits, as when General Weygand came, or former President Doumergue with his wife, the novelist Delly. Her books were in the school library and were much sought after when we were allowed to read novels. They were stories of love, pure and romantic, of people so favored by nature that they were unreal, and when we saw her we almost collapsed. Such a dumpy little bourgeoise, next to a dumpy little husband—even if he *had* been President of France.

The school was built in the shape of a large quadrangle, with a broad inner courtyard, where we played *la marelle* (hopscotch) with a broken piece of terrazzo tile. There were classrooms along three sides of the courtyard, and on the fourth there were the nuns' quarters, with a garden and a passageway leading to the chapel. In the courtyard stood a few old eucalyptus trees—one of such patriarchal circumference that it must have been there on the day in 1869 when the Empress Eugénie, sailing along in a great convoy of celebrities and crowned heads from Port Said to Suez, inaugurated the canal that her subject Ferdinand de Lesseps had built. The gardener at the school was an Arab called François. We assumed he was a Christian. At any rate, the nuns and the lay teachers spoke to him in French.

My sisters and I, not being Catholics, were allowed to come to school every morning at ten past eight, after chapel, but we stayed in class for the hour of catechism without participating. Catholicism was the Canal Company's official religion. There was chapel every morning, prayers before going home for lunch at twelve, prayers on starting again at two, and more when we went home at four. Once a week, an *abbé* with a thick *Marseillais* accent heard confession in midmorning. The less conscientious pupils would sometimes express their wish to confess—entirely apart from religious necessity—when they were

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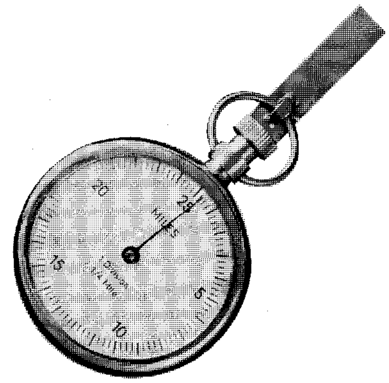

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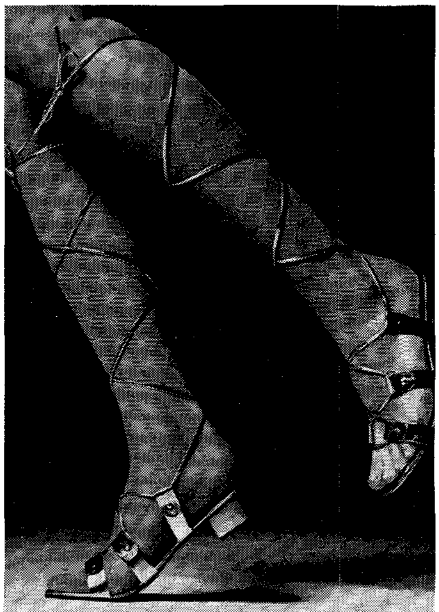

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not ready with homework, and a silent understanding would run through the room as they left it.

Pedagogically, the greatest stress was put on fear and memory. I never failed to recite to my mother after lunch the lessons needed for that afternoon. It was not a matter of comprehension but, rather, of being sure I could rattle the whole thing off as rapidly as possible. Our social behavior mattered no less than our academic records. Everything was divided very starkly between *bien élevé* and *mal élevé*. Of course there was sewing. We learned to do the tiniest of *coutures anglaises* (which I believe the English call "French seams"), and we also learned to embroider. In our later years at school, there was added to all this an "ethics" class, given by the Mother Superior, who hid a most handsome face under a white, starched, winglike *cornette*. As a tiny girl, I was once consoled and kissed under that *cornette* after having fallen down, and I remember feeling a lack of space and air in the midst of a glowing, white light. A pretty nun who taught us English seemed to have a special dislike for me. One day, as we were preparing banners for a religious procession instead of doing the usual English, she dipped a brush in a bucket of glue and, with a brisk movement of her wrist up and down, spread the glue over part of my face and even got some of it in one of my eyes. The speed and suddenness of it took me by surprise, and even today there remains a feeling of hurt. There was a water tap in the classroom, and I washed off the glue, trying not to cry and to seem as amused as the others were. Of course, I did not report the incident at home. In those days, children accepted humiliations that they would not today, and I doubt whether my mother would have asked for an explanation if I had told her about the incident. Not long ago, I met one of the nuns from my school at the Hospice of St. Vincent in Jerusalem. She told me that the pretty nun who taught English had been shot during the trouble in 1956 after the Canal was nationalized but that the Mother Superior was safe in Beirut.

NEAR our school there was a park with a sweet-water canal that provided the city's drinking water. A touching little ferry, no more than a large wooden box pulled by a clanking chain, ran across this little canal, and I can remember the sound of the chain

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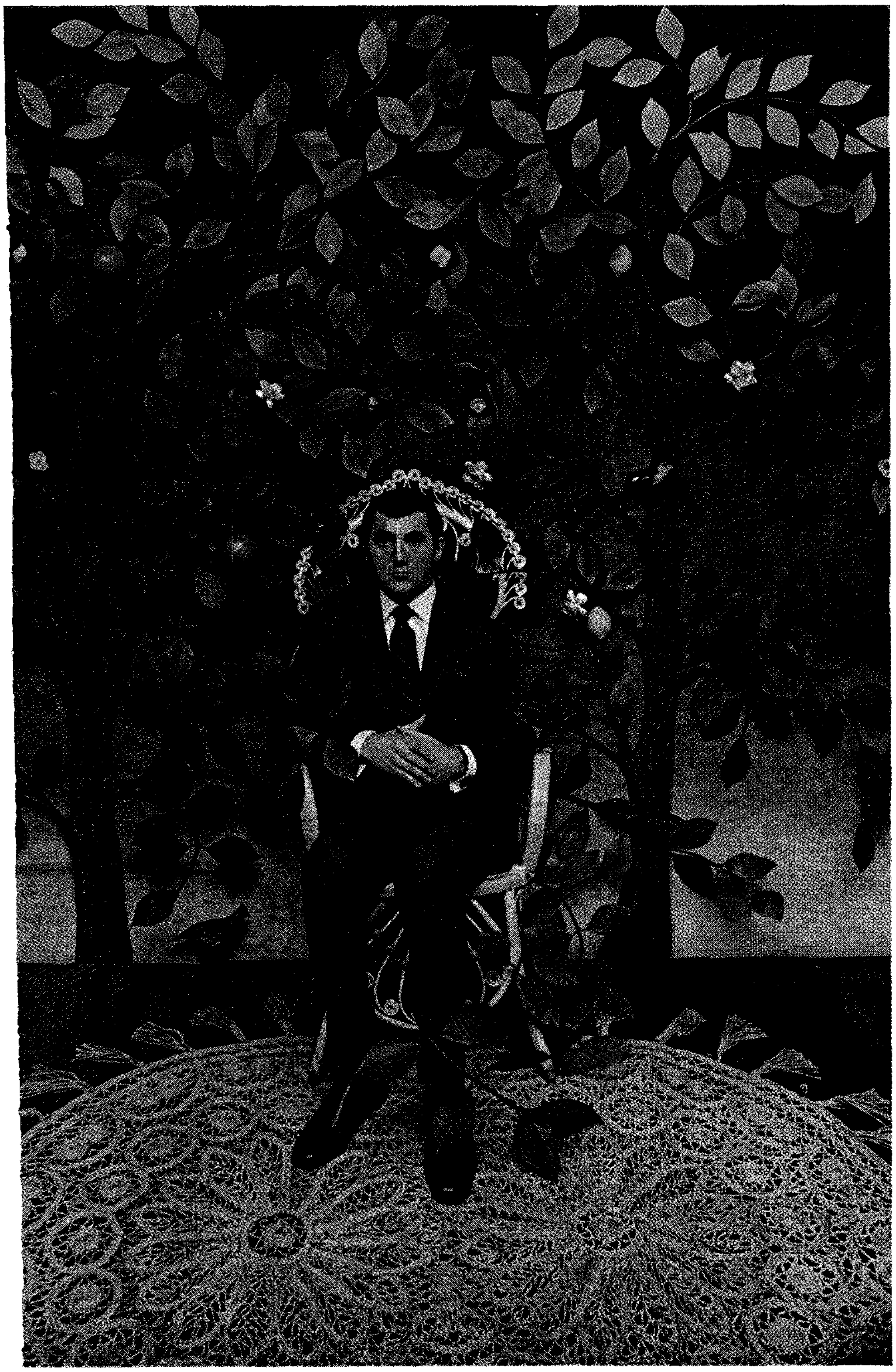

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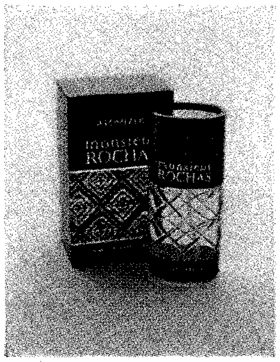

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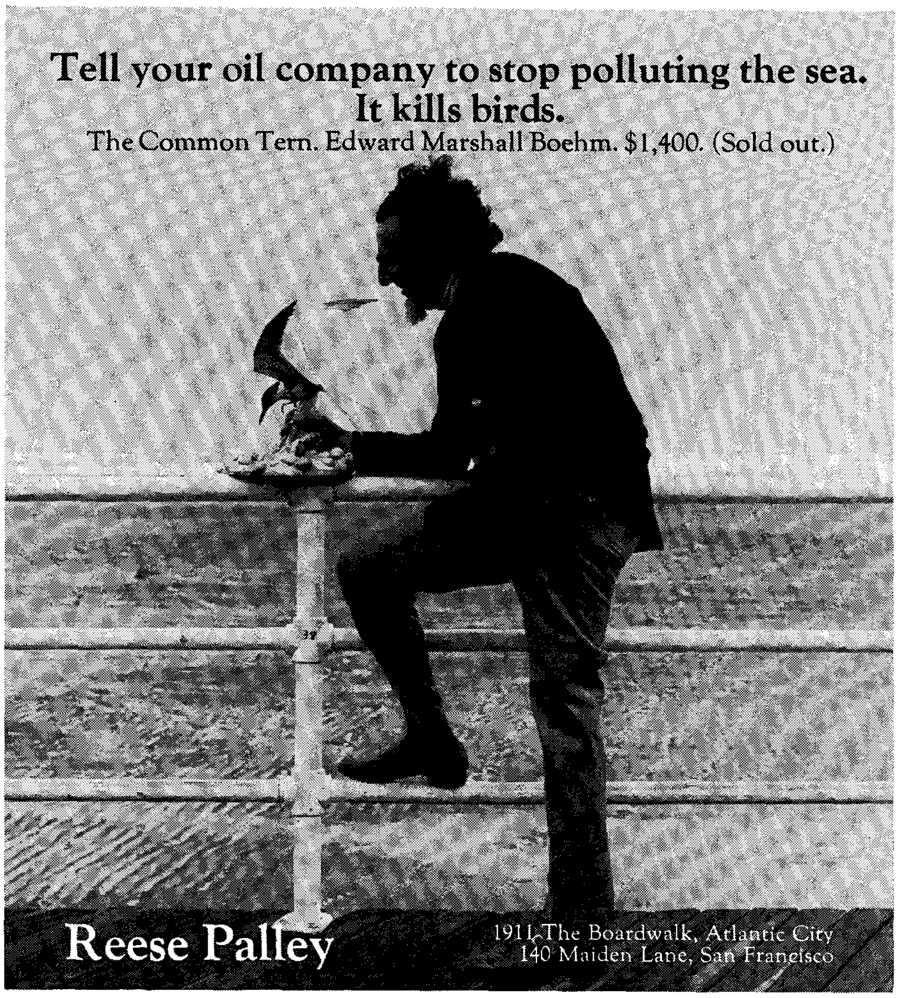
splashing back into the cool water as we pulled to get to the other side, where palm trees nodded over flower beds and wide green lawns. The verdure was an enchanting deception, for all around the city and its lake, which provided some consolation to the landscape, there was nothing but desert. Dunes, sensually curved by the wind, ran right down to the water. Their sand was finely grained and palely colored in a superb balance of ochres and white, and it was a joy to slide from the top of the dunes to the water's edge. One spoiled the dunes and went away, and when one came back every grain seemed to have been put back into place.

Beyond the sweet-water canal, at the end of a main artery called Mohammed Ali Street, stretched the part of the city called the Arab Village. It was a dirty place, where Arabs went about wearing their pajamas in the daytime, attending to the petty commerce of such places, and plaster was always flaking off the houses. From the Arab Village came revolting apparitions, such as toothless beggars with pus-ridden eyes, blotches and scabs, and fly-covered faces. From that part of town, too, came the men we saw wearing thick harnesses to protect their skin from the ropes by which they pulled barges full of cement or of building materials along the Canal. Once a year, on the Egyptian holiday of Sham el Nessim, in May, the shops there used to fill up with garishly decorated sugar dolls. Our servant Ibrahim would bring us one. The doll's body was a large sugar cone. She had red cheeks and phenomenally generous breasts. At this festival, barren Arab women used to visit Sheikh Ennedek, the small mausoleum of a saintly French convert to Islam in the times of Napoleon's conquest of Egypt, because it was believed that their fertility could be restored there. Resting on a sand ridge, the shrine overlooked Lake Timsah from what, in such a flat landscape, seemed rather high up. Chickens strutted among people and litter, and ibis birds, perched on the backs of emaciated cows and water buffaloes, pecked flies off the beasts. Little Arab girls, the rims of their eyes blackened by kohl and the palms of their hands reddened with henna, used to run about in shiny long dresses, many of them in a bright color that has since been taken up by fashion as Shocking pink, which French Ismailia called "*rose arabe*" and found an unacceptable color at any time.

There seemed to be no link between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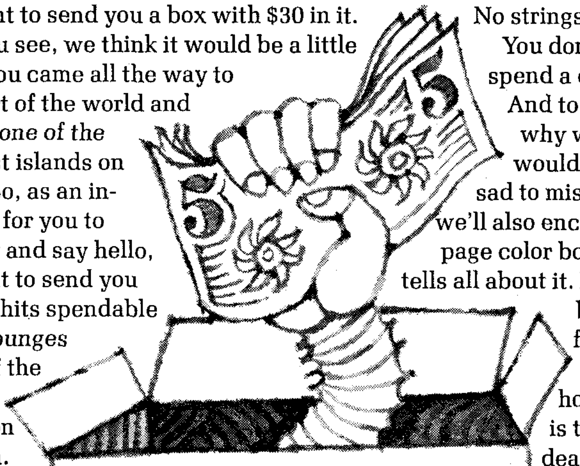
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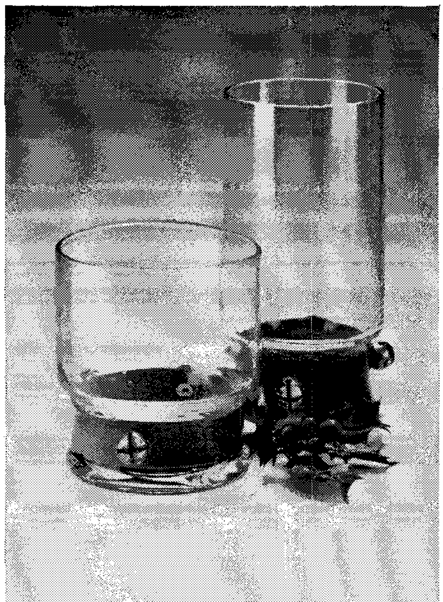

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the Arabs and the Europeans brought there, in one way or another, by the Canal Company: French bureaucrats nostalgically re-creating a Club Hippique and promenading in a wooded haven called the Bois de Boulogne, British officers and soldiers from the nearby Moascar Army Camp sailing down the lake from their Yacht Club, an Italian colony with its own school for girls run by the Franciscan Order, a Greek colony with its own church, and even a lone White Russian princess, from whom Mother took painting lessons, copying languid scenes that looked like faded Watteaus. But for the French enterprise, we all believed, there would have been nothing worthwhile in the eastern part of Egypt. It would have remained another of those vast expanses, roamed by jackals and trekked by occasional caravans, in which the country has abounded across the centuries.

Occasionally, if we had visitors from other parts, my father would ask the company for its motor launch, La Fauvette (The Warbler), which was festively outfitted with white scalloped awnings. The furniture was covered in white, too, and the brass in the cabin was very shiny. We would fare up and down the Canal, timing our trip between ships. Even in winter, we children preferred to stay out on deck, drinking hot, sweet, milky tea, with eyes weeping in what seemed cold by semitropical standards, while the white-lettered navy-blue pennant of the Canal Company flapped in the air.

On our more usual outings, my father would take us for a drive along the Canal. He had the first private car in Ismailia—a Chevrolet—which he taught himself to drive with a manual in the empty streets of the city. There was not much choice of route. One could go south toward Suez, along a road lined sporadically with eucalyptus trees, or north toward Port Said, where once a year our Italian music teacher used to exhibit our talent to a mixed assortment of parents from the Canal Company and from the world of commerce. We used to stop at the monument at Djebel Mariam, which had been built in the middle twenties to honor those who fell in that part of the desert during the First World War. Out of nowhere rose two huge, tapering walls of stone and concrete, representing the continents of Africa and Asia, and the sky seen between symbolized the Canal. My sisters and I used to run in and out of these walls, fascinated by the cavernous echoes of our shrieks, and on a windy day I

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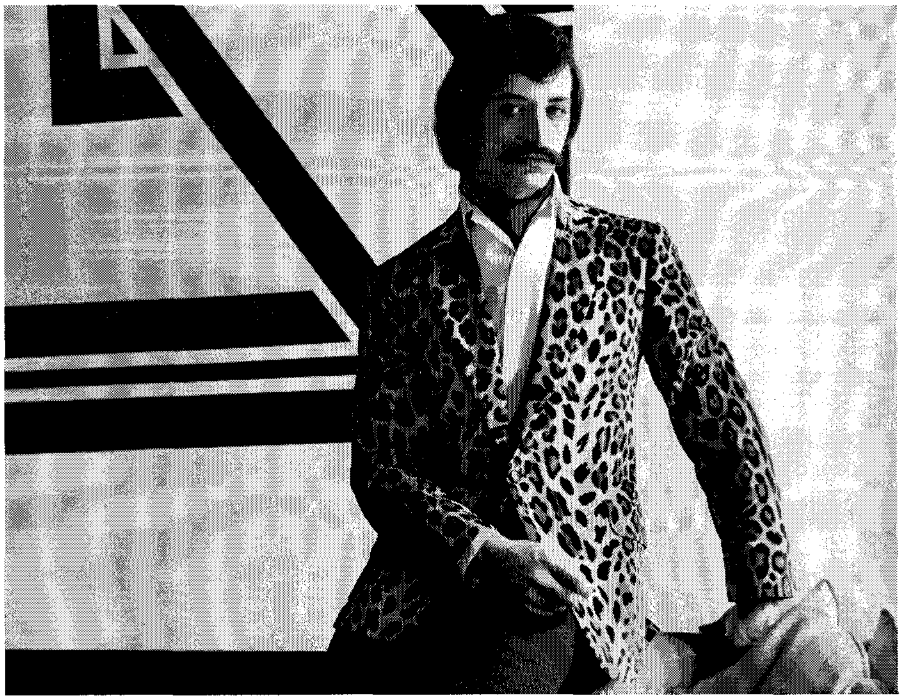
would cling to the walls, because the clouds speeding across the corridor of blueness above made me dizzy. The roads all along the Canal were mere ribbons of asphalt over the sand. After windstorms, the sand would cover sections of them entirely until they were cleared again. At the end of our rides, toward sunset, we often bought *bouri*, a Mediterranean fish, from men in feluccas, after shouting "*Fi samak*?" ("Do you have fish?") to them across the water. In winter, when it got dark early, we would see only their lanterns, and we would have to yell to get the men out from under cover. In the dark, big ships beamed harsh lights across the whole width of the Canal ahead of their passage. It was better to be driving in the same direction, for if not, the oncoming lights were blinding and my father would have to stop and wait until the ship had passed.

When we got home from a drive, my father would withdraw to his study and spend the rest of the evening with his stamp collection. He sometimes rewarded us children with a glimpse of his Middle Eastern stamps, which were very good, especially his Egyptian ones. He was very proud of the King Fuad stamps—the King shown three-quarter length, with his mustache waxed *à la turque*—that commemorated the opening of Port Fuad, opposite Port Said, in 1926. My father's pride was increased by the fact that he had attended the ceremony himself. It was held in a tent. Top hats were worn. There were also stamps commemorating the Graf Zeppelin's flight over Egypt in 1931. Airmail had been inaugurated in Egypt only a while before that. It was part of the new air consciousness.

One summer, we took a cabin on Lake Timsah, near the city's beach. That was one place where Europeans and Arabs mixed. Near the shore, the water became very dirty at times; people both swam and discarded food in it. It was impossible for us to swim there, even in the despair of the sultriest days. The Canal Company finally decided to build its own beach, with asbestos huts that could be swivelled against the sun, and when it was finished a luminous cleanliness reigned everywhere. From the beach, we would wave at people on the decks of ships sailing through the Canal, and I remember feeling, as they waved back, somehow left behind. After each ship passed, one heard the water drawing away simultaneously from the two shores in a powerful swoosh that was just



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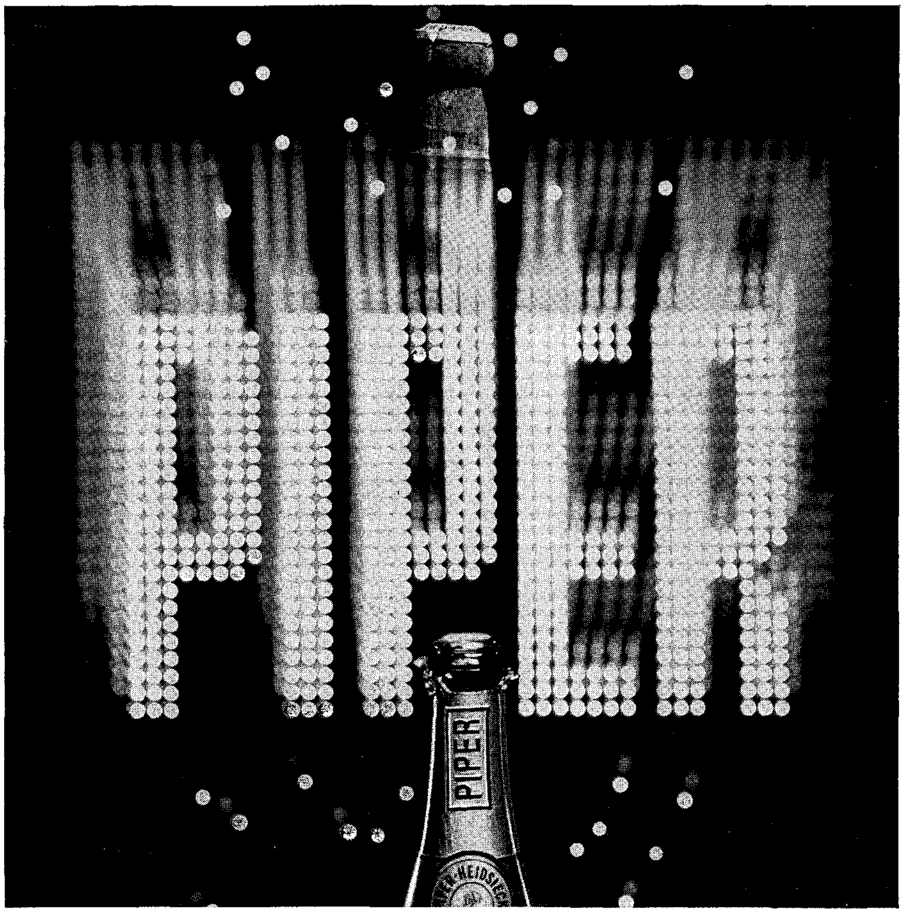

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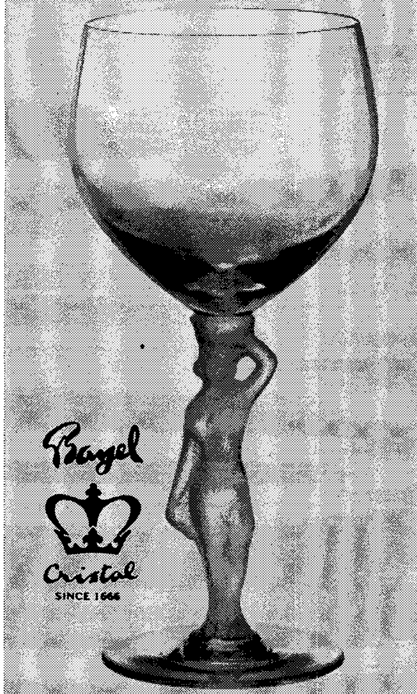

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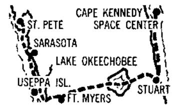

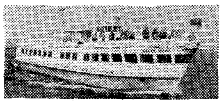

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Both Lake Timsah and the Bitter Lakes, farther south, were waiting stations for ships, since they could pass each other there as they could not in the Canal. Small convoys of ships proceeding in one direction would wait in the lakes for convoys going in the opposite direction to leave the rest of the Canal clear. Ismailia had no international commerce or trade, only a great deal of maritime traffic. According to de Lesseps' original plan, it was meant to be the equal of Suez and Port Said, but in fact it remained administrative and residential, since, even from ships moored in the lake, no passengers ever came ashore and no cargo was ever unloaded. All the children in Ismailia had little albums for the flags of maritime nations, and we used to watch for rare ones. Bored by the frequency with which the Peninsular & Oriental line plied that water, we all relished the appearance of some South American flag, and our eyes would follow it eagerly over the trail of foam.

AT home, we spoke Hebrew. It was the core of our family life. My parents were both born in Palestine, and their parents had immigrated in the eighteen-eighties, when the first Jewish quarters were built outside the Jerusalem walls and in the environs of Jaffa. We lived south for my father's professional reasons, but our roots and culture lay to the north of Sinai, and Hebrew was the language of that world. I knew no other language until I went to school. If the knowledge of Hebrew drew me closer to the people around me in later years, it separated me from other children when I started school. At home, we always had private teachers brought from Palestine, who lived with us and whose main qualification was that they did not know a word of any foreign language, thus assuring that only Hebrew would be spoken. Every day, my father received his Hebrew newspaper from Palestine. We children learned Bialik's poems in Hebrew and the Sh. L. Gordon (Shalag) commentaries on the Bible, just as they did in Palestine, and we sang Hebrew songs that were sung in Palestine—"Hapilu" and "Kinneret."

We had three tutors over the years, but when I was fourteen the tutoring stopped, since we could no longer cope with Hebrew studies on top of all the work we were getting in school. By then, my sisters and I spoke French among ourselves most of the time. It

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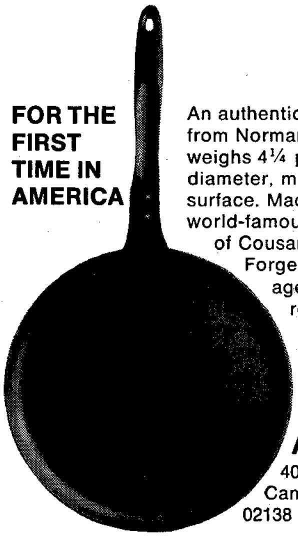

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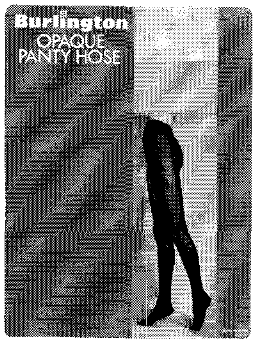

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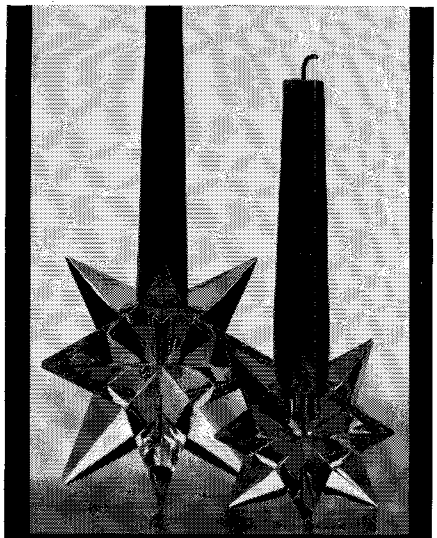

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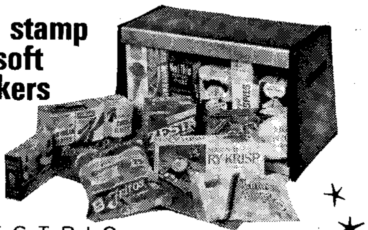

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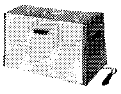

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could not be helped; after all, it was the language in which we studied and which we heard everywhere outside the house. I must have suffered some trauma upon entering a French school at the age of five not knowing the language. Perhaps this is why I can't remember what happened to me in the beginning or how I felt about it. I only know that when my younger sister was put in the same situation a year later, she was seized by such exasperation that she opened all twelve faucets in the washroom, flooding the courtyard and creating havoc. I was called in by the Mother Superior to translate her castigations into Hebrew. At one point, I remember, I had expressed my own frustration by running away from school. As I ran, an Arab on a bicycle pulled up next to me and began to ask gratuitous questions that frightened me. When I got home, my mother was quite astounded. All I could say was that I had simply found the school door open.

We were never, never left alone. Outside or at home. There were too many dangers. Often, there were Bedouin coming through the town with their camels, and we were warned that Bedouin caught little girls with lassos; once, when I saw one of them, I hit on the idea of walking backward, so as to be able to see the lasso and duck it. The house was always locked very carefully at night, and every evening it took Ibrahim quite a while to close all the heavy French shutters on the two floors. He was as anxious to have the house locked up as we were, for he believed with unbudging certainty in *afrits*, or devils, which he told us he had discovered once sitting at the bottom of our staircase. Some years later, he was dismissed for overindulgence in hashish.

All the floors in the house were parquet—the bedrooms, too—and after a waxing the house smelled of turpentine for days. While looking through an old recipe book of my mother's recently, I discovered how the waxing was done. Two kilos of yellow wax were added to two litres of turpentine and one litre of benzine, and the mixture was melted over steam and left to cool. It was then spread thinly on the floors and allowed to dry for a whole day. (We were warned not to step on the floors at this stage.) After twenty-four hours, Ibrahim would take a stick weighted down by a big, padded square of lead, and push it back and forth, to polish every inch of the floors. It was a tremendous feat for one man to do the whole house like that, but during the

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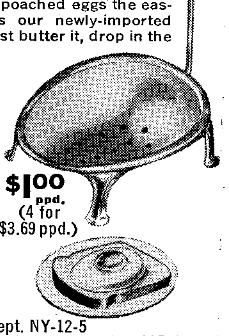

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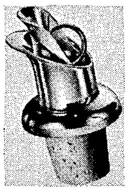

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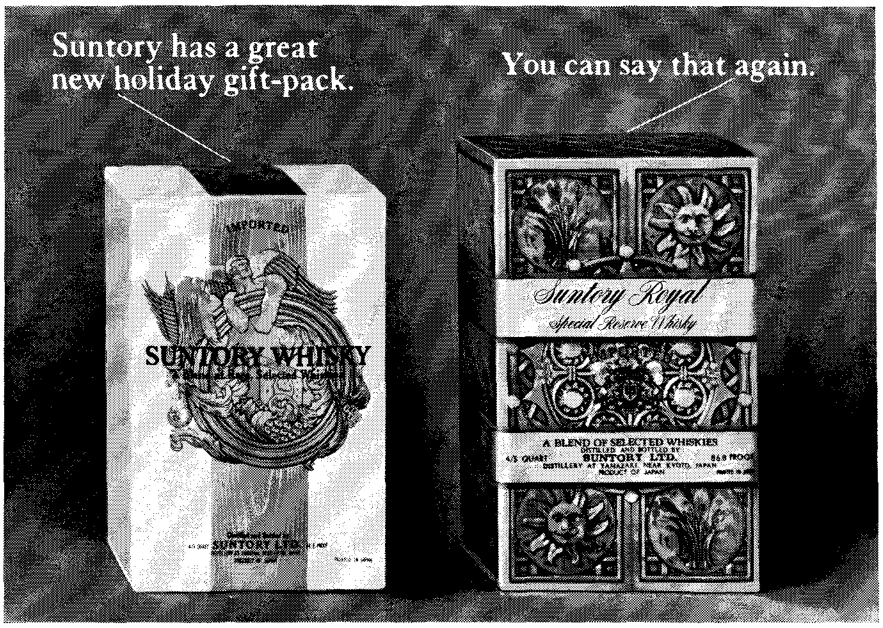
summer, when we were away, the servants had plenty of time. The furniture would be covered with dust sheets, and all the carpets would be folded up with newspapers, which were said to have some anti-moth quality from the ink, before being sprinkled with handfuls of black pepper and mothballs and put away in crates.

My father was a great buyer of Oriental carpets. Every now and then, a cartful of them would be brought to the house and he would examine them on the terrace. Every carpet had to be unfolded for showing and then folded up again, very carefully, so it took a long time. All of the furnishings, which were discarded as unsuitable when we moved back to Palestine, in 1947, were quite remarkable. My mother's *petit salon* had a sofa covered with a thick hand-woven red cotton material into which patterns had been worked with gold thread. This had been a special order from the Alliance School in Palestine. The walls repeated the colors of the sofa, in a thin red-and-gold stripe. It was hard to tell whether the décor was a product of the European idea of the East or vice versa. Most of the furniture in the room had a special form of carving that is done in Damascus, with lots of little chiselled pieces of wood put together in lacy geometrical patterns. There was a mirror like that behind the red sofa, and some Oriental chairs, like little crates of wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl, that were dreadfully uncomfortable and in which nobody ever sat. It was an awful lot of Arabness for one small room. Across the entrance hall stood the *grand salon*, which had a very different character. There were copies of Louis XVI armchairs with eiderdown seats, a crystal chandelier, an elaborate cornice around the ceiling, ormolu ornaments flanking the mantelpiece, and a fireplace, which was never used. (The only wood there would have been to chop was that in the Bois de Boulogne.) It was into this room that my parents brought a mixture of guests of all nationalities: Ali Bey Leheta, who was the Member of Parliament for Port Said; various Swiss business people connected with my father's company; a Greek banker; British officers from the camp at Moascar; French *sous-chefs*, whose wives used to leave cards; and, of course, a number of family friends from Palestine.

A great complication in the household lay in running it according to the Jewish dietary laws, and teaching new cooks the rules. Every bit of meat, having to be kosher, had to be shipped to us from Cairo. In the summer, it often



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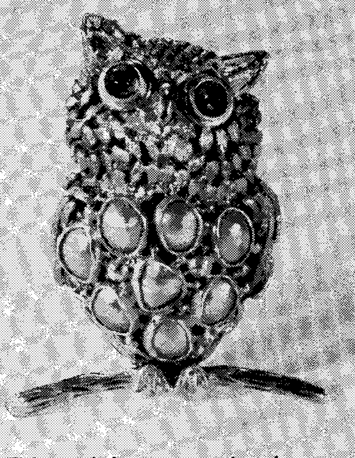

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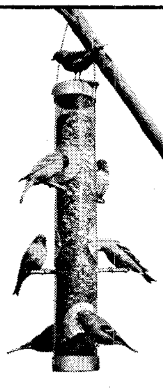

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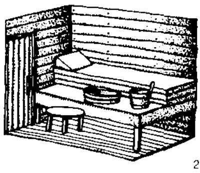

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arrived in unusable condition. But my mother held fast to her religious beliefs, and my father went along. We had two sets of cutlery and china, one for dairy and one for meat meals, and even two kitchens for the cooking. There was a small synagogue in the village, with just about enough men to form a minyan, but we never went there, for it was much too far to get to on foot. My mother kept the Sabbath as rigorously as it had been kept during her pious upbringing in Palestine: candles at sunset on Friday, no travelling, no writing, no handling of money. She observed important religious holidays for only one day, as it is done in Palestine, not for two days, as it is done in the Dispersion. My mother made a point of this distinction.

Sometimes we went to Palestine. My maternal grandparents lived near Jerusalem—in a tiny settlement called Motza, which they had helped to found—and the home of my father's parents was near Jaffa. We used to set out in the dark of the night to catch the midnight train that started from the other side of the Canal, at Kantarah, north of Ismailia. Tucked in my berth, I hardly slept for excitement as the train swayed across Sinai. Through the night, the train made a number of stops, but they were only checkpoints, from which crews were sent out to maintain the track, clearing off the ever-invading sands. Then, early in the morning, there would be shouts of "El Arish!" It seemed like a miracle to be speeding along in the early sunlight past clusters of palm trees on a sandy shore, looking out on a broad cerulean sea. People don't know about this journey anymore. The railroad has not been in operation since the War of Israel's Independence, in 1948, and with each succeeding outburst of fighting in Sinai more and more of the old tracks have been dismantled by one army or the other.

—SUZY EBAN

•

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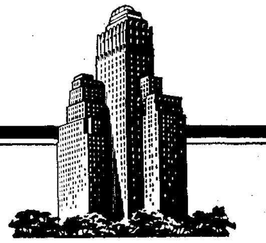
—*Clifton (N.J.) Herald-News.*

Should that be "Nonfiction"?



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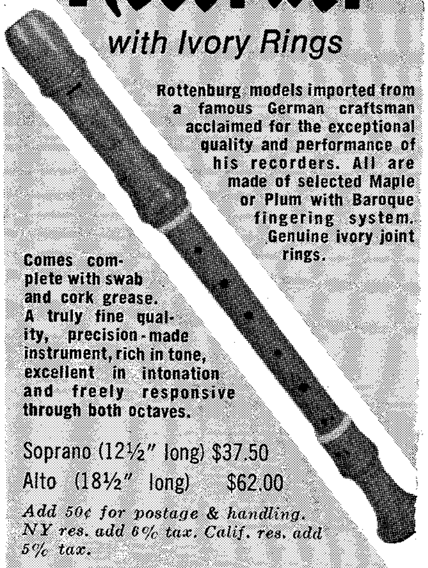

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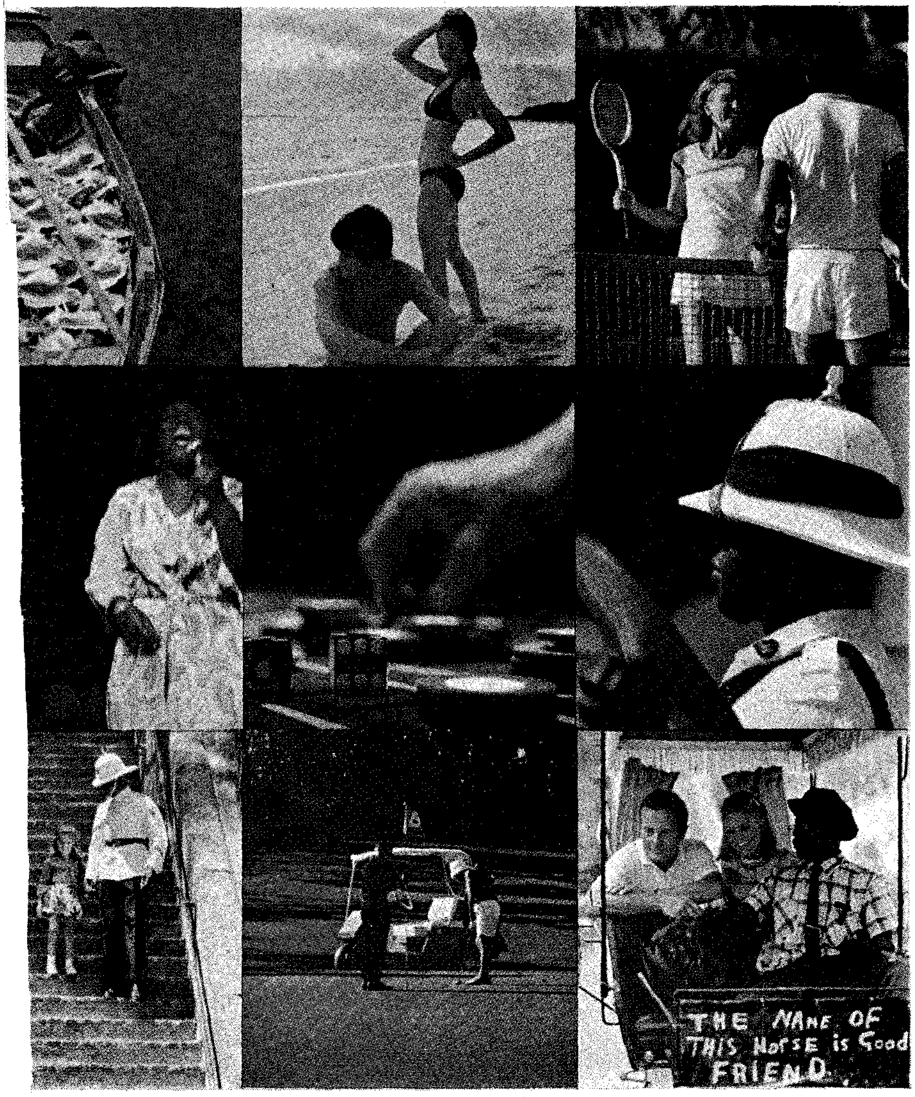

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THE DIAGNOSTICIAN

"OH, my God!" he heard his wife say in the other room. He was sitting at the dining-room table, with a glass of wine in front of him and a cigarette between his fingers. He didn't stir. He was used to these exclamations from her. They meant almost nothing. A crayon mark on the wall, the sight of an ant under the kitchen sink, the baby's transferring books from the bookcase to the floor were all sufficient reasons for them. No, he wouldn't pay any attention. "Anxiety neurosis," he said to himself, and sat there as if nothing further were required of him, like one of those pre-First World War Viennese professors of medicine who, once they had made the diagnosis, lost all interest in a case and left the treatment for their assistants to prescribe.

He took another sip of wine. He wished he had some bread—a hard crust, preferably the heel. "Isn't there any bread?" he complained. None of the family heard him, and they wouldn't have answered or done anything if they had. Too lazy to get up and go into the kitchen, or perhaps viewing such a move as an interruption, he sat and looked at the wine, sat ponderously, a load for any but the sturdiest chair. Even his arm resting on the table seemed to weigh down on it. His hair was long, though, being no longer now than great many people's, had stopped drawing omments. He wore an ld navy-blue sweater and orkman's corduroys. lue originally, the blue ad become a background olor. His clothes after a hile began to resemble s palette. He was a inter. Once, years ago, had been a doctor, practicing physician. had a nice little office ght in the center of ome, near the Piazza di Spagna," he ould say if asked about his former ork, *in a voice that seemed to express regret*, though more perhaps for e location than the exercise of the ofession.

"Do you miss it?"

"No—only sometimes. I got to be o busy. I couldn't paint, or think anyore, which is what I like to do best. I gave up one art, one medium, for other. What I miss most is my preription book. With it in my pocket I lt a certain power. You know, the possibility of prescribing anything, anything. . . . It gives you an advantage over the layman. Now I feel sort of dispossessed."

"You can't practice here?"

"No, no, *and I wouldn't really want* to."

"Why not?"

From the way it was asked, the question carried an implication that his painting wasn't worth his practice. He would look away, almost offended, and think of his paintings tenderly. They revealed to him things that would have lain forever undisclosed. And what if they didn't make him rich? Questions like that made him hate even the thought of money.

Sometimes the children, overhearing the conversation, would gaze at him, and, perhaps hours later, say, "Daddy, were you a doctor?"

"Yes."

"Was Daddy a doctor, Mama?" they would ask unbelievingly, and laugh at her reply. He looked so different from the doctors they had known—especially from Dr. Penrose, spotless, smiling, and smooth-shaven.

No matter, he had been a doctor all right. He looked at his hands. They knew it, and for confirmation he percussed his chest. His fingers moved with the old ease, and the sounds obtained were perfectly familiar—the tap-tap deft, sure, measured, unmistakably a physician's.

He sipped the wine. Presently, his wife walked into the room. "Judy has a big red blotch on her neck."

"Well, call the doctor."

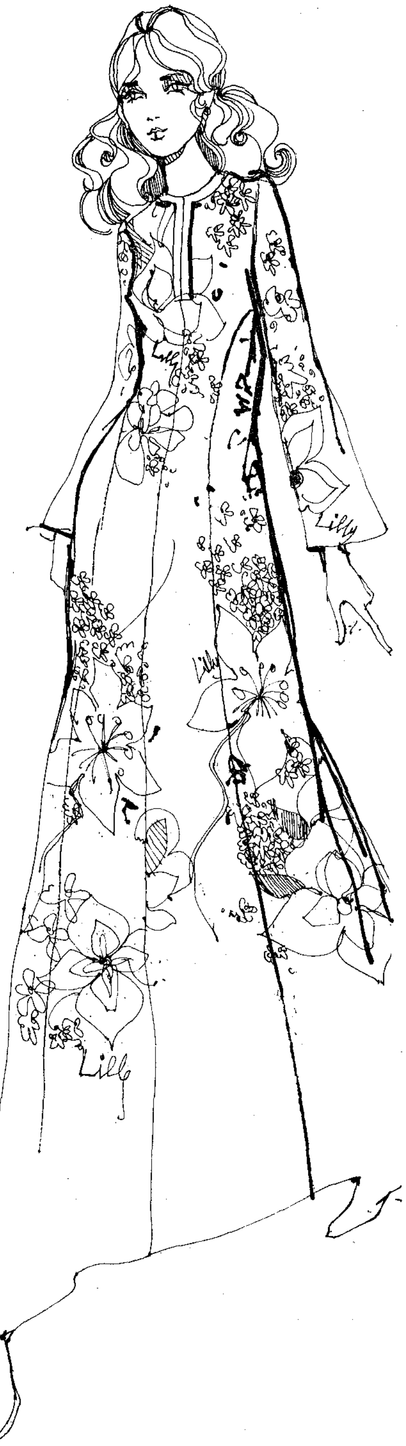
"Can't you come and take a look at her? You're a doctor."

"No."

"Aren't you dreadful," she said, and walked out of the room.

It was probably true. But he wasn't a doctor. And the blotch most likely wasn't big or red, *and could wait. Alarmists everywhere,* he thought. If they would just let him finish drinking the wine, smoking the cigarette. A little peace, that's what he thirsted for, and it could only be taken in sips. Stubbornly he stayed on at the table, though it was no use now—the wine, the cigarette were no use.

OR were they? Unexpectedly, as he looked at the veils of smoke, scenes from his medical days presented



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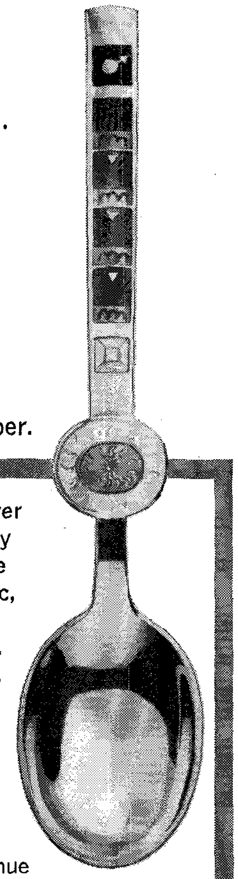

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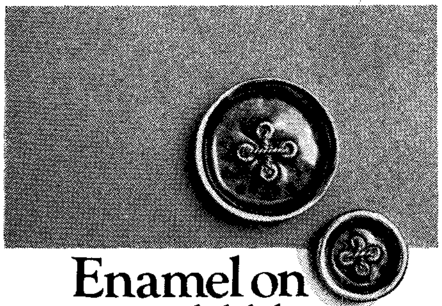

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themselves to him, and in the smoke he saw the past. Indeed, he felt that smoke *was* the past—a vast skyscape folding and unfolding, hiding and disclosing, moving, never still, and showing through sudden breaks in the clouds now this, now that portion of your life as the winds shifted. Sometimes you did the shifting—when you tried to remember and searched and peered—but the past was never as clear as when it unfolded before you of its own volition. Never as clear as when it came to you unsummoned. Obedience wasn't its strong point.

In between those shifting veils of smoke, he saw himself—oh, so clearly—as a second-year medical student, at the university hospital in Siena, Italy, in 1946. Alessandro, a childhood friend, was sick with a high fever, wasting away with it in one of the wards, which, because the walls were frescoed, hadn't been painted in five hundred years. A few weeks before, he had been a jaunty young man with glossy curls and long-lashed eyes, flirting with the girls by a tennis court, and now he lay in bed, earth-colored, gaunt, with sunken cheeks and shiny eyes. Behind him rose the immense wall of the ward, with Biblical figures looking down, watching over, seeming to care. And he looked at you with the slightly annoyed look young men who are confined to bed greet you with—a look that seems to say, "Me here, imagine!" He had been in the war, in a submarine; he had been captured and sent to India. He had had so many narrow escapes, and now—now that peace had finally come and he was back in his home town—illness had struck and seemed about to take him under. It was too ludicrous. He smiled. The smile was strangely altered by the loss of weight, more like a grin. Could it really be that he was on his way out? His mother was afraid. She practically lived at his bedside. Her first husband—the young man's father—had died long ago, her second husband during the war, when the Germans had sunk his ship. This sick boy, whose weight seemed to diminish before her eyes, was her only child.

And the awful thing was that the doctors didn't know what he had. What *did* he have? There was the fever, irregular and spiking, that suggested malaria or septicemia; there was an ache in the lower right chest that suggested a pulmonary condition. They made tests, they X-rayed him, they gave him penicillin, but the tests were inconclusive, the X-rays

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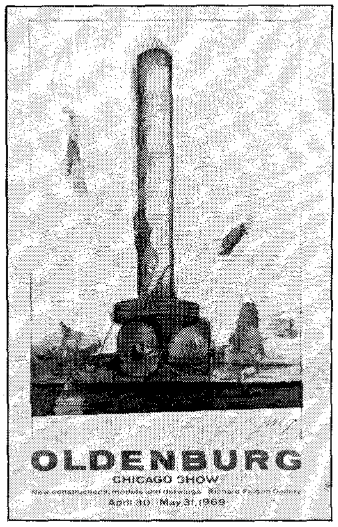

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no help, the penicillin useless, and he didn't improve. His cheeks became hollower, his eyes looked larger. A certain fear, too, seemed to discompose them.

The second-year medical student, though internal medicine was a third-year course, had recently bought a large textbook of medicine, and he delved into it and into his friend's history. Most diagnoses, he had read, were made from the patient's history, but in this case the history seemed quite negative. The most unusual and significant thing about it was that Alessandro had been in India.

"Were you ever sick in India?"

Alessandro shook his head, bored by the question that he had been asked again and again.

"Never anything?"

"No."

"Not even an upset stomach?"

"Oh, plenty of those."

He read in the book under dysentery, and came to the section on amebic dysentery. Its chief complication was an amebic abscess of the liver, and it could occur long—even years—after the intestinal symptoms had subsided. Indeed, quite often the abscess wasn't preceded by any intestinal symptoms whatsoever. The more he read, the more convinced he became that this was Alessandro's illness. Everything pointed that way. He was quite certain. Excited, too. For the diagnosis eemed like a wonderful key he had ound, a key that would open the way o his friend's recovery. He had to go o the doctors, tell them; he felt comelled to. But he was only a second-ear medical student. Never mind. omeone's life was at stake. His friend as near the end—it was obvious. He ouldn't last more than a few days nger. And they weren't doing the ght things for him at all—just making sts, giving penicillin, insisting with it. e should be given emetine and the scess aspirated; at this late stage he ight even need surgery. It was all so ear—how was it that they didn't nderstand?

Usually shy, but now absolutely ithout shyness—a man with a ause—he waited in the hall for the ead of internal medicine to complete is rounds, and when he saw the proessor in his white robe coming out of e last ward, with a train of assistants, e approached. "Sir, may I talk to you bout Alessandro Olmi, that patient —"

"Yes, yes, I know." The professor ut him short, walking on across the all, not stopping for a moment, hardly

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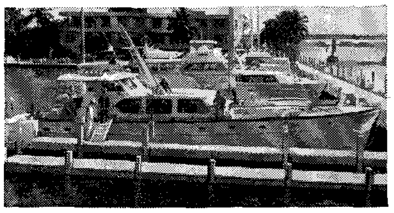

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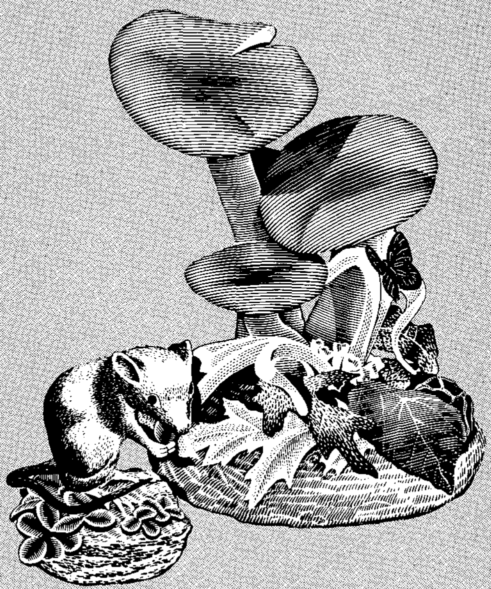

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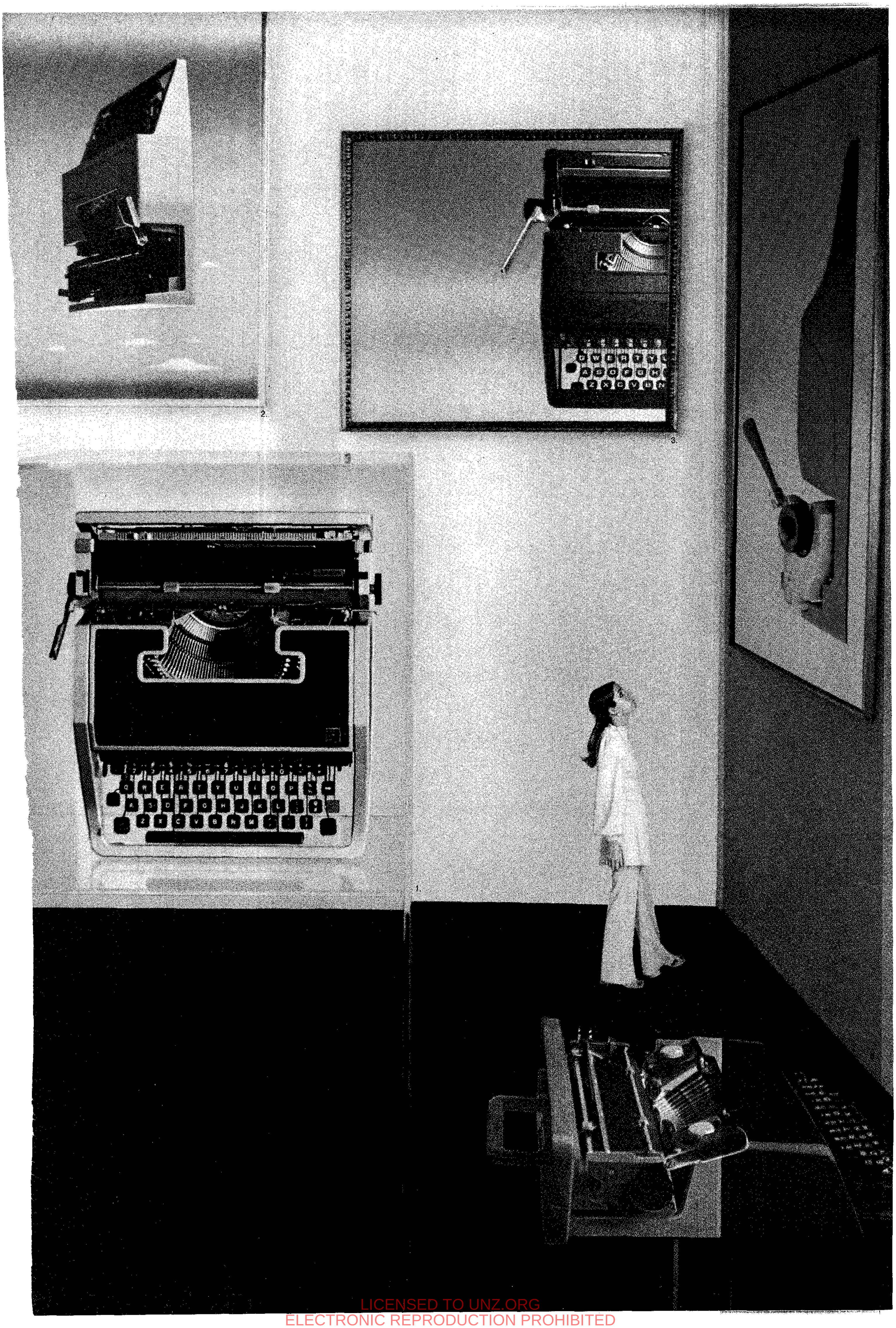
olivetti



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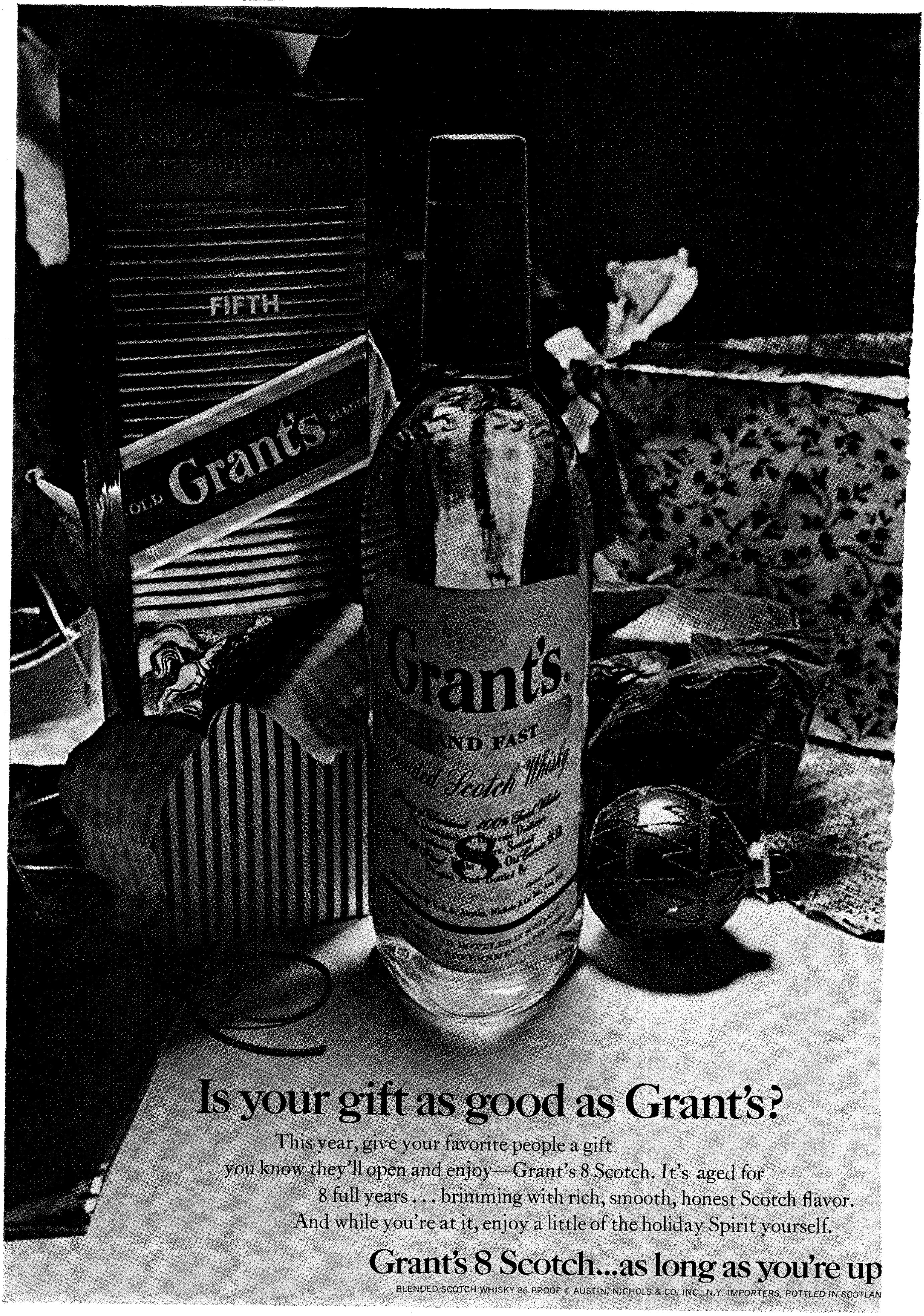
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slowing down at all, and yet not unwilling to listen.

“Well, he is a good friend of mine. He was in India, as you know, during the war, in a prisoner-of-war camp, and I think he is suffering from an amebic abscess of the liver.”

The professor, tall and self-possessed (had that self-possession got him the job?), smiled condescendingly. “No, no, the case is still under study,” he said confidently. “But it's not abdominal; it's clearly a chest condition—pulmonary or pleural.”

“Oh, but—”

The professor resented the “but,” and the smile faded. “Who are you?” he said.

“I am a second-year student.”

The professor dismissed him by turn-ng to his chief assistant. The group had now crossed the hall. The student stopped and watched them, watched heir smiles. One of them turned to lance at him curiously.

He pondered. A chest condition—o. Now he could only appeal to the oung man's mother. He took her side in the ward and told her what e thought her son was suffering rom.

“You should tell the doctors,” she id.

“I did.”

Another day went by, fruitlessly, astefully. The agony of knowing and ing unable to persuade. “I am sure at's what it is,” he said to the moth-again, in her son's presence now, d restated his opinion.

Alessandro listened intently.

The mother said she had spoken the doctors about it, and added, et's hope it isn't an abscess, let's

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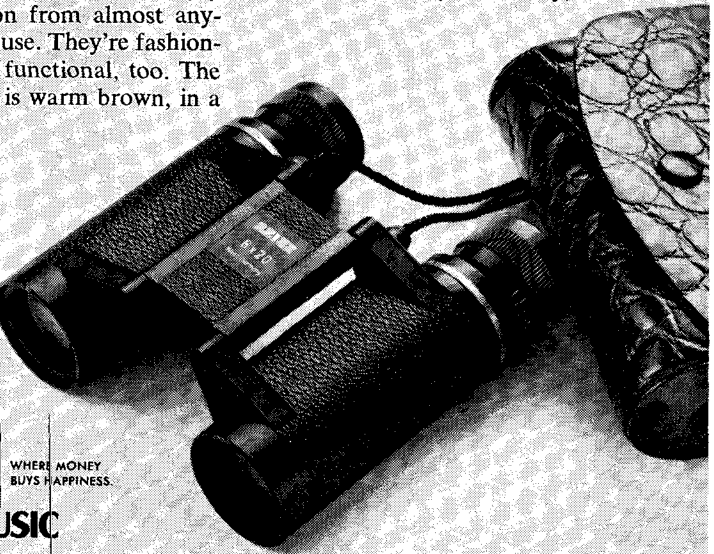

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hope it isn't," as if hope could alter the situation.

It was maddening. Yet another morning went by in which nothing was done—or, at least, nothing he thought was in the right direction. In the afternoon, he met the professor of internal medicine in the hall, and didn't hesitate to broach the subject once again. "Sir, I am very worried about my friend, Alessandro Olmi. It seems to me—"

This time the professor didn't smile. "Look, we decide," he broke in. "Enough. Go."

He stood, irate, helpless, discounted, then slowly left the hall, anticipating the worst for his friend. But the next morning there was a consultation. The chief of surgery was present. Alessandro was moved to the surgical ward, and that same morning taken to the operating room. An amebic abscess of the liver was discovered and drained, and emetine given. He quickly recovered.

"YES, there was that," he said to himself, and drew from the cigarette deeply, like a surgeon after a successful operation. He blew the smoke away and watched the commotion it produced. It seemed a picture of his life—not stormy but cloudy and in commotion, full of clouds drifting, merging, blown asunder.

He mused a moment, and considered how the smoke changed from blue to silver as it rolled. He put the cigarette out. The veils of smoke still hung about, but sparse now, spread thin, and the present, the objects in the room, the furniture reasserted themselves, claiming his attention and displacing the past. He heard his wife's step approaching, rapid, bold, determined, as if she were coming on business and wanted an answer quick; her step was accompanied by the heavy thud of bare feet—their ten-year-old daughter's.

"Here," his wife said, "you look at Judy," and Judy stood beside him, almost at attention, waiting, with an alert, expectant look, blinking her eyes.

Slowly he turned toward the tall and sturdy girl who tried to bare her neck by pulling down the collar of her blouse. "No, let me see it properly," he said, and with the ease both of doctors and of lovers he unbuttoned her blouse and slipped it off her. There was indeed a good-sized, reddish blotch at the base of her neck, in front.

"Judy," he said, "have you been dousing yourself with eau de cologne?"

For a moment the girl didn't re-

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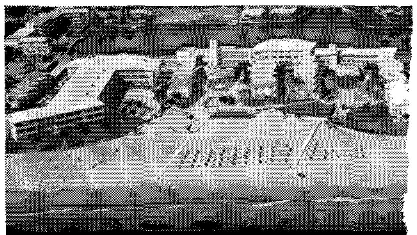

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ply—only blushed a little. "Yes," she said. "How did you know?"

"Oh, there's oil of bergamot in it, and it can do that to you sometimes. Just don't use it anymore; the spot will go away."

"Really?" she said, quite pleased, ınd lightly hopped out of the room.

Even in a minor thing like this omething had struck him from within, nd he had known. It was the same as hen in painting you realized exactly ow things were, when the result surised you, when something new and e came out of the inert pigment. It as the same, and it didn't matter if u were a painter or a doctor or what u were, as long as such moments me to you—oh, at least once in a ile.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

•

AFTER THE JAPANESE

High on the summit,
the whole orchard is moonlight,
glimmering moonlight.
Far lovelier is the touch
of your lips in the darkness.

*

The bird with its voice
hidden by the deep shadows
all at once is still.
You walk about your garden.
Something, I feel, is missing.

*

omeone else's cup,
he sword that became a sword
another's hand,
he moon of the common sky—
ell me, are these not enough?

*

nder the moonlight,
e gold and shadow tiger,
oking at its claws.
naware that at daybreak
ey tore a man to pieces.

*

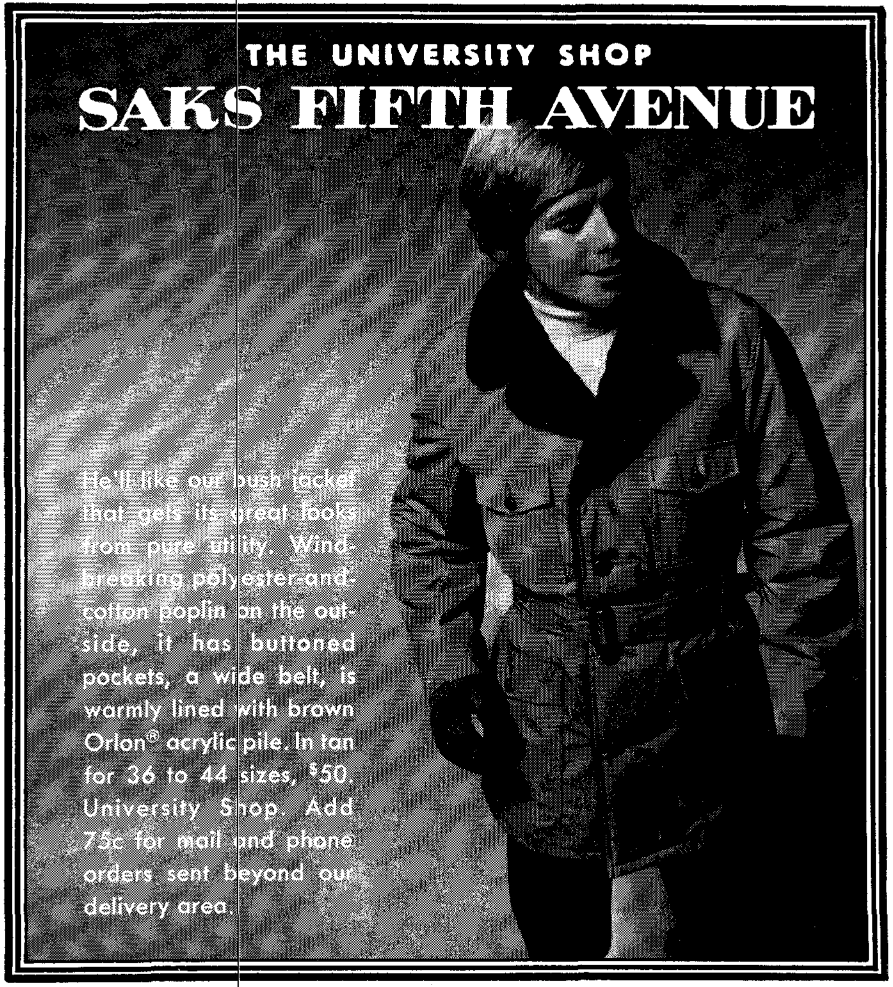
d how the black rain
unts down on the marble tombs,
d turning to mold.
d to be no more man's days,
even sleep or daybreak.

*

ot to have fallen
ke many of my forebears
n the battlefield.
am in the worthless night
man who counts syllables.

—JORGE LUIS BORGES

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni.*)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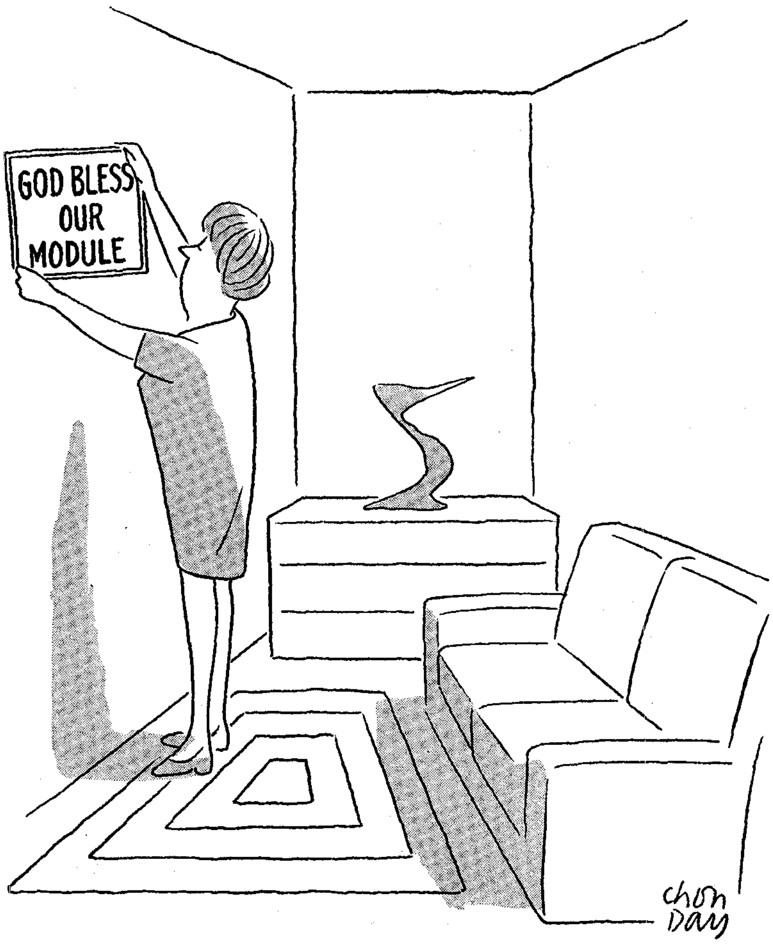
BOOKS

Christmas Books for Children

WRITERS of books intended to be read by children can be placed in two general categories. There are those who took childhood seriously as they lived through it (the jokes and the razzmatazz together with the terrors, the mysteries with the disenchantments, the profits with the losses) and respected themselves as children, so as adults they can remember the early ways they took through experience. Some of these ways were plain and sunlit, others were bosky, and some were harsh and tangled and ominous, but all of them, travelled for the first time, were surprising and important. These writers remember how they collected and inspected information and why they were gluttonous for certain kinds and stupefied by others. Above all, they remember the books that pleased them and the writers whose worlds they could inhabit with full franchise and without embarrassment. As children, they were devout and incessant readers who, when called to supper, said, cross at being interrupted, "Just let me finish this chapter," and then, as often as not, cheated and went on to the next one. They savored unexpected words like *truncheon* and *blunderbuss*, *cohort* and *constable*, *samite*, *brougham*, *comfit*, *curmudgeon*. They can recall the emotions of childhood and the sensations, the cabalas of it and the ethics. Childhood is not a tolerant time of life, but it is governed by a rather grand and reckless integrity: the child goes headlong to the root of the matter—if he is not deflected—although he has not yet discovered the heart of it. This first group of writers maintain a tact, a courtliness of address to their audience, no matter how colloquial or extravagant or absurd or soberly instructive their performance may be. They are good writers.

The others are bad. They seem to have gone through childhood so swiftly and heedlessly that they had no time to master the runes of the language (which cannot be picked up later on) or to record the weathers and landscapes of their Hells and Utopias. Or perhaps they were bored silly, and boredom tends to censor memory: wool gathered during Assembly or Sunday School can be knitted up into pretty and practical things, but it's of no use if it's just kept in wads. Possibly these bad writers were subjected by inattentive grownups to gush and mush and baby talk, shouted at in pidgin English, as if they were foreign or deaf. Or perhaps they were treated as men and women of small stature and were crammed full of dry-as-dust bare facts without the seasoning of illustration or comparison. And now, in their inventions or their lessons for children, they are copycats of the simpletons who condescended to them or of the pedagogues who made them yawn. It is with regret—and, I am sure, to no one's surprise—that I must report that the bad writers outnumber the good four or five hundred to one. I would like to ignore the mediocre-to-rotten produce but because there is so much of it, an because each year there is more of it and worse, a diatribe seems to me i order.



IN a disappointing book on a promi ing subject, "How Kids Can Ea Cash" (Frederick Fell), Mildr Grenier lists, along with baby-sitti and raising earthworms, the writing juvenile fiction as a lucrative spar time job. "Introduce your main cha acter in the first line of your story," s says. "If he has a problem to solve, t will give your story interest and ma the readers want to read it. In the e he solves his problem happily. Ch acterize your characters in a very f words—'Joe stopped to pet the d tells you Joe is a kind boy w likes animals." I am not persua that this is the true state of affa Joe, whose age is indeterminate, n be an emissary for an unscrupul medical school in search of anim for inhumane experiments. Anot way of picking up pin money a school that Mrs. Grenier suggest writing poetry; while this, she admit "not a 'get-rich-qu scheme," it "may you valuable exp ence, pave the wa bigger fields in wri for you." She states heartening case of " teen-aged girl in souri [who] has writing and selling etry since she was years old." One not help thinking a good many perp tors of novels, v biography, and ho books for the youn gan their careers they needed the sc for a bicycle pump tutu. Before we it, there will be c spondence schools third-graders and who want to get the writing game, that miss from Show-Me State wil fer a course in p dy especially suite mouthwash ads.

Most children smell a rat a mile

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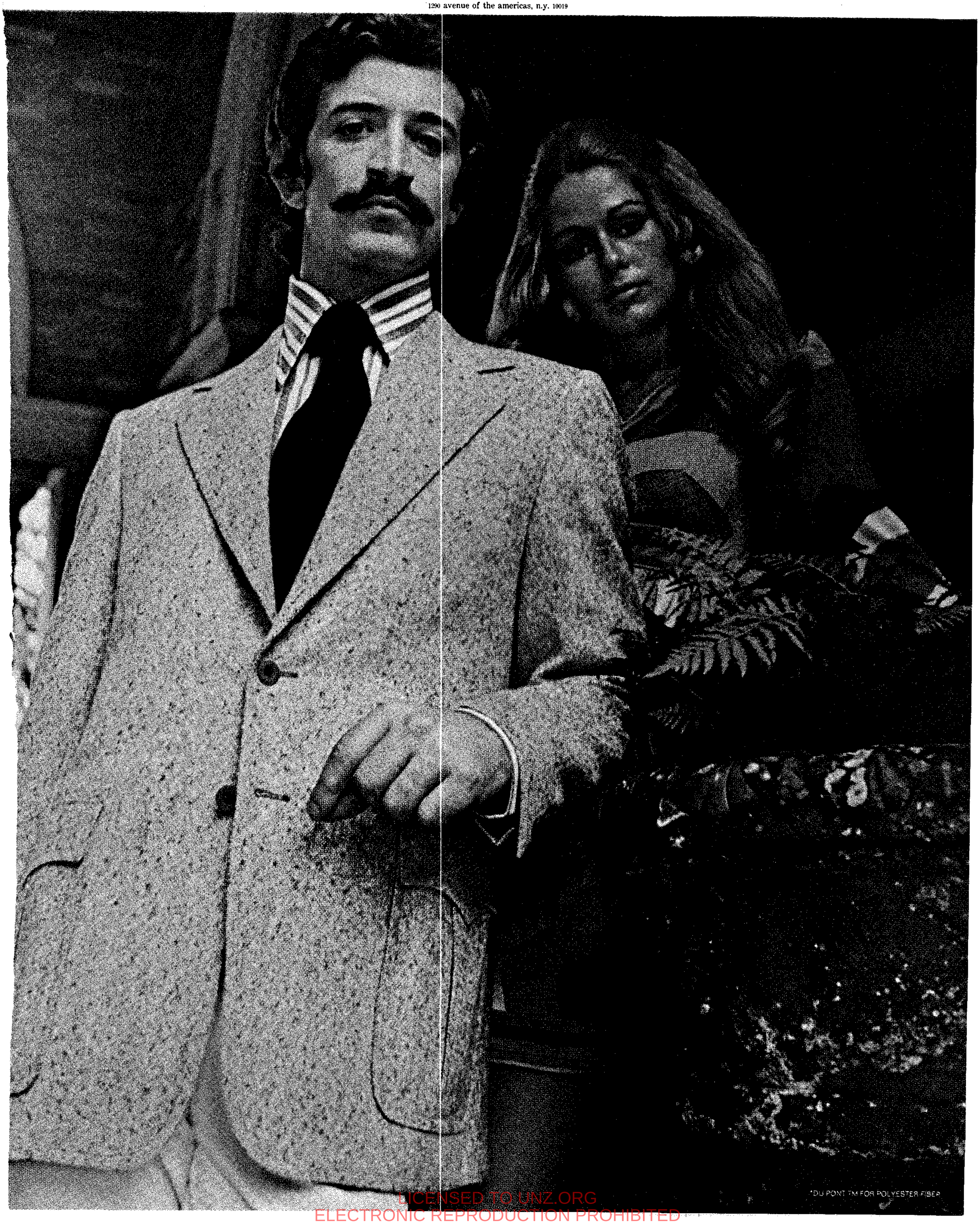

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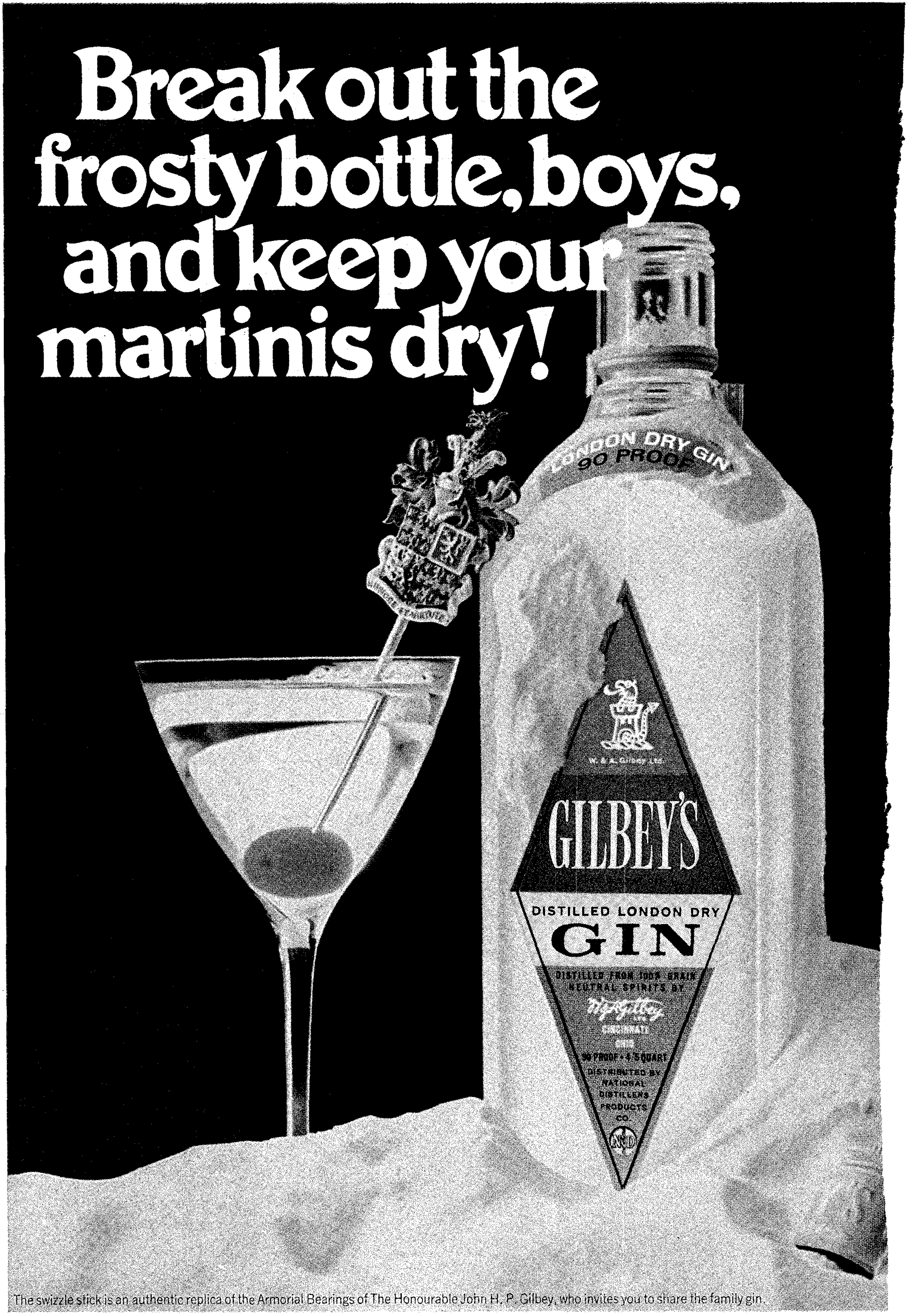
Break out the frosty bottle, boys, and keep your martinis dry!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but at the same time they can be intimidated by parents and teachers, who, being bigger, can force-feed them fare (e.g., dead rats) that not only is unnourishing but may lead to functional disorders of the brain later on, the most crippling of which—and the most dangerous to the republic—is stupidity. This year, the Encyclopædia Britannica is purveying a piece of merchandise n sixteen volumes compiled for the dification and entertainment of eople from four to ten. At one time, he Britannica was a distinguished and aluable dictionary of the arts and sciences whose contributors were august cholars and writers of enduring literaure: Matthew Arnold wrote on Sainte-Beuve, Sir Arthur Evans on Crete, ir James Jeans on the molecule, Sir ames George Frazer on the penates. Through the years, under less inspired nanagements, it has become a travesty f itself. It continues, nevertheless, to o a land-office business. The baby it as now sired, "The Young Children's ncyclopædia," has the ability to lower e I.Q. of a user to the vanishing oint, to extirpate curiosity permanent-, and, through massive doses of debatble information, woolly abstractions, isleading metaphors, patronizing jaron, and moralizing fiddlesticks, to hisk the victim from puling nonage addled dotage. The profuse illustrans are gross and gaudy and distractg; there are comic-strip treatments animals (a yak in the article on xploring" looks like something out "Smokey Stover"), photographs in chedelic color of clowns, muddy reoductions of Old Masters, cryptontific closeups of the craters of moon. The first three illustrations the article on "Trees" (subtitled ooking at Our Tall Friends") are yon drawings by a four-year-old ned Peter who will never make it to Art Students League. Along with set of books ($59.70, by mail order), the customer gets a "Parents' nual," which shows, on the cover, nother reading to her five children a dog and a cat; the dog and cat e wisely gone to sleep. One child, n overall, is tearing up a book, and of his knobby-kneed sisters is giv- her full attention to his misdenor. The three other children, apently rapt, sprawl and slouch about the floor in attitudes that clearly inate they have never been taught the ortance of good posture. Although small fry are dressed for the day eir clothes have been spun-dried but ironed, and their hair is in disgraceshape), Mother, in a rocking chair,

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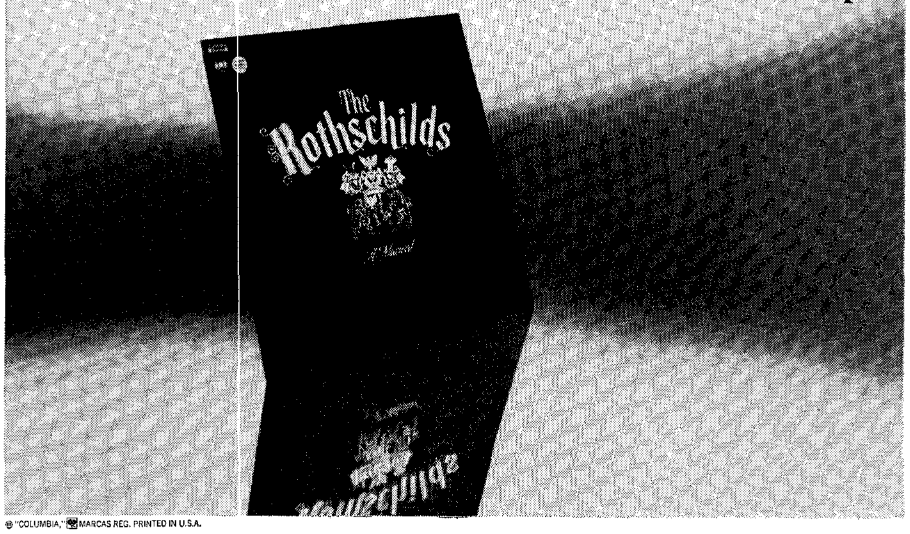

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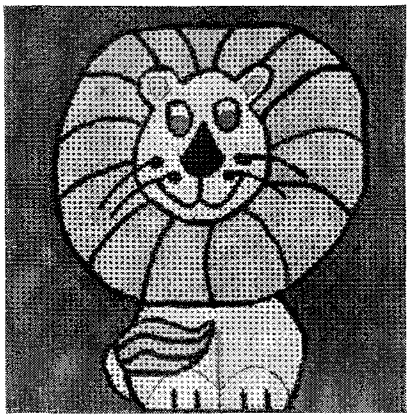
is wearing a wrapper. (I think it is made of lightweight linoleum.) There is no way of telling whether she has just got up or is about to go to bed, or has a cold and has been taking it easy around the house all day. She has been enjoined by the vade-mecum to "review an article briefly before starting to read it aloud. You are the best judge of your child's present capabilities and interests; this knowledge and the Article Guide in this manual will help you cut your review time down to a minimum. . . . There is also a 'target' age range for each article. . . . The small drawings and capsule descriptions at the beginning of each volume are intended to entice the child. They will help you in selecting the evening's reading program (which, by the way, should hardly ever last more than five or six minutes—or beware of squirming!)." Let us pretend we are a fly on the wall as Mother puts knowledge into those tousled little noggins. The article on "Lions" (subtitled "The Ones That Roar") begins, "This lion can run faster than your parents are allowed to drive a car through town. It weighs as much as two heavy men." Feverish to hear more after this clarion start, the audience learns that lions live in grasslands and hunt "wildebeests, zebras, and gazelles." There are no entries in the sixteen volumes for any of these animals, so the size and speed of the lion's prey are not known; hence his prowess cannot be estimated and therefore cannot be admired with real passion. For all the child can tell, a zebra is the size of a gerbil and travels at a rate of six feet an hour. It is unlikely that the mother of this brood can give an accurate description of a wildebeest. If the family lives in the Bronx and does not have a car, a child is not going to be impressed by the fact that "one that roars" (who weighs as much as the super and the delicatessen man put together, but how do you put them together?) can break the speed limit on the Grand Concourse. In the article on "Earth" we are given this analogy:

> Do you know someone who takes ballet lessons? Maybe you do. An easy way to picture how the poles and the Equator move as the earth spins is to think of the Earth as a ballerina.
>
> As she spins on one toe, the tip of her crown is the North Pole, the toe she spins on is the South Pole, and the edge of her whirling skirt is the Equator.
>
> Of course, you'd have to pull the floor away from her because the Earth spins through space.

The hydrocephalic girl toe-dancer who illustrates this abstruse argument



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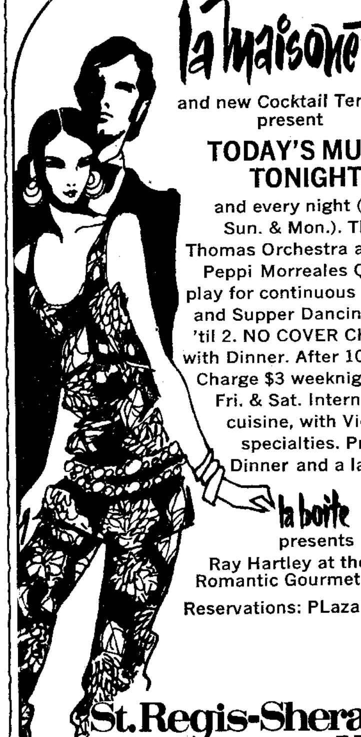

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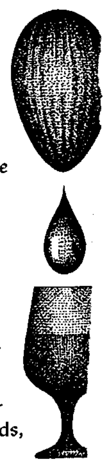

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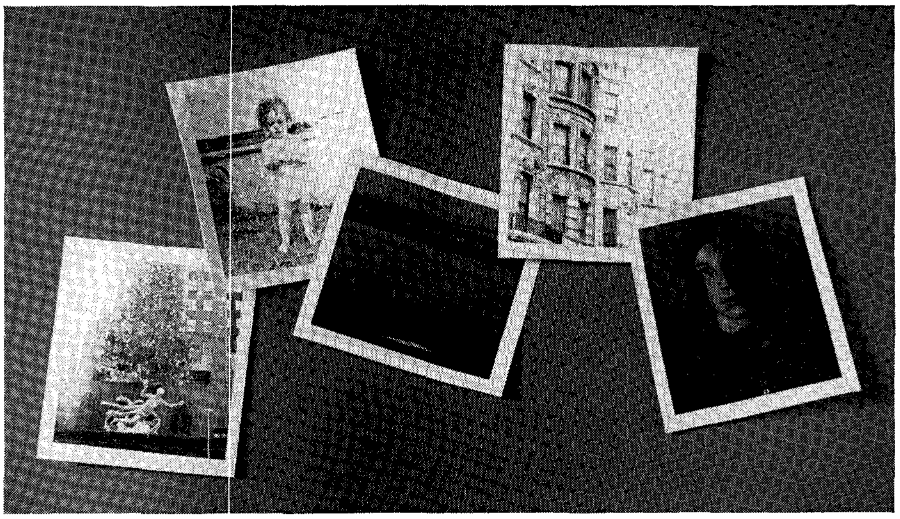
(easy, my eye!) would not be a great loss, but children should not be invited to pull the floor out from anyone in order to demonstrate a geophysical principle. A scene of laden camels and turbanned Arabs slogging through sand accompanies the discussion of deserts, which, under the legend "A Good Way to Cross a Desert," opens with "You could run faster than this caravan moves. A caravan is like a freight train made up of animals—often camels—instead of boxcars." Sand, heat, aridity, lant and animal life are mentioned erfunctorily, presumably because the eader already knows all about deserts nd is interested only in finding out ow to cross one if the problem ever rises.

Throughout these sixteen volumes, here is a woeful absence of humor nd, even more dismaying, a total bsence of human personality. The cor-orate author must be a computer oused at the bottom of a sump. Chil-ren are avid, most of them, for facts, r stupendous and superlative statistics: ey want to know how small the nallest form of life is, how old the ldest living tree is, when Abraham incoln was born ("Many years ago a y, gentle boy lived on a small farm," ys "Y.C.E.," and maunders on to the nch line, "His name was Abraham incoln"), how many babies are born Toledo each year, and how—after e working day is over and enough ndy material has been gathered and ofing time begins—the elephant got trunk.

N striking contrast to the Britannica brushoff of deserts, Ruth Kirk has itten the simple and informative esert Life" (Natural History Press) very young children, and she and husband have illustrated it with utiful photographs in colors as subtle exotic as the smoke trees and the foxes that dwell in the "sand that ws in your hair and face, and empty flats and dry mud hills where the makes you sweat." For some years, rper & Row has published a series beginning readers called I Can ad Books, some of which are stories l some of which deal with science l history. "Fish Out of School," a ence I Can Read Book, with a mlessly anthropomorphic text by elyn Shaw and watercolors by Ralph rpentier so aqueous and serene you nt to be a fish and swim through ferny fans, acquaints the child with der in the universe—schools exist for rring as well as for boys and girls. "An Animal for Alan" (another



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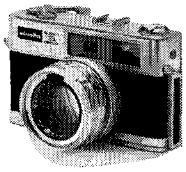

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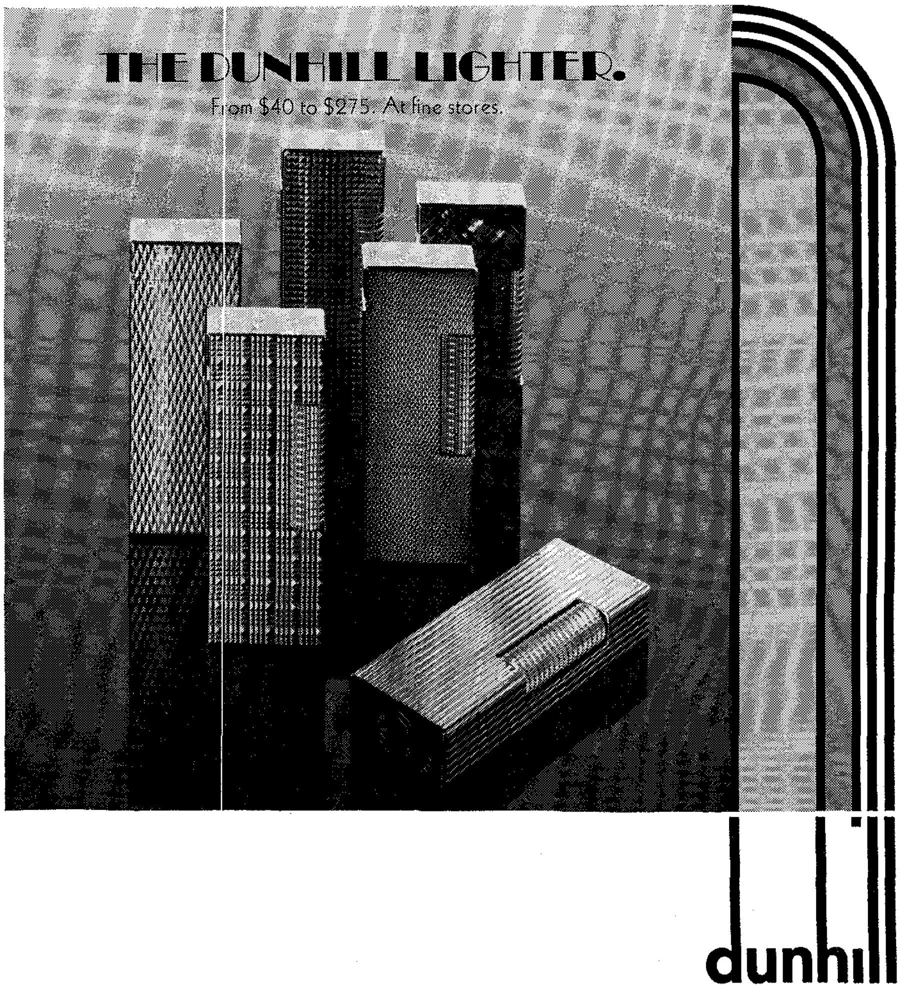

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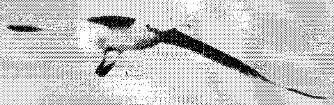

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I Can Read Book), written by Edward R. Ricciuti and with pictures by Tom Eaton, Alan has a father so companionable and smart that you'd think Alan would need no pet but him. Still, little boys like dumb friends to cosset and to boss, and one day he and his nice father, who continually smokes a pipe, make a beast-inspection tour: The mother killdeer, faking a broken wing to lead the prowlers away from her nursery, won't do, nor will a fawn who could not live on any but its mother's milk; at the zoo, Alan is persuaded that his mother would not welcome a monkey who has to live in a very warm place and who chucks his garbage on the floor any which way and who smells terrible. He can't have a chipmunk, and he would be hoodwinked and harried by a raccoon, but his father knows "some animals that might be just right. Some are small. Some are big. They come in all colors and shapes. You can teach them tricks, too." These sound to Alan just the ticket, and when he asks what they are, his father laughs and says, "Dogs and cats." Another I Can Read Book to be noticed with more than a glance is "The One Bad Thing About Father," by F. N. Monjo, in which the narrator is Quentin Roosevelt, who cannot understand why his father decided to be the President when he could have been a cowboy or a prizefighter or a buffalo hunter. Quentin observes, in passing, that "Alice usually helps Father run the country." Syd Hoff has illustrated his "The Horse in Harry's Room;" Arnold Lobel has illustrated his "Frog and Toad Are Friends;" F. N. Monjo's "The Drinking Gourd," a story of the underground railroad, has been illustrated by Fred Brenner; Peggy Parish's "Ootah's Lucky Day" has pictures by Mamoru Funai. All these, too, are I Can Read Books and all of them are enjoyable. By and large, the series is so attractive and spirited that one could wish for a more generous palette; the colors are clean and pleasing, but because of being limited—there are only three—they tend to become monotonous.

"LIVING LIGHTS," written by Alvin and Virginia Silverstein and enhanced by Angus M. Babcock's decorous and elegant drawings (Golden Gate Junior Books), discusses the out-of-the-way but engrossing subject of bioluminescence, and someone of seven or eight can learn from it how fireflies and glowworms work and why certain sorts of mushroom gleam in the

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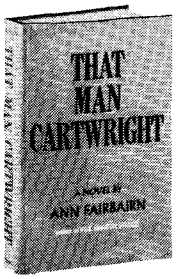
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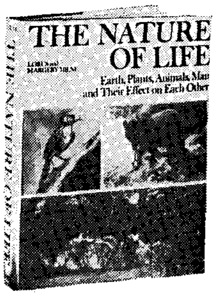
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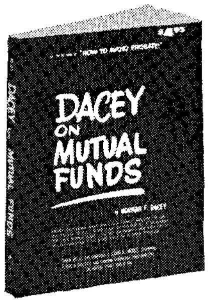
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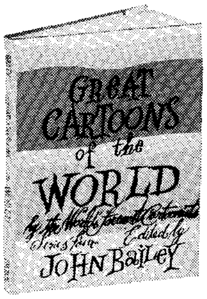
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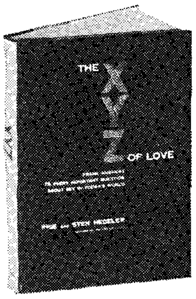
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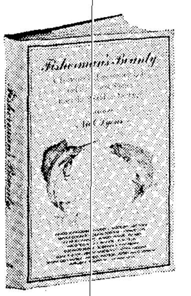
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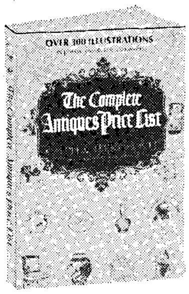
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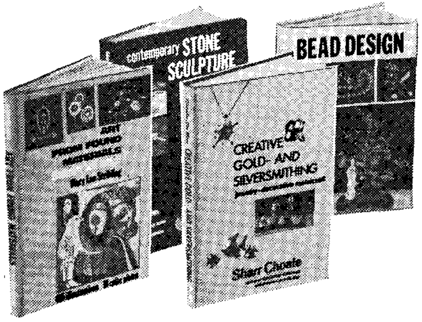
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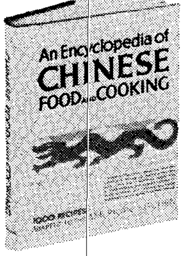
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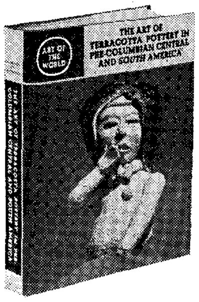
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dark. This and "The Curious World of the Crab," by Joseph J. Cook (Dodd, Mead), are excellent examples of books whose writers are so much in possession of their enthusiasms that their audience is at once captivated; the language, which includes hard scientific words (and why not?), is graceful, and the information is detailed. Mr. Cook illustrates his book with photographs and diagrams and drawings, and he strews his text with entertaining miscellaneous intelligence—such as that the calico crab is also known as the Dolly Varden crab because it reminded someone of the flamboyant hat Dolly Varden wears in "Barnaby Rudge." I also liked "Wonders of the Fly World," by Sigmund A. Lavine (Dodd, Mead), although it didn't win me over to the side of the fly.

A FIRST-RATE series for older children is the Grosset "All-Color Guide," on subjects ranging from horticulture to folklore. Written by experts who, like the Silversteins and Mr. Cook, can be succinct without eliding elementary material, the books are informed with meticulous illustrations in rich color. Three of those on the 1970 list that issue a warmly promising invitation to learning are "Prehistoric Animals," by Barry Cox, which should impel anyone to hotfoot it to the nearest fossil field; "Bird Behavior," by John Sparks; and "Atomic Energy," by Matthew Gaines. The last will exact considerable work and concentration from the fledgling physicist, but he will be well rewarded.

"Math Menagerie," by Robert Kadesch, with drawings by Mark A. Binn, and some photographs (Harper & Row), will take the fancy of investigators, who will be introduced to "probability pinball" and taught how to make a coded card deck, how to do Mercator, conic, and polar projection maps, and how to bowl over their friends by making "a fascinating one-sided Moebius-strip surface . . . from soap solution." There is, as well, a section on code-breaking.

From this, the secret-agent-to-be might go on to James Raymond Wolfe's "Secret Writing: The Craft of the Cryptographer" (McGraw-Hill), which traces ciphering from the secret hieroglyphs in the Pyramid at Giza, which Egyptologists do not yet understand, to present-day military and political uses of "calculated gibberish." The book, however, is not so much a history as a manual, and an enterprising Pepys or Pinkerton can quite easily grasp the principles of codes and

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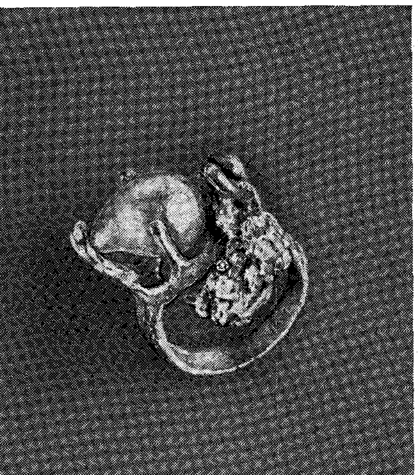

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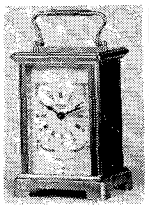

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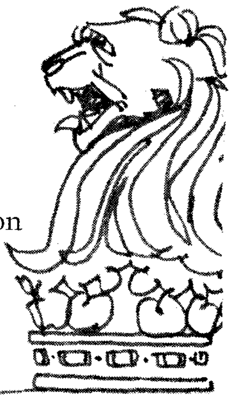

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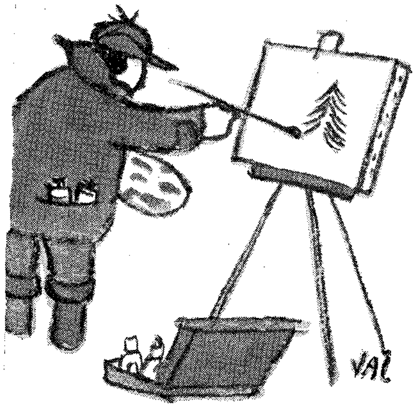
make one of his own for whatever idiosyncratic or sinister purpose he has in mind.

“ILLUSTRATED CHESS FOR CHILDREN,” by Harvey Kidder (Doubleday), is one of the very best books of the year. Mr. Kidder not only explains the game with a clarity that is almost absolute but offers an interesting study of medieval military life. I daresay I should not confess to such ignorance, but I did not know before that a “free lance” was “a Knight who would carry his lance (in other words, would fight) for anyone who paid him.” Nor did I know that “the word checkmate’ comes from the Persian *hah mat*, meaning ‘the king is dead.’ ” By showing the relative importance of he men in terms of their position on he board and the extent of their mobil- y, he points up the relationships of Church and State in a way that will in- uce the pupil to bone up on the Middle Ages—if he can ever tear himself away om the chessboard.

Doubleday also puts out an inex- ensive ($1) paperback series of cross- ords, rebus puzzles, recognition ames (Find what is wrong in this pic- ure of a classroom: A bathtub doesn’t elong in a classroom! A desk has *four* gs, not three! That girl is holding her ook upside down and the teacher asn’t got any mouth!), memory tests Look at the picture and then see how any questions you can answer on the xt page), scrambled letters (Guess hat city “Spira” is), mazes, and nu- erous other pencil-and-paper diver- ons. The drawings are agreeable, the structions are plain-spoken, and the oks should be ideal for parties and foul-weather days. Marvellous, too, parties is “Sally Go Round the ,” by Edith Fowke (Doubleday in), a collection of singing games, unting-out rhymes, “Taunts and ases,” “Tricks and Treats,” clap- g songs. Carlos Marchierori’s draw- s are madly antic and wonderfully



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A day in the life of this Angell is twenty-four hours of unrelieved laughter. It's a collection of parodies and sketches that *Book World* calls "absolutely first rate. Evidently Angell has not received the word that his kind of writing is not being done. I hope he never does." And *The New York Times Book Review* says "A book that can be started from either end with equal pleasure." WILLIAM HOGAN of the *San Francisco Chronicle* adds: "I found it wonderfully gratifying in a season particularly bereft of funny books, a gift, a boon, a blessing. Put Angell on your Christmas list." *A Day In The Life of Roger Angell.* By Roger Angell. Ten years of his wit, at only $5.95.
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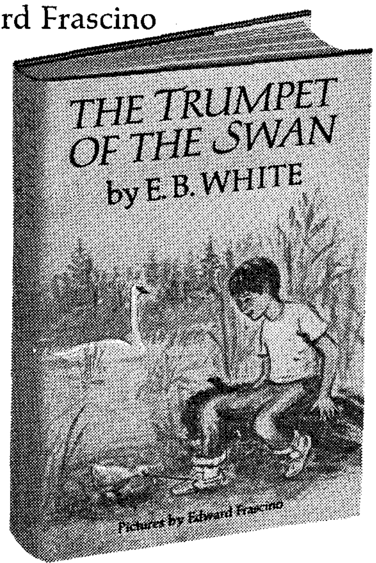

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heighten the lilt of the text. Among the taunts and teases I especially like are

> Kindergarten baby,
> Wash your face in gravy.

and

> I saw you in the orchard,
> I saw you in the sea,
> I saw you in the bathtub—
> Whoops! Pardon me.

"THE GAMBIT BOOK OF CHILDREN'S SONGS," selected by Donald Mitchell and Roderick Bliss (Gambit), with charming illustrations by Errol Le Cain, is so handsome and thoroughbred that I can recommend it without reservation to families who can sing and can play well-tempered instruments. The songs include such oddities as "Lilliburlero" (from "The Beggar's Opera"), "The Shearer's Dream" (an Australian frolic), and "The Chivalrous Shark" (his chivalry is predicated on the shaky premise that he "will eat neither woman nor child"). Among old favorites are "Greensleeves," "Frère Jacques," "Die Lorelei," "Barbara Allen," and "Casey Jones." This would be a fine present for a jocular but patrician (and, as I have said, musically gifted) family. Peter Spier sets "The Erie Canal" (Doubleday) to his lucid watercolors, which are a treat for the eye, and at the end he supplies the score for a chipper salute to an old mule.

AS in nearly every year, the cream of the crop is the picture books for the very young. For preschool children, Dick Bruna's Miffy Books (Follett) are just about right. Miffy is a white rabbit whose birth is heralded to Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit by a cherub. When she is old enough, she puts on her striped dress to go to the seashore; she falls off her sled into the snow; through the train window, she counts cows on her way to the zoo. The books are small, the drawings and the print are large, and the reading time is a couple of split seconds, to accommodate a fragile attention span. "Whose Mouse Are You?," by Robert Kraus, with nifty pictures by José Aruego (Macmillan), discovers the hero in a sad predicament: his mother is inside the cat, his father is in a trap, his sister has run away from home (with her belongings in a bandanna tied to a stick), and he has no brother. But through his own ingenuity and valor he puts an end to his orphanhood; he reassembles his family, and Providence bestows upon him the boon of a baby brother. "Toucans Two" (Macmillan), which also

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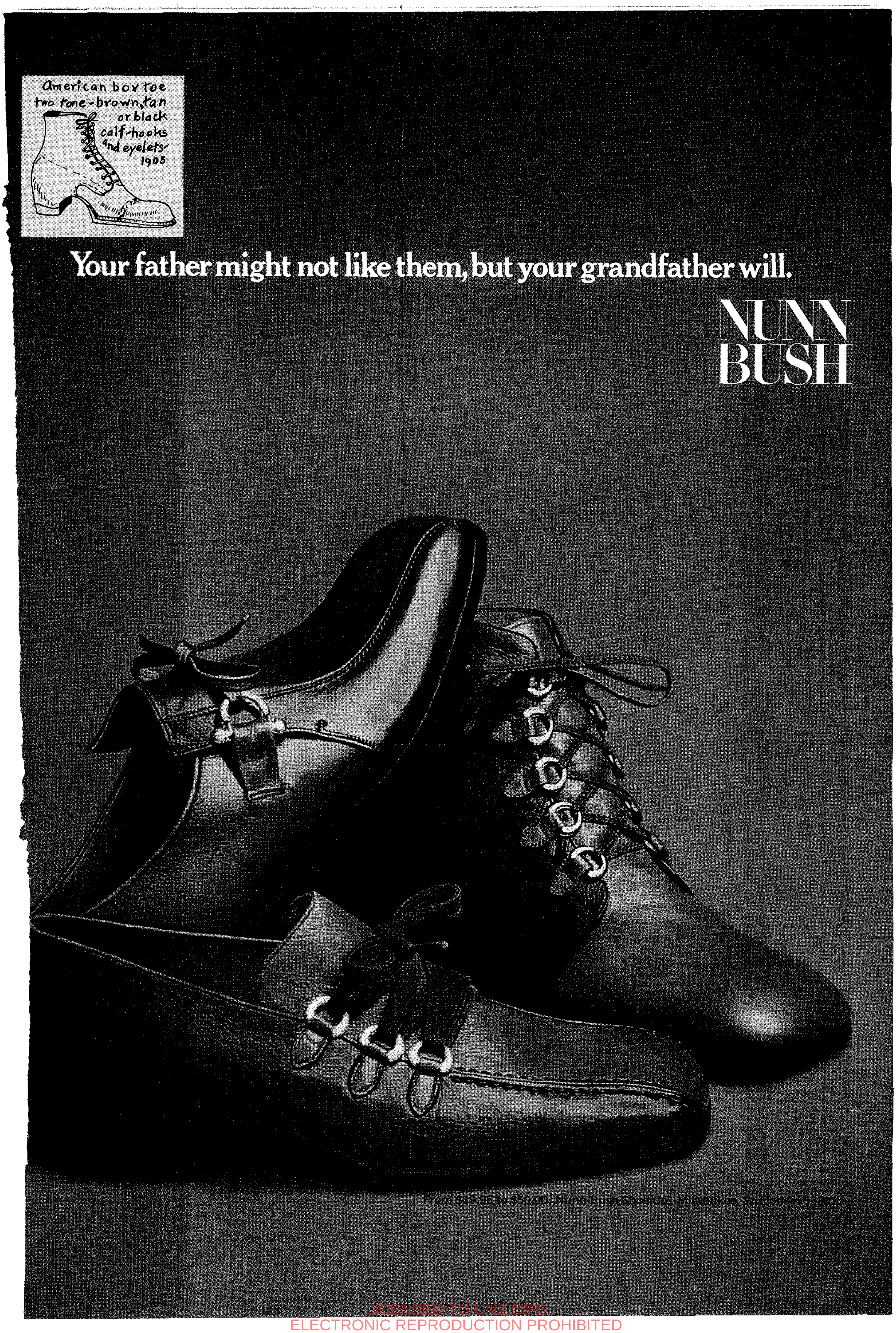
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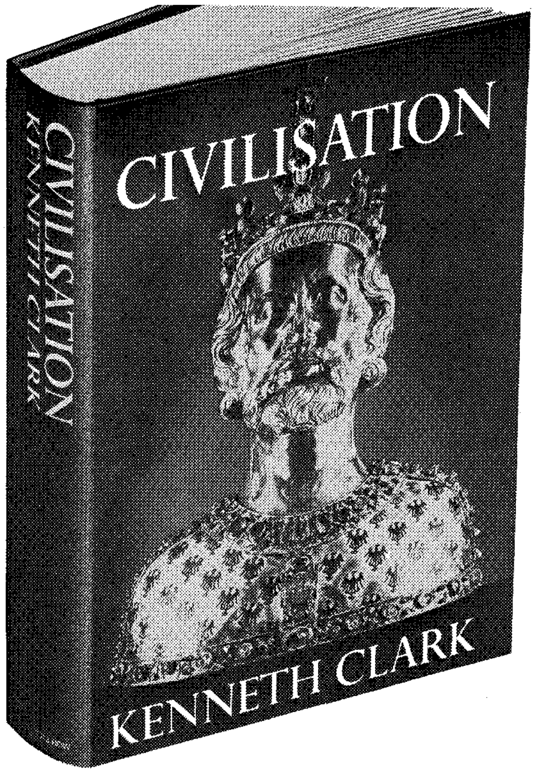
as Mr. Aruego's smart, sassy pictures,
a collection of very funny rhymes by
ack Prelutsky about animals; for a
mple, I quote some of the title poem:

> Whatever one toucan can do
> is sooner done by toucans two,
> and three toucans (it's very true)
> can do much more than two can do.

Lore Segal's "Tell Me a Mitzi,"
ith illustrations by Harriet Pincus
arrar, Straus & Giroux), relates
me of the adventures in the lives of
ban Mitzi and her younger brother
cob. One morning, before their par-
ts are up, they set forth to visit their
andparents, but because they don't
ow the address the taxi they have
led drives away—and Mitzi has
e to a lot of bother, too, getting
cob dressed and fed and into his
ller; another day, Jacob causes a
esidential parade to go back where
tarted from and pass by him a sec-
l time, and the President (we do
know his name and aren't quite
what he is President *of*) gives him
tick of chewing gum. These bun-
l-up children, with their ugly little
dpan mugs and their downright
stions and statements of fact, are
pletely winning, but they elude a
mic description and must be seen
listened to in their city setting,
ng doormen and policemen and
ropolitan pigeons. When they are
he street, they are usually chaper-
l by a cat, who is never explained
whose amiable presence is reassur-
He can't be theirs, because he never
s up at home, but though they pay
eed to him, he evidently thinks his
tful place is at their side. "Story
nber 1" and "Story Number 2,"
hildren under three, are, aston-
gly, written by Eugène Ionesco
lin Quist), and lucky will be the
t whose task it is to read these
ick comedies aloud. In "Story
er 1" we are introduced first to
e, who is thirty-three months old,
norning when her parents are still
d because they have hangovers:
night they went to the theatre;
after the theatre, to a restaurant;
after the restaurant, to a night
And now they feel lazy. And it
t good for parents to feel that
' Eventually, she pesters Papa
getting up and telling her a story
azy that it probably will have to
ad sixteen times. "Story Number
n which Papa knocks semantics
-west, is equally magnificent and
ly lunatic. The pictures for both
, by Étienne Delessert, are as sub-
as Ionesco's nonsense. "The
' written and illustrated by Tomi



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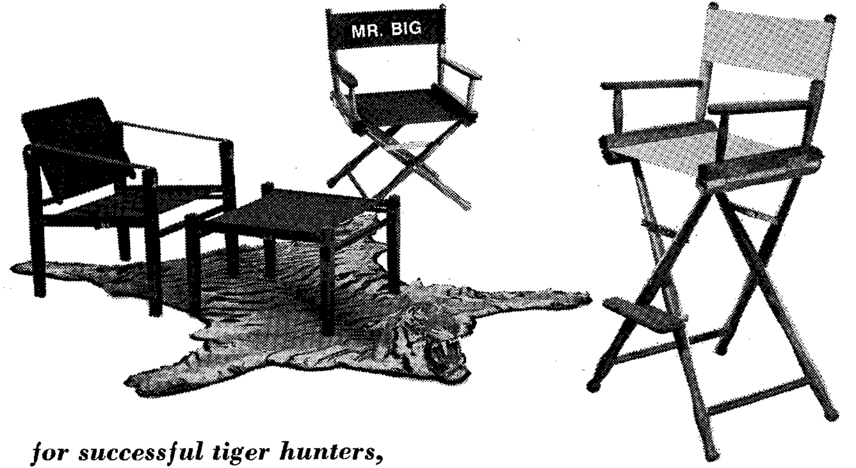

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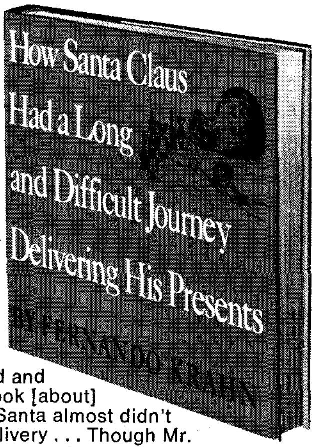
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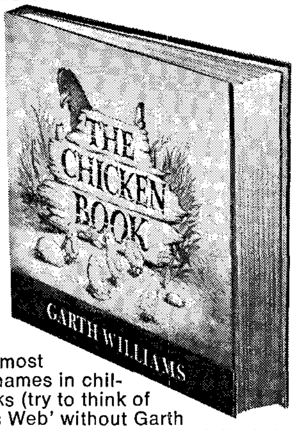

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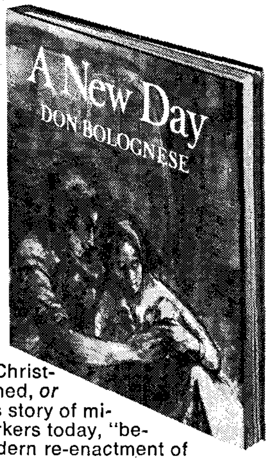
and a lot of love.



Not one word about God or Christmas is mentioned, *or needed,* in this story of migrant farm workers today, "because this modern re-enactment of the birth of Jesus . . . celebrates humanism and love."—*School Library Journal.* Full color. Ages 3 to 7. $4.50

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Ungerer (Parents' Magazine), is a rags-to-riches romp full of preposterous pomposities, hairbreadth exploits, the doing-in of the bad guys, and the decoration of the hero. All this happens through the offices of a magic top hat that comes into the possession of a threadbare, peglegged old soldier. Mr. Ungerer at his best.

EVERY year, old-timers reappear, and I am happy to say that Guilio Maestro has bedecked "The Beginning of the Armadillos" (St. Martin's), from the "Just So Stories," with great wit and bravura. The fishes and frogs and anacondas and butterflies of his Amazon are lavishly colored and supremely out of scale; his dumb Painted Jaguar kitten is a dear; the tortoise and the hedgehog—the forerunners of the armadillos—are as full of clever guile as they ought to be. Once again, Dale Maxey uses Edward Lear poems as the vehicles for his splashy, showy fantasies: "Incidents in the Life of My Uncle Arly" and "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat" (Follett). These poems have been around for a long time, but they are reliable entertainment, and nobody should be displeased to find them under the tree.

THREE tiny new books I would like to suggest for stocking presents. The first of them is "The Story of Little Black Sambo" (Lippincott, and "the only authorized American edition," whatever that means), a reissue of the 1899 classic by Helen Bannerman, with her original drawings. Considering the temper of the times, this may be a daring publishing undertaking, but anyone who knew the story as a child will be delighted to see it back, and so, I imagine, will everyone who is innocent of racism, or of inverted racism; children will be beguiled by the tale of how the little black boy temporarily lost his brand-new haberdashery to the stuck-up tigers and how he got it all back again through a brilliant trick and ended up eating a hundred and sixty-nine pancakes made of tiger butter—butter, that is, that comes into being when the tigers who robbed him of his clothes run themselves to death and melt. Beatrix Potter did not illustrate her story of connubial devotion, "The Tale of the Faithful Dove," but it has been reissued by Frederick Warne with exquisite illustrations by Marie Angel, whose colors, as gentle as the doves themselves, are reminiscent of Miss Potter. A facsimile reprint of the eleventh edition of "A New Hieroglyphical Bible" ("with four hundred embellish-

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ients on wood"), published in 1836, offered by American Heritage Press, nd it should prove to be a Christmas aple for many years to come. Archaic ; the rebuses are, most of them are ecognizable, but the nineteenth-century "Proprietors," as they call themlves in the "advertisement," or prefe, give the correct reading of "each nblematical verse" at the bottom of e page. The woodcuts are "here emyed to engage the mind, by attract- the eye, and by this means to press on the recollection the most eresting passages of Holy Writ." It not very likely that the book will idle red-hot religious fervor, but it ght arouse an interest in Biblical narive, and certainly it will amuse and cherished as a nice old-fangled little dment.

THER picture books deserving of attention are "A Bargain for nces," by Russell Hoban, with pices by Lillian Hoban (a Harper I n Read Book), in which a girl ger outwits her venal chum and all s happily; "Jim and the Beanstalk," Raymond Briggs (Coward-Mcin), a corking yarn about the son of original (or Jack's) giant: he is as as his old man, but he has lost his and his eyesight is failing and his h are gone, so he can no longer eat boys; "I Wonder What's Un- (Parents' Magazine), by Doris old Lund, illustrated by Janet Mcery, in which a little boy, disind to go to sleep, bamboozles his er into making an inventory of evhing under his bed—the rug and the floor and then the kitchen ceiland so on, down to the bowels e earth; "Eleven Hungry Cats" ents' Magazine again), Alvin elt's English version of a Japanese by Noboru Baba: the logic is but the slit-eyed cats are most ing. Anatole, Eve Titus's intelliand uxorious and fatherly mouse, portraits are by Paul Galdone, not have a role quite worthy of his time in "Anatole and the Toy- (McGraw-Hill), but it is good ow that he is still around, and he star in something better next "You Are Ridiculous," by André ois (Pantheon), will generate a spate of giggles, and Leo Lion-Fish Is Fish" (also Pantheon) is tionately funny and easy on the The illustrations are by the au-. Peter Max, the poster man, has, "editorial assistance by Melody re," brought out three collections mbunctiously colored and nerve-

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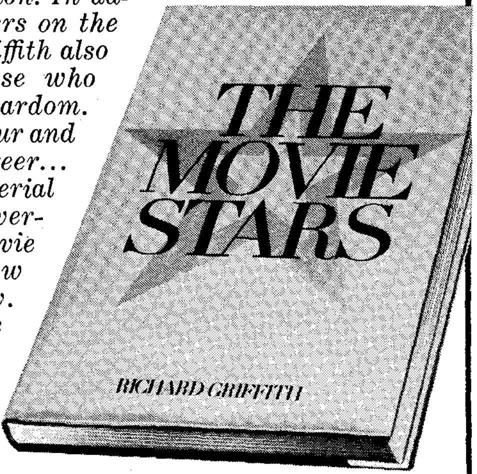

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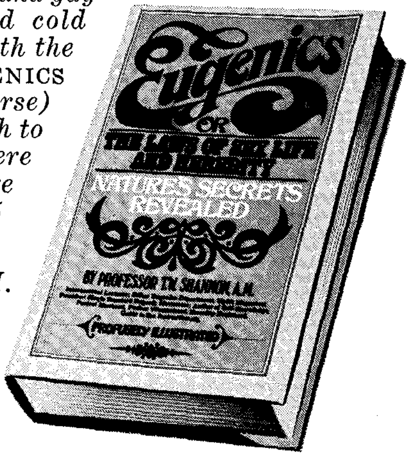
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Boston, Mass.

racking pictures—"The Land of Red," "The Land of Blue," and "The Land of Yellow" (Franklin Watts)—with very Now and very unseating captions, such as " 'I'll do it for you . . .' Boy Green said to Mr. Blue and Bim! Bam! Floom! and Zippity! Zap! Boo! He whooshed with a hop and a jump and a skip to the red cosmic color tunnel. . . . Was he in for a trip!" Oh dear!

THERE are a handful of gems for children who have become addicted to reading. Tasha Tudor's nostalgic drawings of Mary and Dickon and Colin for Lippincott's reissue of "The Secret Garden" would, one feels quite sure, gladden Frances Hodgson Burnett's heart, and the tear-jerking, cliff-hanging story is just as absorbing as it was when it came out in 1912. (Like "Black Beauty," "The Hound of the Baskervilles," and "Great Expectations," "The Secret Garden" is a notable "just-let-me-finish-this-chapter" book.) Miss Bianca, Margery Sharp's brilliant, benign, and fastidious white mouse, goes out to the Far East this year ("Miss Bianca in the Orient;" Little, Brown) to the rescue of a pageboy who has been sent to the elephant lines. She has learned of the dire straits the poor lad is in from a small snake with a cold in the head—Ali, a non-poisonous variety, who entered the country as a stowaway in the luggage of a diplomat who presented his credentials at the embassy where Miss Bianca lives, under the patronage of someone known simply as The Boy. Miss B., once she is in the faraway land of peacocks and elephants, gains the favor of a beautiful, selfish, lazy (never gets out of bed except to be bathed by her handmaidens, doesn't do a blessed thing all day long except nibble almonds and nougats and sip coffee and fret because she is so bored) ranee. She becomes a court favorite by playing the harp; her pièce de résistance is the minuet "Le Camembert." Margery Sharp is a writer who does not mince words: she calls a fauteuil a fauteuil. In Moot-hall, in the embassy, there are four, made of walnut shells—"perfect masterpieces of the cabinetmaker's art"—and in one of them Miss Bianca sits at meetings, in her position of Perpetual Madam President of the Mouse Prisoners' Aid Society.

A book so good but so quiet that it may be lost in the Christmas shuffle is "Mani's Magic," by Russ Leadabrand (Ward Ritchie), the pastoral story of a lonely little girl, too young to go to school, who is given a doll

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TIMES MIRROR

ıade for her by Old Annie, whose oc-
ıpation is sewing pokebags but whose
ɔrte is second sight and ancient wis-
ɔm; she can accurately predict "how
ıany eggs under the broody hen will
atch out cockerels and how many will
atch out pullets," and her fingers can
ll unfailingly which roasting ears are
ormy. She invests Mani, the doll,
ith the power to make wishes come
ue. The tale is slight, but it is written
a language of such memorable tran-
illity ("One night, when the washing
nd had died and the warm damp
ɔm the bendy river settled over the
ıce and the fireflies sat so still in the
that you could catch one in your
nd, Little Sara tasted her summer
ɔuth and decided that she would like
glass of lemonade") that it is to be
ped Mr. Leadabrand will be prolific
d that his next work will again be
ıbellished by the dreamy, misty, silky
ıwings of Jay Rivkin.

HE big news of 1970 is E. B.
White's "The Trumpet of the
an" (Harper & Row). It is very
rly perfect. The hero, Louis, a
mpeter swan, was born mute, but,
nks to the help of a *Homo-sapiens*
cimen, Sam Beaver, and his own
nption and stick-to-itiveness, he
s to grammar school and learns to
l and write. Thereafter, he carries
ate and a piece of chalk around his
k, and, thanks to the moxie of his
ng father, he learns to play a man-
le trumpet. The old cob, while he is
ince of a paterfamilias, is an awful
e who talks in speeches; on learning
Louis is in love and is being high-
d by Serena, the object of his af-
ɔn, because he can't make a sound,
leclaims, "Well do I remember
painful love can be, how exciting,
in the event of unsuccess, how
ɔointing and doleful the days
nights. But I am Louis's father,
'm not going to take this situation
down. I shall act. Louis is a
npeter Swan, noblest of all the
fowl. He is gay, cheerful, strong,
rful, lusty, good, brave, hand-
, reliable, trustworthy, a great
a tremendous swimmer, fearless,
ıt, loyal, true, ambitious, desir-
." (His wife often cuts him
.) The old fellow breaks into a
store and steals an artificial voice
ouis, and Louis's star is in the as-
ancy. On trumpet, he is a whiz,
he goes from one smashing success
ıother: his first big job is in the
ɔn Public Garden, where he pre-
the swanboats, playing "Row,
, Row Your Boat" and "Ol' Man

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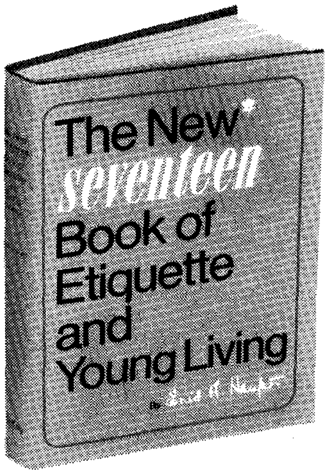
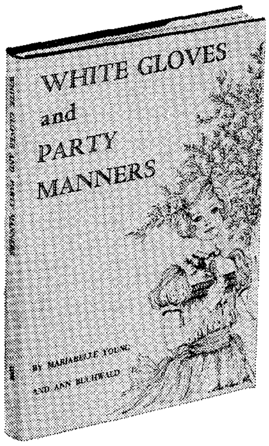
FOR GIRLS


The New Seventeen Book of Etiquette and Young Living
Enid A. Haupt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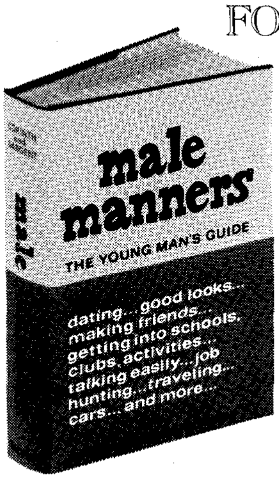
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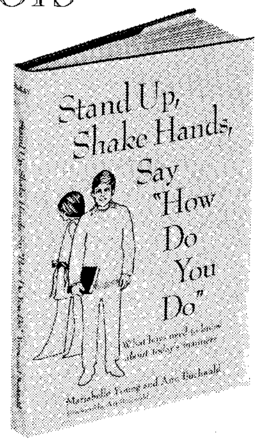
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What boys need to know about today's manners
Marjabelle Young and Ann Buchwald

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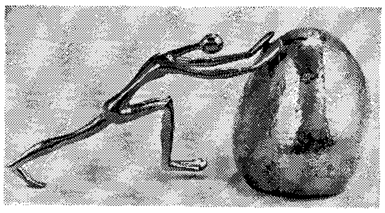

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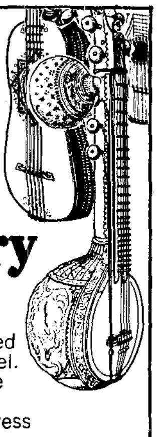

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River." His "Beautiful Dreamer" causes people well nigh to swoon; later on, in Philadelphia, he knocks the whole town for a loop when he plays "Summertime," from "Porgy and Bess," and he is invited to make a guest appearance with the Philadelphia Symphony. Rich, famous, and virtuoso—but modest withal—he wins the girl of his dreams, and they set up housekeeping in their native grounds: Montana in the winter and Canada in the summer. Once a year, they return to the scenes of his early triumphs; in Boston, they always spend a night at the Ritz, where they splurge on watercress sandwiches and sleep in the bathtub, in the lap of luxury. Louis is bound to be as dearly loved as Charlotte and Stuart Little.

THE novels intended for adolescents are, as usual, on the whole wretched. They are the same old hoked-up Mother Hubbards and hug-me-tights that have been worn to a frazzle: "Janie thought this year at school was going to be better but things had already got off to a bad start. Les Holcomb had eyes for no one but the new girl;" " 'Bad news, fella,' said 'Doc' Bandersnatch to Kenny, just turned sixteen, 'both your mom and dad were killed when their crop-dusting plane conked out over Rabbit Ears Pass to the east of Steamboat Springs.' " There are mysteries that are no more mysterious than the nose on your face; journeys to lost continents and other centuries and to jungles full of zombies and to planets with names that sound like antibiotics. There are—horrors!—novels dealing with the problems of the "kids," as the old fools who write about them like to call them. These are dropouts, drug addicts, commune dwellers, panhandlers; they are way out, uptight, and often, if they are not stoned out of their skulls or have not flipped or flashed or freaked out, they rap about the people over thirty who have ruined their lives or they hold meaningful dialogues about some damn thing or other. Adolescence is so complex a season of life, and frequently so miserable, that it would be merciful not to treat it realistically. Let the young go directly from E. B. White to Jane Austen, or to James Stephens' spellbinding version of "Deirdre," which is out again this year, published by Macmillan. Excreta and effluvia enjoy an exceptionally bewildering popularity, and the nastier they are in these rubbishy books, the more lovingly they are dwelt on. The action in "I Never Loved Your Mind," by

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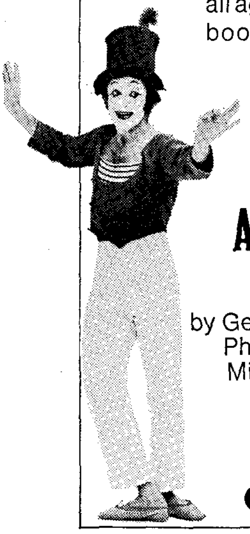

THE MARCEL MARCEAU ALPHABET BOOK
by George Mendoza
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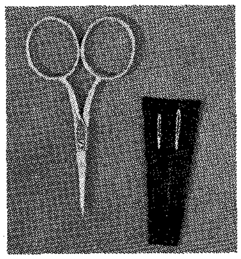
Doubleda



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aul Zindel (Harper & Row), takes ace chiefly in a hospital, so the pro- gonist, a seventeen-year-old high- hool dropout and one of the most of- nsive young blatherskites to be found 1 all of fiction, is given every oppor- unity to feast upon what is unfortu- ate but vile, pathetic but hideous, and report his unspeakable findings. Un- r the publishers' label of an "in- isely funny, insanely serious novel," re is a brew so venomous and cruel it an honest bookseller should hang er it a placard reading "Caveat nptor."

THERE are a few books of poetry that one can be enthusiastic ut: "Bells and Grass," by Walter la Mare (Viking); "The Bab Bal- s" of W. S. Gilbert (Belknap Press Harvard University Press; fifteen ars), which, admirably introduced annotated by James Ellis, is a real t; "A Flock of Words," an an- ogy that, in the words of David ckay, who has collected it, is "wide- ging in subject, time, and place," that includes Chaucer, Sylvia h, Li Po, and Homer, among y others; and "Poetry Is," by Ted hes (Doubleday), a group of es- based on the author's B.B.C. pro- ns for children, with an elegant and olic collection of examples for his ission of the structures and impulses rse.

Stuff," edited by Herbert Kohl and or Hernandez Cruz (World), is dly what its title suggests. It is fur- denominated "a collection of is, visions, and imaginative hap- ngs from young writers in schools— d and closed." One stanza of a (or vision or happening), "Tenth —Admitting," will give the idea: not know crazy/ but have seen ive felt the fist of oatmeal/ de- / against bananas of milk." The day, I read in the *Times* that igazine called *Kids* has been ied; its editors will consider man- ts only by writers under fifteen. e first issue, a seven-year-old, Mooers, makes her début with lines: "When spring comes/ it like the world/ starts all over " While Miss Mooers' sentiment not cause the heart to race or the to reel, and while her grammar something to be desired, I prefer oem to that other one about the al fist.

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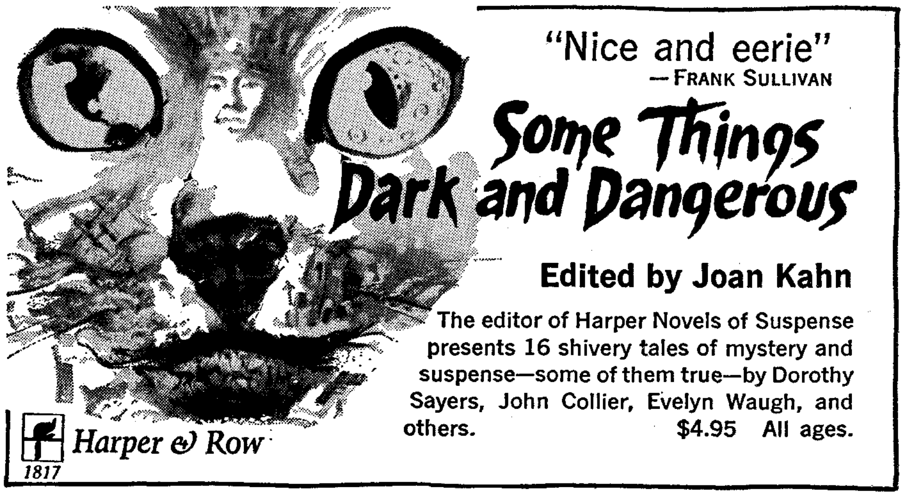
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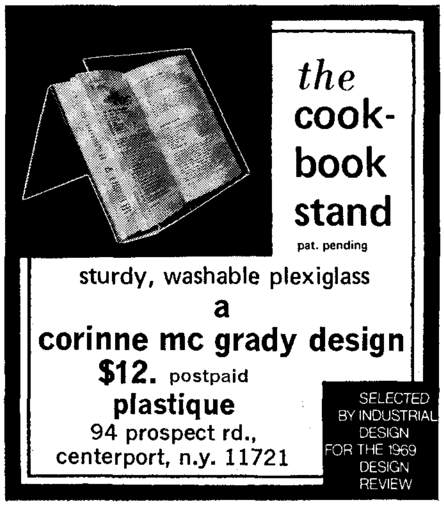
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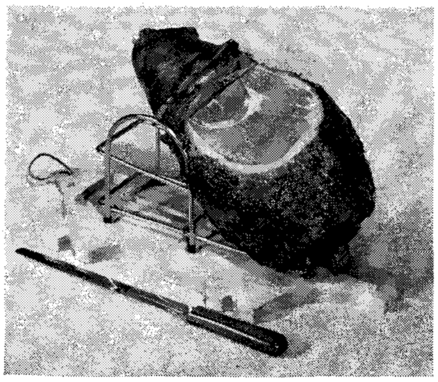

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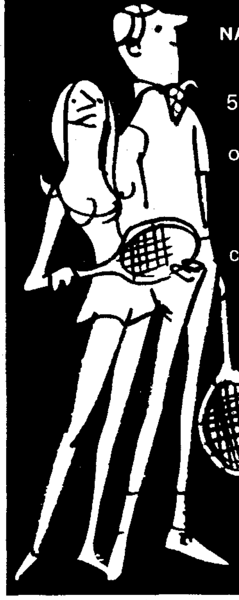

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hobby or widen the horizons of an old one, here are some titles:

"Serving in the Peace Corps," by Carli Laklan (Doubleday).

"The World You Inherit: A Story of Pollution," by John Gabriel Navarra (Natural History Press).

"Vandalism: The Not-So-Senseless Crime," by Arnold Madison (Seabury).

"Emergency Room," by Anita MacRae Feagles (Cowles).

"What Lawyers Really Do," by Bernard Asbell (Peter H. Wyden).

"Twist and Twine: The Story of Cordage," by Solveig Paulson Russell (Parents' Magazine).

"Repoussage: The Embossing of Metal," by Yves Meriel-Bussy (Sterling).

"Better Karate for Boys," by Sihak Henry Cho (Dodd, Mead).

If you like, you can give someone who has everything a biography of Grace Kelly, by Marjorie Katz (Coward-McCann), but I really think that the 1971 World Almanac would fill the bill just as well.

—Jean Stafford

•

Larry Miller [Billy Apple] works with vegetation; he hammers grass clippings into large pieces of cotton duck, he pushes strawberries into paper hung on the wall, he ties 200 pounds of carrots into a large carrot-shaped column. These are "process pieces"—Miller photographs them as they dry and change color—but their processes reveal images. The strawberry work is fairly clear. Its five strawberries are applied in a crucifix form and the juice stains run down the paper to a dried pool on the floor. The tied carrot work is more elusive, especially—according to the artist—since dehydration will reduce its weight to about 30 pounds. The grass pieces are superficially like all-over paintings in swirls of green. Miller used onion grass for two of them and ordinary lawn clippings for the other; each variety has a distinctive scent. These "images" on canvas are more available to smell than to sight and will be until the scents begin to fade away—in a few weeks or so, says Miller—*Art News.*

And, of course, if Miller should get hungry . . .

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Oswego* (N.Y.) *Palladium-Times*]

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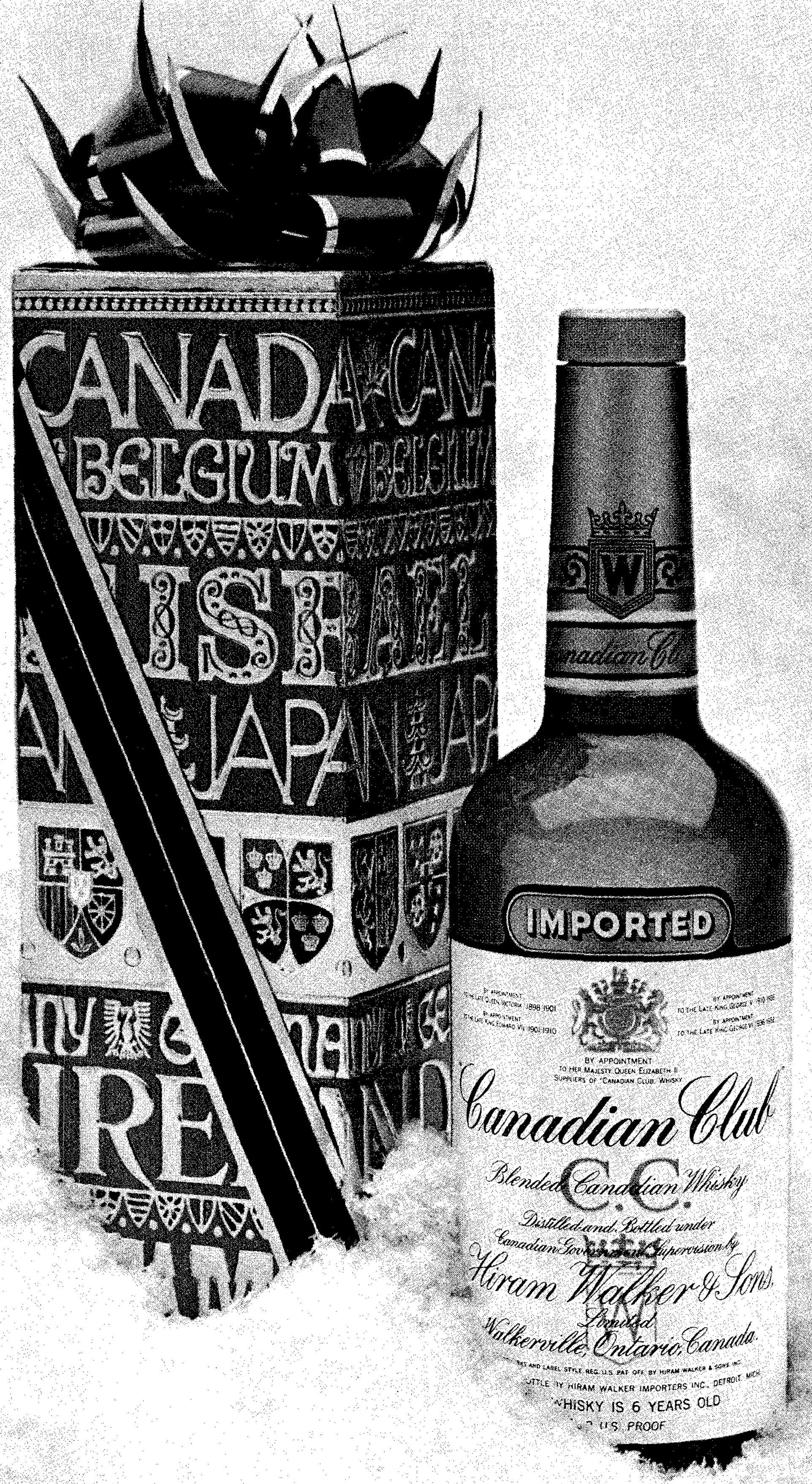
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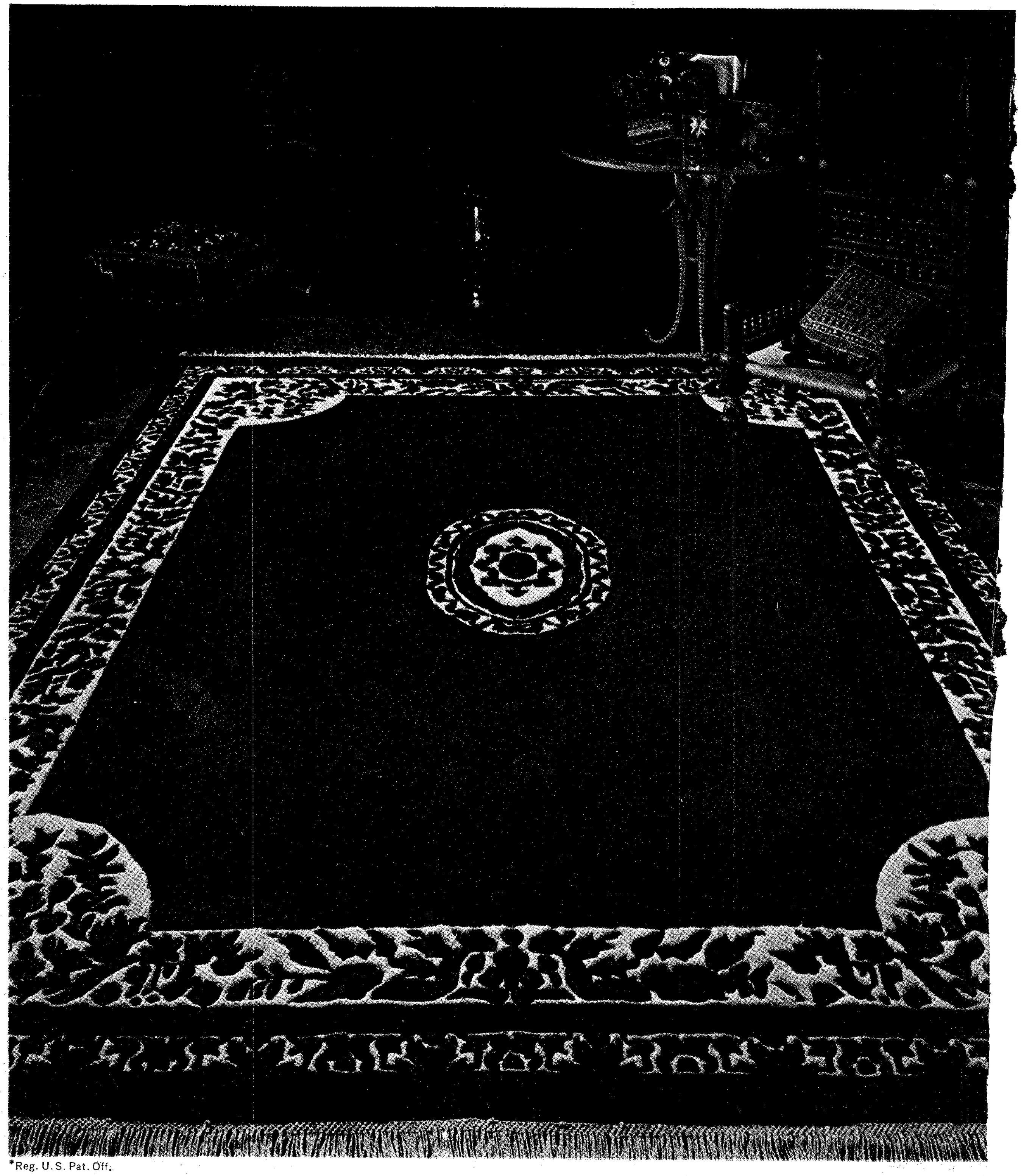

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